DANIEL O'CONNELL.

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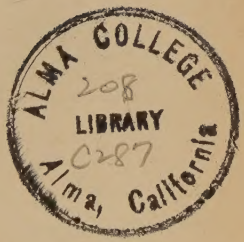

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DANIEL O'CONNELL

(1775–1847)

By M. S. B. MALINS

"It's faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at." If this be true, then indeed the life of O'Connell is worthy of notice. He was the most conspicuous man of his time and country. "His position was unique; there never was before, and never will be again, anything at all resembling it," and he has left a mark upon the history of Ireland which ages cannot efface. "Never, perhaps, was there a man at once so hated and so loved." In England he was derided by those who did not understand him, scorned by the prejudiced, and feared by many who recognised in him a powerful representative of a nation long treated with injustice. In Ireland, on the other hand, he attained a height of undivided popularity such as no other has ever achieved. He stood alone, not as the ruler of a party to whom he could look to support his demands, but as the leader of a nation whose voice he had constituted himself. By the sheer force of his intellect and energy, he at length obtained a hearing for Ireland, whose people in return gave him unlimited authority and genuine affection.

O'Connell's birth coincided with the first relaxation of the penal laws. Following this concession, a wave of patriotism, led by the Irish Protestants and supported as far as possible by the Catholics, swept over the country, and a strong though vain attempt was made by Grattan to throw off the yoke of legislative dependence, and assert the freedom of the Irish Parliament. But he, who "watched by its cradle" and "followed its hearse," was obliged to submit to its dissolution by the

Act of Union in 1800, and Ireland must wait a fresh opportunity to assert her claims. "The Ministers of the Crown," said Grattan, "may perhaps at length find out that it is not so easy to put down for ever an ancient and respectable nation. Liberty may repair her golden beams, and with redoubled heat animate the country." The task fell to Daniel O'Connell. His country was lying lifeless and without spirit; he came to rekindle hope and life, by uniting as far as possible Catholic and Protestant in a common cause, to create a truer and deeper spirit of nationalism than Ireland had ever yet known.

Daniel, the eldest son of Morgan and Catherine O'Connell, was born on August 6, 1775, at Carhen House, Cahirciveen, a village on the coast of Kerry. His early education was received in the open air from one of the old hedge schoolmasters, who, under the penal code, were wont to give instruction beneath the shade of some bank or hedge out of the way of informers. He was, however, adopted at an early age by his uncle, Maurice O'Connell of Darrynane, more generally known as "Old Hunting Cap," who sent him to a school at Cove, near Queenstown. Even in boyhood Daniel was filled with ambition, and the discussions at his uncle's table on the respective oratory of Flood and Grattan fed his imagination with hopes for the future. At school, the distinction he received was that of being the only boy who had never been flogged. As was then the custom among Catholic families in Ireland, Daniel was sent to complete his education abroad, and entered the English College of St. Omer in January, 1791. The Principal, writing of him the following year, said: "I have but one sentence to write: I never was so much mistaken in my life as I shall be, if he be not destined to make a remarkable figure in society." Eighteen months later he was transferred to Douay, but his studies were interrupted by the French Revolution, then at its height. "The conduct the English have pursued with regard to the French," wrote Daniel to his uncle, "makes us dread to be turned off every day," and, when summoned back to Ireland, it was only by wearing the tri-colour cockade that he travelled in safety. Once on the boat, O'Connell flung it into the

waves, to see it picked up by a French fisherman and hear himself cursed for the act.

The horrors of the Revolution and the crimes then committed against the Church made a lasting impression on his mind. He ever preserved a dread of any movement which might incite men to bloodshed, and a hatred of anything with anarchical tendencies. People might term him a demagogue if they would, but he maintained unswervingly the rights of law and property, and was a strenuous advocate of constitutional government. It is not astonishing that in after years he spoke of himself as being at this time "almost a Tory," but he was not long in England before he was disenchanted. The conduct of the State trials and the treachery of the Government towards Ireland, in connection with the Union, combined to make Liberalism alone possible to him, and to that he remained steadfast for the rest of his life. He had come to London to study law, and he read diligently. Writing to his uncle, he says: "For the motives of ambition which you suggest, I assure you no man can possess more of it than I do. Though nature may have given me subordinate talents, I never will be satisfied with a subordinate situation in my profession. No man is able, I am aware, to supply the total deficiency of abilities, but everybody is capable of improving and enlarging a stock, however small, and in its beginning contemptible." His law terms completed, he returned to Ireland to await his call to the Bar. In the interval he contracted a serious illness which brought him near to death. On his recovery, he joined, in 1799, the Munster circuit, and was given his first brief at the Tralee Assizes. His witty cross-examination of a witness was a marked success, and he received from the Bench the encouraging commendation, "You'll do, young gentleman, you'll do."

To understand O'Connell's position at the Irish Bar, which came to be one "of a supremacy such as probably never had, and never has, been held by any other member of that distinguished body," it is essential to remember that the courts of that country were very dissimilar from those of England. In Ireland law and politics were inseparable, and he who would make a name

for himself in politics, invariably made use of the Bar to that end. Nor could it be otherwise, for the people having access to the courts and not to Parliament, an opportunity was afforded a barrister to gain for himself popularity in court, by advocating the popular cause. To be ready in wit, quick at repartee, and fluent in speech was to rise rapidly to a prominent place, both in the profession and in the estimation of the people.

But though O'Connell possessed every qualification for success, his call to the Bar was accompanied by many disadvantages. He was an ardent Catholic, and though the Relief Act of 1793 had opened the legal profession to him, he was still denied entrance to the inner Bar, and thus shut off from all hope of promotion. Of his success, in spite of these limitations, there is no doubt, and his earnings prove that his abilities alone raised him to the front rank. In one year he is said to have earned £8,000. As a cross-examiner he was unrivalled. Ingenious and clever as many an Irish witness could be, O'Connell outwitted all who appeared before him, and his intimate knowledge of the character of his countrymen enabled him to detect at once the weak points in both judge and jurymen. With wonderful dexterity he would grasp the slightest flaw in his opponent's case, and push forward any point that might gain his cause. In the art of winning a jury by the force of words he had no equal, and his eloquence, full of power, never failed in its effects. By turns severe or humorous, passionate or calm, he carried all before him, and rescued many from the clutches of the law. No name given him was used with more affection by the poor than that of "The Counsellor." For twenty-three years he went on circuit, but after that only for special cases. "The last hour of my practice at the Bar," he said, "I kept the court alternately in tears and in roars of laughter."

O'Connell's enemies are ever ready to make much of the abusive epithets which at times he showered on the heads of his foes, but they fail to take into consideration both the nature of the man himself, and the character of those with whom he had to deal. He had to encounter such men as Saurin, the Attorney-General, whose vin-

dictive bigotry could not fail to embitter any Catholic; Lefroy, who generally "mistook the bench for a Calvinistic pulpit"; and others, whose want of ability and intolerance were a source of irritation to the legal mind and religious heart of the impulsive O'Connell.

The position of the Irish Catholics was the all-engrossing subject of his attention. It daily led him further from law and deeper into politics, the one source by which redress could be obtained. He saw with ever-deepening regret the servile attitude of his co-religionists, and was filled with indignation against those who had broken their spirit, and crushed their hopes of liberty and justice. How could his language be other than strong? Extreme must be met by extreme; and to raise the Catholics from slavery, a voice must make itself heard in no uncertain terms throughout the length and breadth of the land. This, and this alone, was O'Connell's motive for entering the political arena; the Church of his country and of his ancestors must be saved from oppression, cost what it might; and the Church was to be made the instrument by which Ireland's freedom should be gained.

Until the time of O'Connell, the priesthood had been regarded as a comparatively insignificant body, exercising a merely spiritual control over the population. That their power could be employed in any other direction, was an idea that had as yet never suggested itself to the mind of any statesman. O'Connell recognized in it a source of immense strength, and adopted the plan of uniting the whole Catholic population, under the control of the priesthood, into one vast political league, which, while evading any infringement of the law, and being held in check by the maintenance of constitutional tenets, should vindicate, by means of perpetual agitation, the claims of Catholics, and protest against the existing state of things. For such a work O'Connell was well fitted. A pious Catholic and educated by priests, there was something of the ecclesiastic in his temperament, and the priests, in return for his devotion to the Church, gave him implicit confidence and ardent support.

The Union was another incentive to him to come forward in politics. "I was maddened," he says, "when I heard the bells of St. Patrick's ring out a joyful peal

for Ireland's degradation, as if it were a glorious national festival. My blood boiled, and I vowed that morning that the foul dishonour should not last, if I could put an end to it."

At a meeting of Catholics in Dublin to protest against the Union, O'Connell spoke with indignation of the charge made against them. "We are ready, it is said, to sell our country for a price. Let us show every friend of Ireland that Catholics are incapable of selling their country. Rather they declare that if Emancipation were offered for their consent to the measure, they would reject it with prompt indignation."

From the outset O'Connell gave the keynote of his policy, and ever adhered to it. The passive, "dignified-silence" policy of Keogh was swept away ; henceforth the warcry was to be : "Agitate, agitate, agitate !". Nature had specially endowed him with gifts for his part as "the Agitator." Standing almost six feet in height and proportionately broad, his appearance suggested both power and dignity. His clear blue eyes could flash with scorn, yet betray that sense of humour so innate in his race. His features were regular, with a remarkable expression of kindness, more apparent than the power of intellect and will that lay behind them. His voice, perhaps his most attractive gift, was deep and melodious. It could thunder forth imprecations which stirred his hearers to the depths, or whisper an appeal full of yearning and pathos. With him at their head, meetings were organized with the object of preparing petitions for Parliament, but, owing to the Convention Act, it was difficult to gather together any representative assembly. Nevertheless, his proceedings could not be disregarded by the Government, who beheld with some consternation the power he was awakening in Ireland. His activity was unbounded ; he arranged meetings, made speeches, drew up petitions, risked prosecution, threw himself heart and soul into the cause, and, by dint of unflagging energy, kindled enthusiasm and made all feel that it was better to be exposed to the displeasure of the Government, than to lie stagnant in idle indifference.

The first warfare O'Connell had to wage was against the Veto—a measure which forbade the appointment of

any Catholic bishop without the approval of the Crown, thus procuring for the Crown a "security" or compensation for Emancipation. The question met with much difference of opinion, and no definite decision could be arrived at by the Catholic body. There were some, chiefly among the aristocracy, who regarded the measure, generally known as "the Securities," with favour, hoping to gain distinction from it; others regarded it as "a harmless and necessary concession to Protestant feeling in England"; but the Bishops, with the Catholic Board and the mass of the people, ardently opposed it as an interference with ecclesiastical rights. Meeting after meeting was held by both parties, and, while this continued, O'Connell could see that all question of Emancipation must be delayed. Yet, while emphatically rejecting "the Securities," he never abated his efforts to attain his object. One of his speeches at this time has been described as marking an epoch in the history of Ireland. His words were unlike any that had been uttered previously. Often had the people been stirred to deeds of violence in defence of their wrongs, and to seek redress by means of lawlessness, but O'Connell struck a new chord and taught new lessons. Oppressed they were indeed, and weighted with grievances almost intolerable; but he bade them bear them like men, and seek redress only through the channels of law and order. Therein alone lay their strength and liberty. Crimes must be suppressed, passions abated. Let them not appeal to the sword; let them cease from murders, conspiracies, and midnight outrages; "let them only learn to reverence the constitution, to respect the law, and as surely as the sun would rise, their freedom would be realized." Such words are a true exponent of his character. Agitator he was indeed, but an agitator for law and right. Wherever he went, he spoke with point and force, and cheered to the echo; but cheers alone, he said, would not lead to victory. "Nothing will satisfy the Catholics but their absolute and unqualified emancipation. To talk about 'Securities' as the price of our freedom is a base insult upon our understanding, and we will have none of it." The Irish prelates made a bold stand against what, had they consulted their worldly interest,

they would have supported, but which the calls of duty made them reject. At length an appeal was made by both parties to Rome, and, in the absence of the Sovereign Pontiff, an answer favourable to the Vetoists was sent by Monsignor Quarantotti, Vice-Prefect of Propaganda. The Vetoists were elated at the result, O'Connell and his party on the verge of despair. If the Pope were against them, as he thought, it was surely idle work to fight, and there was some ground for the question put by an old woman to her parish priest, "Is it true, sir, that the Pope has turned Orangeman?" The jubilation of the Vetoists was, however, shortlived. An examination of the rescript showed it had been sent without the Papal signature; it was not therefore mandatory, and, in refusing to abide by its decision, there could be no disobedience. O'Connell called a meeting of the Catholic Board to consider their next move. At the moment he was about to speak, a messenger arrived from the Attorney-General with a proclamation declaring the assembly illegal, and ordering the immediate suppression of the Board. Crushed again, any one but O'Connell would have given up the cause as hopeless, yet the more the means of assistance were taken from him, the more his spirit seemed to gain fresh strength. Even the advocacy of the Press was now closed to him, for, in 1813, the proprietor of the Dublin *Evening Post* had been tried and heavily fined for a libel on the Duke of Richmond. O'Connell was entrusted with his defence, but knowing it to be useless to appeal to a packed jury of Orangemen, devoted his energies to a defence and vindication of the Catholic claims. "Pray, Mr. O'Connell," interfered the Chief Justice when he began, "what can this have to do with the question the jury have to try?" "My Lord," replied O'Connell, "you heard the Attorney-General traduce and calumniate us. You heard him with patience and with temper. Listen now to our vindication." For four hours without a pause O'Connell spoke and delivered a speech, probably the greatest of all his oratorical achievements. "Into those four hours he poured the agony and indignation of a lifetime. It was the first time it had been given him to face the enemies of his faith and country, and force

them against their will to listen to his scathing criticism of the principles that had regulated and still continued to regulate the government of Ireland. He told them the truth ; he tore the hollow mask of piety from them, and revealed them to the world as hypocrites in religion, bankrupts in principle, corrupters of public morality, violators of the Constitution, men to whom government meant the preservation of iniquitous privileges for the advantage of the few and for the oppression of the many." If the editor of the *Evening Post* had uttered a libel, according to Peel, O'Connell had been guilty of an even more atrocious one, and the result of the trial was a foregone conclusion. Nevertheless, O'Connell's words and sarcasm went home to all in the Court, and to the Government in the person of the Chief Secretary. Grattan refused to bring forward again the Catholic claims that session (1815), and thus gave fresh encouragement to their enemies.

The Corporation of Dublin took the opportunity to present a petition of hostile tendency. Filled with indignation, O'Connell referred to them at a large Catholic meeting as "the beggarly Corporation." The expression aroused the animosity of a member of that body, a Mr. D'Esterre, who determined to resent it as a personal attack. He wrote to O'Connell demanding a retractation. This could not of course be given, though O'Connell explained that, while the individuals of the Corporation might be estimable as such, their conduct as a body deserved condemnation. The story became known in Dublin, and excitement ran high. It was rumoured that D'Esterre intended to horsewhip O'Connell, and had been seen in the Four Courts whip in hand, followed by a band of supporters determined to see fair play. Early in the morning, Sir Edward Stanley, acting for D'Esterre, called on O'Connell, who referred him to Major Macnamara. A meeting was arranged for three o'clock in the afternoon at Bishop's Court, twelve miles from the city. O'Connell and his friends drove out in a heavy snowstorm to meet their adversaries. Pistols were chosen, and D'Esterre fired first ; O'Connell's shot followed almost immediately, and D'Esterre fell wounded to the ground. A report was spread in the city that O'Connell had been killed,

and the safety of D'Esterre in such a case was feared for. Accordingly a body of cavalry was despatched in haste to the spot. When the true state of affairs became known the joy and excitement were intense, and bonfires blazed in every quarter of Dublin. On his return home, O'Connell was uneasy as to the condition of D'Esterre, and the news of his death the following day distressed him greatly. A shadow seemed cast over his life, and he never ceased to feel remorse for his act. His sorrow showed itself in a practical form by his providing D'Esterre's daughter with an annuity, and later on he rendered considerable legal assistance to the widow. Whenever he passed the house, he was seen to raise his hat and bend his head in prayer.

Discouraged and alone, save for a few who clung to him, O'Connell bore the same cheerful exterior as ever, and inspired confidence wherever he went. His position could not fail to provoke the scorn of his enemies. They had fulfilled their threat of suppressing the Board ; they had deprived him of his last means of constitutional agitation, and were therefore boastful in their triumph, and spared him no reviling. Yet in these dreary days the object of their hatred is more worthy of admiration than when in the zenith of his power. His position in his profession was a secured one, yet, when minutes meant gold to him, he gave up many hours by day, and much of his rest by night, to advance the Catholic cause. And that cause he carried forward entirely at his own expense during four years, receiving the small amount of £74 towards the heavy expenditure. Indeed he gave an example of devotedness and self-sacrifice seldom met with, and none but those jealous of his power could grudge him his later success.

The appointment of Sir Robert Peel as Chief Secretary for Ireland exhausted the patience of O'Connell with the English Government. That Ireland should be the country where youthful statesmen might try experiments without let or hindrance, filled him with rage, and to the end of his days he never ceased to give vent to his feelings with regard to Peel, and his language where he was concerned was invariably

intemperate. He could not forget that Peel's policy was antagonistic to the very elements of liberty. "That ludicrous enemy of ours," he said, "who has got in jest the name he deserves in good earnest of 'Orange Peel,' a raw youth squeezed out of the workings of I know not what factory in England, and sent over here before he had got rid of the foppery of perfumed handkerchiefs and thin shoes."

To free his country from such treatment and maintain the spirit of agitation, he determined to start a new association, to be called the Catholic Association. In its foundation he guarded against every infringement of law, the members merely enrolling their names in a book kept for the purpose by the secretary. The same year (1815) Sir Henry Parnell, to whom the Catholic claims were entrusted, brought forward a Catholic petition, but it was rejected, and the following year Grattan's motion on behalf of the Vetoists was likewise repulsed. It was again rejected in 1817, while two years later Grattan made his last appeal on behalf of the Catholics, by bringing forward two Bills. The one opened to Catholics the House of Commons and all offices except the Lord Chancellorship and the Lord Lieutenancy ; the other gave the Crown a veto on the appointment of bishops, and required priests to take an oath similar to that of 1813. The two Bills were consolidated and carried through the Commons ; the Lords, however, remained immovable until the Duke of York condemned the measure, and then it was lost. The Veto question had received its death-blow, and though Emancipation had received a temporary check, it was on the whole, a distinct triumph for O'Connell. The whole force of the priesthood, headed by the Bishops, had been brought actively into the political arena, and the nation by degrees was being roused from despondency. Emancipation could not now be far distant.

The condition of the country, however, caused O'Connell to alter his tactics for a time and to defer Emancipation to Parliamentary reform. The harvest proved a failure, and a potato famine reduced a large proportion of the peasantry to starvation. Pestilence soon followed, and an apathy, appalling in its intensity, again hung over the nation. O'Connell took the oppor-

tunity to form a society in Dublin, which, if shortlived, at least did the work for which it was intended, namely, that of rousing and keeping alive a public spirit. It was known as "the Society of the Friends of Reform in Parliament." Given a reformed Parliament, the extinction of rotten boroughs, a redistribution of seats, there could not fail, he thought, to be a general improvement in the condition of the country, and an easy road opened to Emancipation. The death of Grattan in 1820 struck a blow at all these hopes, for in him Catholics lost a friend whose life had been one long devotion to their cause.

The announcement that George IV. intended to visit Dublin in the autumn of 1821, rekindled a spirit of expectancy in the heart of the nation. What benefits might accrue to that oppressed country from his visit, what peace-offerings be made to the loudly clamouring Catholics! Ireland rose to express her loyalty and to greet her Sovereign with befitting homage. Difference of creed and party strife were laid aside; harmony seemed to reign supreme. O'Connell "could have wept for joy." One bright day had realized all his expectations; the sound of the approach of his Majesty had allayed the dissensions of centuries. But the Irish and O'Connell were doomed to disappointment. None felt more keenly than he both the total absence of any practical good resulting from the royal visit, and the severe condemnation which his attitude at the time received. Once more he had to face the problem of how his country was to be saved from oppression, from poverty, and from crime. In Emancipation, in the admission of Catholics to the full enjoyment of civil rights, he saw the only realization of that for which he struggled, "practical, good government, the impartial administration of the laws, and the removal of crying grievances." From Emancipation, Repeal would follow. But the question uppermost in his mind at present was, how to reach those of his countrymen who were doing their best, by outrage and crime, to hinder instead of further the cause of freedom. The answer found expression in the foundation of the Catholic Association of 1824. His plan was to unite the whole population of Ireland in a common enthusiasm, and to appeal to

the agricultural population by a vast system of local organization, having its headquarters in Dublin. Other objects he had in view were, the preparation and presentation of petitions to Parliament, not only in regard to Emancipation, but in connection with any grievance, and also, when possible, to devote funds to the education of the Catholic poor. All classes were to be admitted to it and to share in the general expenses. Speaking at the first meeting, O'Connell said: "The object of the Association is not to force on Parliament the annual farce of a debate on Catholic claims, but to deal with practical questions of the deepest importance." But all his eloquence could not quench the fear of the Convention Act, and several meetings had to be adjourned for want of a quorum. O'Connell, however, refused to be discouraged. The Association soon began to suffer from lack of funds, and, to meet the difficulty, O'Connell organized what was known as the Catholic Rent. An appeal was made to every Catholic peer, and subscriptions from one farthing to two shillings per week were solicited from the peasantry and others in every part. Such a system of collection had a twofold result. It provided the means necessary to carry forward agitation, and awakened practical sympathy in the masses, thus showing to the outside world that the desire for fair play did not emanate merely from a few, but lay deep in the heart of the nation itself. The Association grew rapidly, for the poor found their grievances were always listened to, sometimes removed, and legal assistance never refused in extreme cases. O'Connell's long hopes of an awakening of Catholic interest began to be realized. The Rent at the end of the first year amounted to £700, and the Corn Exchange in Dublin was hired for the use of the Association, while an agent with a fixed salary was established in London. The work of organization was a severe tax on O'Connell's powers, but the result, far beyond his expectation, more than compensated for the labour. Numbers of Associations sprang up in other towns, all dependent on the central one, and their existence spread a knowledge of the aims and objects of agitation hitherto unknown. Aided materially by the priests, the people developed a passion for political dis-

cussion and a thirst for liberty and justice. O'Connell alone was the author of this new national life ; he guided it with his genius, sustained it with his enthusiasm, and prevented it from falling into illegal pitfalls, by which it would have lost its power and possibly its existence. The reward of his work was that widespread popularity which astonished the world, and the secret of which was his entire unselfishness. He wholly forgot himself in his devotion to his country's good ; wherever he went, his carriage was dragged by those who came to meet him, banquets were given in his honour, and an ovation awaited him at every turn.

Meanwhile, the Government, in the hands of the Wellington Ministry, were uncertain as to their treatment of the Association. They could not be blind to the fact that O'Connell had raised a great power that could not be disregarded. While recognizing its illegality, they knew not by what means to suppress it. In February, 1825, a measure was introduced for the suppression both of the Catholic Association and of the Orange Lodges. O'Connell, much against his will, journeyed with Sheil and others to London, to instruct their friends in the Commons during the ensuing struggle. Seated on the box-seat of a landau, enveloped in a long cloak resembling the Irish mantle of ancient times, he presented a striking appearance as he passed through the English towns. This journey proved fruitless. The House of Commons refused to hear O'Connell at the bar, and the measure for the suppression of all illegal societies in Ireland became law. However, the House consented to listen to a reading of the Catholic Relief Bill, which, in answer to a demand for securities, was given two "Wings," or supplementary Bills, the one for the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders, and the other for the endowment of the clergy. Both Bills were passed by the Commons, and the hopes of the Emancipationists ran high, for they believed themselves on the verge of freedom. But fresh disappointment was in store for them. The "No Popery" speech of the Duke of York impressed the Lords, and they refused to accept the Bill. Had it not been for O'Connell's buoyancy, this blow must have proved fatal to Catholic hopes, but he determined to spare no effort

to prevent enthusiasm from growing cold. He at once renewed the Catholic Association, evading the Suppression Act by giving as its object, "the purpose of public and private charity," and "all purposes not forbidden by the Act." The rent was collected as before, "for the relief of distressed Catholics," and O'Connell announced his intention of remaining an agitator to the end of his days. Exasperated at finding himself duped by the Government—for he had accepted the "Wings" only as a compensation for Emancipation—he violently denounced the ministry of Wellington, and carried through the Association a resolution to oppose to the uttermost any Irish member who accepted office under it.

An occasion for so doing presented itself when Fitzgerald, member for Clare, was made President of the Board of Trade, and thus involved in a fresh election. O'Connell, recognizing this as an opportunity for showing that the Association did not make paper resolutions, consented to oppose Fitzgerald himself. It was with reluctance that he did so; he pleaded that he had neither the wish to abandon his profession, nor the necessary funds. The latter excuse was soon disposed of, for in ten days £28,000 was collected by his friend Fitzpatrick. The sensation caused by the announcement of O'Connell's intention was profound; his election a scene never to be forgotten in the history of Ireland.

Setting out from the Four Courts, he was greeted with cheers that could not have been louder or longer had he been returning from victory, instead of going forth to fight. So dense was the crowd at each halting-place, that his journey was much delayed. Sheil ardently supported O'Connell, and spoke many times on his behalf, going from chapel to chapel, "making every altar a tribune." The priests worked for him unanimously, and the people responded to their appeal. For the day of the poll, July 5, 1828, troops had been massed in the neighbourhood, and three hundred police drafted into the town itself, yet not one was required to keep order, though the excitement was intense. "It was as if, conscious that the eyes of the whole nation were fixed upon them, the people of Clare had registered a vow to do

their duty manfully and unselfishly, and to show themselves worthy of the liberty for which they were fighting." O'Connell was returned with a majority of more than two to one. The result was a startling expression of the revolution he had brought about in the country. By a complete transference of power, the class which for centuries had been trampled underfoot by Protestants, had been raised and had now made its voice heard. Filled with joy and enthusiasm, the people carried O'Connell through Ennis, and even the soldiers joined in the ringing cheers.

The Government, almost in despair, saw this vast organization assuming the aspect of a revolutionary army. Never was public feeling at so high a pitch of excitement. Orangemen talked of armed suppression of the Catholic movement, and the country was filled with troops; but it was known that even they were not wholly reliable. Moreover, among those whom O'Connell spoke of as "his brave Tipperary boys," were many who had stores of arms hidden among the mountains, and it needed all the ingenuity and persuasiveness of their leader to prevent an outbreak which would necessarily ruin the cause.

For some months O'Connell delayed to present himself for admission to the House; he was anxious to know what form the Emancipation Bill would assume before he appeared in England to take up a definite position against the Act of the Union. Parliament was not, however, idle, and, knowing Emancipation to be inevitable, determined to weaken as far as possible the power of the Catholics.

In February, 1829, a measure for the suppression of Catholic Associations was passed, and the following month Peel introduced the Relief Bill, which, in O'Connell's opinion, was frank, direct, and complete. But two supplementary measures accompanied it; the one to prevent the extension of monastic influence, the other to disfranchise the forty-shilling freeholders. Against both measures O'Connell protested strongly—against the former as an interference with religious liberty; against the latter, because he was bound by strong ties of gratitude to defend the freeholders. The Bill was passed by the Commons, and having been

accepted, though with but little grace, by the Lords, at length received the Royal assent. At the end of twenty-nine years of persistent resistance, England was forced by necessity to give to Ireland what had been demanded by justice as the stipulated price of the Union. It was indeed a victory for Ireland, won by the might of one man—O'Connell. English statesmen, Wellington and Peel, had idly boasted that they would yield to no compulsion, yet before the power of O'Connell they were forced to bend. That Emancipation would have been given sooner or later to Ireland is more than probable, yet without O'Connell "it would have been conceded as a boon granted by a superior to an inferior class, and it would have been accompanied and qualified by the veto. It is the glory of O'Connell that his Church entered into the Constitution triumphant and unshackled—an object of fear and not of contempt —a power that could visibly affect the policy of the Empire."

O'Connell's election having preceded the Relief Act, it was deemed invalid, and he was forced to return to Ireland to seek re-election. To the electors of Clare he issued an address which was sarcastically termed, "The Address of the Hundred Promises." At a large gathering in Dublin, he set forth clearly his programme for the future. "History," he said, "was believed by some to have come to a full stop because Emancipation had been achieved. The world was like a clock run down, but they were there to wind it up again and start a fresh agitation. Emancipation was only a step to Repeal." When he set out a few days later from Ennis, his journey was one triumphal progress; every town was decked in green, and illuminated at night. To the last O'Connell expected that an opposition candidate would be put up against him, but he was returned unopposed. He now decided to abandon his profession, in order to devote himself exclusively to political affairs, and went to spend a well-earned holiday at Darrynane, the estate in County Kerry bequeathed to him by his uncle. The short visits which he could snatch from time to time to this seaside home brought him much happiness. Early in the morning he was to be seen following the beagles on foot, over the wild

mountain-country, with all the eagerness and enjoyment of youth. In the evening, surrounded by his family and the many friends on whom he lavished hospitality, he would relate anecdote after anecdote in an inimitable manner, and kept both young and old in peals of laughter. The home-life of O'Connell and his relations with his family reveal a beautiful side of his character. For his wife he bore an affection whose depth remained undiminished through the thirty-four years of their married life. His letters to her, written hurriedly in the midst of business cares and worries, testify to all that was noble and attractive in his nature, no less than to what was deep and genuine. "He was a man who never could withhold, never could contract his sympathies."

At the beginning of the session of 1831, O'Connell, as member for Waterford, took his seat in the House of Commons, at the age of fifty-five. It was a difficult position for a man of his years, and was rendered the more so by his being "a broguing Irish fellow," and as such bitterly hated. He spoke frequently until Parliament dissolved at the death of William IV. The condition of Ireland since Emancipation had been daily growing worse, owing to the conduct of the Ministry, who sought by every means in their power to make it of no effect. Sectarian animosity largely increased. Deprived of the Catholic Association, or of any Society by which they could as formerly be held in check, the peasantry resorted to secret combinations, and agrarian outrage—the result of the old story of non-payment of rent and subsequent ejection—became common. No relief could be obtained except by legislation, and O'Connell used all his power to agitate the necessity of Repeal. It was difficult for him, however, to make any headway, for no sooner did he organize a society or assemble a meeting than it was immediately suppressed by proclamation from the Lord Lieutenant. At length, after a Repeal meeting, he was arrested, and charged with conspiracy to violate and evade the proclamation. The indictment contained fourteen charges of offences against the Act of 1792, and seventeen of conspiracy against the Common Law. O'Connell entered a plea of not guilty, and the trial was fixed

for the 17th of February. £7,000 was immediately subscribed to defray the cost of his defence. Before the trial, he entered into a compromise with the Government concerning the charge of conspiracy, but a verdict was given against him on the other charges. The Government was anxious for his support of the Reform Bill shortly to be introduced, and so postponed judgement on the verdict until May. In April Parliament dissolved, and it was never given at all. Rising to address the House on the subject of Reform, and "having given his wig a twitch lest he should lose it," O'Connell spoke for three hours. The measure did not appear to him satisfactory, yet was sufficiently liberal and extensive to admit of his support. It was said that in his eagerness for Reform, he had forgotten Repeal, but his speeches during the new election proved the contrary. "I am decidedly of opinion," he says, "that the Repeal of the Union is the only measure by which Irish prosperity and Irish freedom can be secured. . . . But it is only in a reformed Parliament that the question can be properly, coolly, and dispassionately discussed." He resumed his seat in the House as member for Kerry, and though he had done good service for the Whigs and was entitled to some consideration on their part of the Irish claims, his hopes were destined to be blighted. He realized more than ever the necessity of tithe-legislation, and of legal provision for the destitute, of whom there were at this time many thousands. The burden of tithes fell heavily upon Catholics, for they had to support the Protestant clergy, and pay cess for the erection and repairs of heretical places of worship. In many cases the disproportion between the number of Protestant parishioners and parishes was such as to warrant almost any refusal to pay tithes on the part of the poor Catholics. The spirit awakened by O'Connell among the peasantry led them to realize the injustice under which they were suffering, and the Tithe war was their effort to shake off the yoke.

Encouraged by the example of O'Connell, the refusal to pay either tithe or cess became universal, and many hundreds of the Protestant clergy were rendered destitute. This state of things could not be overlooked by Parlia-

ment, and they appointed committees to examine the question. Much to the indignation of O'Connell, not one Catholic sat on any such committee. "It seems," he said, "Roman Catholics have nothing to do with tithe but to pay it." The only decision arrived at by Parliament was to enforce payment, though they granted at the same time £60,000 for the immediate relief of the clergy. It was not money that was wanted by the Irish, it was justice and law, an end to this intolerable grievance. The proposals of O'Connell in solution of the difficulty were to disendow the Established Irish Church, and to apply the funds not absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the clergy, to the establishment of charitable institutions and to the education of all classes. It was not until 1835, when the Peel Ministry was in office, that the Appropriation Clause, embodying these proposals, was moved by Lord John Russell. O'Connell took a prominent part in the debate, which lasted four nights. With a small majority the measure went through the Commons, to meet the absolute rejection of the Lords. The Church Temporalities Act of 1833, which was brought in as a conciliatory measure by the Whigs, had, however, to a certain degree regulated the revenues of the Establishment, by which it came to be less of a scandal. In all measures in connection with the Established Irish Church, tithes, and cess, it is noticeable, that for the priests of his own Church, O'Connell made no other demand beyond the allotment to them of the glebes.

The Coercion Act of 1833 under the Whig Ministry was the most severe of all measures affecting Ireland since the Act of Union, and O'Connell said, "The horror of it pierced him to the heart." Though in bad health before the opening of Parliament, he now wrote: "The atrocious attempt to extinguish public liberty with which Ireland is menaced has made me young again." He violently attacked the Government, and denounced them as "base, bloody, and brutal." Heeding little the expostulation of the Speaker, he continued to hurl every imaginable invective at his enemies, and only sat down when his wrath was fully spent. Four years had gone by since the Relief Act, and, as he said, it had done nothing for Ireland. There was not one Catholic

judge on the bench ; there was but one Catholic high sheriff and a mere handful of Catholic magistrates. Not a single Catholic was to be found among the stipendiary magistrates, and police officials, the large majority of whom had been appointed under the Whig Government. As a climax, there had come a speech from the Throne which was nothing less than "a declaration of civil war." O'Connell refused to be suppressed simply because he stood alone, and he faced the eloquence of Macaulay, Stanley, and Peel with a courage and a brilliancy of oratory and repartee unsurpassed in the annals of the House. Any but "the member for Ireland" would have been overwhelmed by the scathing sarcasm and pitiless scorn volleyed against him with all the malignity of a personal attack, but O'Connell was fighting for his country's rights, and the wrath of the whole English nation was as nothing to him where the liberty of Ireland was concerned. The Bill was passed by a large majority, and the Government was thus armed with powers to proclaim districts, to suppress associations, to confine people to their houses after dark, to search for arms, to proclaim martial law, to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, and to try prisoners by court-martial. O'Connell immediately fell back upon the Repeal question, the temporary abandonment of which had given rise to considerable ill-feeling against him in Ireland. He spoke for nearly seven hours, but his speech was less convincing than any of his former orations. He was rejected by an overwhelming majority after a prolonged debate of nine nights. Yet he believed that the debate was productive of some good, for he subsequently recognized a desire in some members to treat Ireland with greater leniency and consideration. "I repeat," he wrote to Fitzpatrick, "we Repealers have made great *moral* way in the opinion of the House."

The Repeal debate over, Littleton, Chief Secretary for Ireland, introduced a measure for the commutation of tithe into a land-tax—a device which O'Connell named "a most excellent humbug." Fearful, however, lest both parties should combine against him and renew the Coercion Act (which would expire with the Session) if he frustrated their intentions of acting, as

they considered, justly by Ireland, O'Connell urged upon his friends a temporary suspension of the Repeal agitation. Littleton knew O'Connell's support to be essential to the Whig Ministry on the question of tithe, and opened negotiations with him for the abandonment of the political clause of the Coercion Bill, if he would not embarrass the Government. On receiving this confidential information, O'Connell at once withdrew a Repeal candidate whom he had entered against a Whig in an election at Wexford. But finding himself "tricked," and the Coercion Bill renewed in all its terrors, he disclosed Littleton's treachery to the astonished House. Littleton was forced to resign, the Grey Ministry collapsed, and O'Connell went off jubilant for two months' rest at Darrynane.

It was as member for Dublin that he returned to Parliament. He had established there a greatness which none could deny. To his enemies he was a formidable opponent. Ever on the alert to avail himself of any slip on their part, he watched them with the keen and shrewd eye of a lawyer. He may have been brutal in manner and fiery in language, but they could not but admire the deep earnestness and real love for Ireland hidden beneath the rough exterior. To his friends he was quite another man. Though in committee he could criticize and pull a Bill to pieces, his manner was always mild, courteous, and considerate. For five years he rendered the Whigs a steady support, in the hope that they would mete out justice to Ireland, but his loyalty to them was the cause of their weakness in England, and of a diminution of his popularity in Ireland.

Upon the accession of Queen Victoria in 1837, O'Connell dissolved the General Association, which he had formed to replace the Catholic Association, and again displeased his followers by announcing that he was still in favour of giving a fair trial to the Union. "He would," he said, "confidently entrust the fortunes of the Irish people to the British Parliament. If the results demonstrated the incapacity of Parliament and Government to do full and complete justice to Ireland, then he would once more unfurl the flag of Repeal, and call upon Ireland to rally round it." Nor was it

long before he was called upon to do so, for all prospect of justice for Ireland seemed to vanish further and further into the dim future. Each year his popularity in Ireland was waning, and when, in a speech at the Dublin Trades' Political Union, he denounced strikes and condemned the men, he was hooted by his own constituents. "Popularity is dear to most men, and it was dear to O'Connell," says one of his biographers, "but it was not the first, nor was it to be the last, time in his life that he imperilled it in obedience to the dictates of conscience." His disappointment was rendered the more bitter by the slight he received in 1837 in the refusal of the King to countenance his appointment as Attorney-General. A respite from work and worry came with the end of Session (August, 1838), and he gladly escaped for a time from the monotony of politics. Life was not so bright for him now as it had been. He had lost his wife, and an air of sadness seemed to hang about him. His private life was lonely, his public life unhappy. His intimate friends often heard him speak of heaven and eternity, and instead of going to Darrynane, he retired for a season to the Cistercian Monastery of Mount Melleray in County Waterford. After his retreat, he again took up the Repeal agitation with renewed vigour, and founded the "Precursor Society." Irishmen were not now united as they had been, and it was difficult to convince them of his own firm conviction that Repeal could be obtained by agitation. In 1840 he founded the Repeal Association. It consisted of three classes: (1) Volunteers who subscribed or collected £10 a year; (2) Members who paid £1 year; and (3) Associates who paid 1s. a year, or 1d. a month. The last class formed the backbone of the Association. So long as O'Connell's presence was required in London the work advanced but slowly, though he was satisfied with its progress and confident that it would eventually prove a success. To hear him speak, to watch the deliberateness with which he formed his plans, one would have imagined that instead of sixty-five he had only twenty-five years behind him. He was deeply in earnest. "People," he said, "had only to find that out and the movement would spread like fire before the wind." Indeed, it

soon began to make headway, and the circle of agitation enlarged. Leaving its management in the hands of his son John and a secretary, O'Connell proceeded to Darrynane. A few days there completely banished all trace of his recent despondency. He was up at six in the morning hunting with his beagles, and sometimes covered ten or more miles on foot at top speed. He left there to address a mass meeting at Cork, accompanied by his friend O'Neill Daunt, who says he had never found him a more agreeable companion. Now some beauty in the scenery would catch his attention, or some special spot would suggest an anecdote, or a time of silence would be broken by snatches of his two favourite hymns, "Lauda Sion" or "Stabat Mater." Soon he was again deep in political warfare, and held meetings all over the country, hurrying from town to town with incredible speed. His programme, published in a Dublin newspaper in January, 1841, under the heading of "Keep Moving," gives some idea of his activity: "Mr. O'Connell stands pledged to the following engagements: To attend the Repeal Association on the 4th; to preside at a Charity dinner on the 5th; to agitate for Repeal at Mullingar on the 7th, in Cork on the 11th, and in Dungarvan on the 13th; to attend a Reform meeting in Dublin on the 15th, and in Belfast on the 18th; on the 19th to attend a Repeal dinner at Leeds; on the 23rd a Reform meeting at Leicester; and on the 26th to take his seat in the House of Commons attired in his grey frieze Repeal coat." All these engagements were fulfilled to the letter. At the next election O'Connell lost his seat for Dublin, and was obliged to console himself with Cork. His election as Lord Mayor of Dublin soon after more than compensated for his rejection. He was the first Catholic to hold the office for more than 150 years. On the bench O'Connell was thoroughly impartial, and sought by every means to conciliate his opponents. No more significant sign of his desire for peace could be found, than his arrangement by which the mayoral chair should be held in alternate years by Catholic and Protestant. In 1843 he organized a debate in the Corporation on the subject of Repeal, and spoke for four hours to a great crowd in the Assembly House. This speech is

considered one of the finest he ever delivered. He maintained that the Irish were fit for an independent Parliament, that they were entitled to it by immemorial constitutional right, but had been robbed of it by bribery, menaces, force, craft, and cruelty, and that any Union procured by such means was morally void. To the Union he attributed the increase of absenteeism, the decline of trade, and other calamities. He pointed out that Repeal must restore to the country wealth, peace, and its ancient dignity.

Meanwhile the agitation had been greatly strengthened by the foundation of a newspaper known as *The Nation*. It was the organ of the Young Ireland party, and its motto expressed its object: "To create and foster public opinion in Ireland, and make it racy of the soil." Another powerful auxiliary to the work of Repeal was the Temperance Movement of Father Mathew, "one of the most stupendous moral revolutions the world has ever seen." The agitation was indeed spreading, and O'Connell determined to hold a public meeting in every county in Ireland in turn. These "monster meetings," as they were called, assumed almost incredible proportions, culminating in a memorable one at the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1843, on the Hill of Tara, twenty-four miles outside Dublin. Early in the morning crowds were seen gathering from every quarter, some on foot, others in every kind of vehicle. Onlookers, thronging the windows, saw the streets filled with processions carrying banners, bands playing national airs, horsemen with pennons flying, all streaming out to Tara, which for some days previously had been prepared for the meeting. In the centre round the summit of the hill an enormous platform had been erected for the speakers. In the early hours of the morning peasants in thousands, grouped in various parts of the hill, were kneeling round altars erected for the occasion, where priests were saying Mass in honour of Our Lady's Feast. The orderly demeanour of that vast crowd, and the total absence of any disturbance, could not have been more impressive had they been assembled solely for a religious service instead of a political meeting. Towards midday a burst of music and one tremendous cry of welcome from tens of

thousands of voices announced the arrival of O'Connell. An almost total silence reigned during his address, and the marvellous phases of feeling through which he carried the people showed him a consummate master not only of words but of men. Above a million stood at his feet, hanging on his every word; all as clay in his hands, ready to obey his bidding. It was the climax of O'Connell's life, a victory and demonstration such as he had never known before, and never would know again. His life had been devoted to teaching Ireland that victory must be won without bloodshed, law be preferred to violence, grievances suppressed by constitutional means, and at last the lesson had been learnt; its proof was that vast crowd, "passive, tranquil, and decorous." But how long they would remain peaceful if the Government did not cease from hostile measures, was a question that even O'Connell could not answer. The Young Ireland party, unsatisfied with his constant cry for peace and constitutional measures, were publishing fiery statements and writing about being ready for death, and the like. The Government did at length resolve to act, but only in a way destined to irritate the Irish still more. Through the agency of the Lord Chancellor, O'Connell and thirty of his party were dismissed from the magistracy. He cared but little, and instantly founded the Arbitration Courts which soon spread through the country. To add to the alarms of the Ministry, America declared in favour of Repeal, the Governor of Canada declined to be responsible for the safety of the Dominion should civil war arise in Ireland, while France was openly preparing armed assistance for the Irish. Ireland itself was filled with British troops, but their presence served in no way to daunt the courage of the peasants. O'Connell continued to hold his meetings, and hoped against hope that the Government would yield. His speech, known as "The Mallow Defiance," crowed all previous utterances. "The time is coming," he said, "when we must be doing. Gentlemen, you may learn the alternative, to live as slaves or to die as freemen. Have we not the ordinary courage of Englishmen? Are we to be called slaves? Are we to be trampled underfoot? Oh! they shall never trample on me; it shall be my

dead body they trample on, not the living man!" Another monster meeting, similar to that of Tara, was arranged to be held at Clontarf, an historical spot outside Dublin, on Sunday, October 5, 1843. To it were to be gathered Repealers from across the seas as well as the nine-tenths of the population of Ireland who had declared themselves such. Unfortunately a placard was issued by the Association which spoke of the "Repeal Cavalry," and this slip meant destruction for the meeting. The Irish Privy Council sat until the last moment, waiting for orders from England how to act. The despatch at length arrived, and, at a meeting of the Association held on the Saturday evening, a messenger arrived hurriedly with a Proclamation wet from the Press, forbidding the meeting. It was necessary to decide at once in favour of obedience to the Crown or of open rebellion. To O'Connell but one course was open. The meeting was abandoned. Some thirty members of the Association were scattered in every direction to spread O'Connell's order of obedience to the Proclamation, with a warning to maintain law and order. He was obeyed, but the people were disappointed and considered that he who had promised them so much, had abandoned them in face of the enemy. O'Connell felt it keenly, yet never do his power and singleness of aim stand forth so brightly. None but he could have hindered a collision betweeen the military forces and the armed peasants in the short space of time given him by the Government, and he taught that, excellent as patriotism is at all times, no such name could be applied to the foolish desire of a few hot-headed leaders. When the lines "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori" were quoted to him, he replied: "Credit me, a living friend is worth a churchyard full of dead ones."

A week after the collapse of the meeting the Government issued a writ against O'Connell, on a charge of "conspiring to create discontent and disaffection among the liege subjects of the Queen," and with contriving "by means of intimidation and the demonstration of great physical force, to procure and effect changes to be made in the government, laws, and constitution of the Realm." The indictment, "ninety-seven feet of

parchment," received six days' deliberation from the Grand Jury, who then returned a true Bill. O'Connell had feared he was to be charged with treason, and regarded lightly a charge of conspiracy. In the interval before the trial he went to Darrynane, whence he wrote: "I have been hunting two days, and feel the immense benefit of my native air and delightful exercise. I am regaining strength and vigour to endure whatever my sentence may be. You will believe that I shall endure it without shrinking or compromise, come what may." On the opening day of the trial (January 15, 1844), all business in Dublin was suspended, and the crush round the Four Courts was so great as to make it necessary to barricade the entrance. A brilliant array of Counsel was engaged, but the interest of the trial lay in the choice of the jury. "Never in the annals of jury-packing had the necessity of procuring a conviction led to such an outrageous misuse of the powers reposed in the Crown as on the present occasion." The name of every Catholic was struck off the list, and the jury consisted of twelve Protestants, one of whom was an Englishman. Of the judges, all were Protestants, two were Tories, and one an Englishman. The trial lasted in all twenty-three days. O'Connell defended himself, but his speech was a failure. He had long foreseen the result of the proceedings, and dreaded that the sentence would be a heavy one. Proceeding to London, he was met on all sides with expressions of sympathy. The unfairness of his trial had not only swollen the ranks of Repealers, but had softened the bitterness of his former enemies. On entering Parliament he was greeted with a burst of applause, which showed Peel the unpopularity of his part in the affair. Judgment was delivered in May, and O'Connell was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, to pay a fine of £2,000, and to find security for his future behaviour, himself in £5,000 and two others in £2,500. The same day he was taken to Richmond Bridewell, where he was treated with leniency and inundated with gifts of every description from all countries. Mass was said for him daily, and privileges of all kinds granted to him. O'Connell accepted his confinement cheerfully, and did his best to carry on with

his pen the work of the Association. "There wanted," he said, "but this to my career. I have laboured for Ireland, refused office, honour, and emolument for Ireland. I have prayed and hoped and watched for Ireland. There was but one thing wanted, that I should be in gaol for Ireland." An appeal to the House of Lords for his release was speedily set on foot by the Association at a cost of £50,000. It was money well spent, for at the end of three months O'Connell was free. Great was his astonishment at the tidings. When the tears and ejaculations of the gaolers and all assembled had given place to a calm, O'Connell, himself greatly moved, replied, "It is the response given by Providence to the prayers of the faithful, steadfast, and pious people of Ireland." The following day a car drawn by six white horses bore him back to his house in Merrion Square amid the applause of thousands, and bonfires blazed from every hill in the country. O'Connell now repaired to Darrynane to meditate upon his plans for the future. His health had suffered from the strain previous to the trial and from the seclusion and inactivity of his life in prison. During that time, the Federal Movement had been taken up by the Tory party as a substitute for Repeal, and it was necessary for O'Connell to consider what should be his attitude towards it. In a letter to the Association he showed it to be impossible for things to remain as they were, and said that for the sake of co-operation he was willing to yield everything except principle, and to follow any movement whose object was to restore to Ireland her right of legislation. The Young Ireland party gathered from this that he intended to abandon Repeal in favour of Federation, and were filled with rage. They still bore in mind what they considered as his "Retreat" at Clontarf, and clamoured loudly for a foreign policy for Ireland. But any agitation they might hope to raise was crushed by Peel, who now proposed a substantial reform. Education was the primary item in the Government programme, and a permanent grant was given to the Catholic Seminary at Maynooth.

Towards the close of the year 1845 the great famine began to spread, and Ireland was plunged into suffering

as deep and bitter as any she had ever known. The potato crop had failed for two years and thousands in consequence were dying of hunger. On his journey to Darrynane O'Connell passed through a country that was a scene of waste and desolation ; where he had been wont to see crowds of rejoicing and triumphant supporters, he met troops of haggard and wasted wretches, whose sufferings seemed beyond human power to allay. Was this to be the result of all he had tried to do—of fifty years of agitation? Was he to go down to his grave with the sense of failure weighing upon his mind, with no hope of better things in store for Ireland? An increase of crime, the inevitable result of the distress, brought a renewed threat of coercion from the Government. O'Connell succeeded in averting this calamity, but the measures he suggested to preserve Ireland in future from the horrors of famine and pestilence were too advanced for the mind of the House, too great a demand upon their generosity. Broken in spirit and weak in health, O'Connell returned to Ireland, and in September, 1846, again went to Darrynane, a visit which proved to be his last. His figure, once so upright, was now bent, his head sank on his chest, his old vivacity had left him.

On January 26, 1847, he went to England and appeared in the House, a mere shadow of his former self, to plead for the last time for Ireland. "The tones of his voice," says a letter written at the time, "were very still. His words, indeed, only reached those who were immediately round him and the ministers, who sat on the other side of the green table, listening with the interest and respectful attention that became the occasion. It was a strange and touching spectacle to those who remembered the energy, the clear and thrilling tones, that once had startled, disturbed, and controlled senates." "Ireland," he said, "was in their hands, in their power. If they did not save her, she could not save herself; if they did not come to her help, one-fourth of the population would perish."

Though his doctors still spoke hopefully, O'Connell felt that he was dying. He went to Folkestone to gain strength to carry out his desire to journey to Rome, that he might die there. Accompanied by Dr. Miley,

of Dublin, as his chaplain, he crossed to Boulogne and proceeded slowly to Paris. "He is solemn, collected, and given to ejaculatory prayer," writes the priest, "the autotype of one of the ancient patriarchs of whom it is written: 'They walked before God and were perfect.'" At Paris he was visited by many, but a deep melancholy hung over him, and he feared he would not be able to complete his journey; he seldom raised his head to notice the crowds that gathered round him during his journey to Lyons. Everywhere deep interest was shown in his welfare, and public prayers said for his recovery. On May 5th he reached Genoa, and was taken very ill and sank into a delirium which lasted some days, broken only by short intervals of consciousness. Early in the morning of May 15th the Cardinal Archbishop of Genoa, himself eighty-seven years of age, administered the Last Sacraments to him, while "all Genoa was praying for him." A few hours later, "with the calm of an infant that falls off to sleep," the great agitator passed away. In accordance with his request, his heart was embalmed, placed in a silver urn, and bequeathed to Rome, where it was received by Pope Pius IX., and placed with much solemnity in the Church of St. Agatha. It was removed later on to the chapel of the Irish College. His body was brought to Ireland and buried in Glasnevin Cemetery, where in 1869 a round tower was erected to his memory.

"My body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, my soul to Heaven" were almost the closing words of this splendid career, and they form a true summary of it. The glory of God, the liberty of the Church, and the happiness of Ireland had been the end of all his actions. As a Catholic, he was a devoted and loyal son of the Church, fervent and sincere, and, in bequeathing his heart to Rome, gave a last testimony of his allegiance to the See of Peter.

A true Irishman, Irish of the Irish, it was but fitting that his country should receive the body which had so unsparingly served it. Patriotism in O'Connell was the very breath of life; it absorbed every other interest, banished every other claim. In his love of country there was nothing feigned or unnatural; he was always consistent, honest, sincere. Even his enemies—and

they were many, for he could speak of himself as "the best abused man alive,"—could find nothing in him that was mean or paltry. That he was vain and given to exaggeration, too ready to indulge in violent and abusive language, may be said of him, and it is the more to be regretted, for such failings increased the already strong prejudice in England against Irishmen. He may also be accused of carelessness in money matters, but it was a fault common in his countrymen, and thought less of by them than by Englishmen. But his gravest faults are thrown into the shade by his brilliant and sterling virtues. Endowed with rare gifts of intellect, and extraordinary powers, both as a speaker and as leader, he used them exclusively to obtain justice, to maintain peace, property, and law. His love of justice was too broad to be confined to his own country; it was universal, and any display of intolerance aroused his sympathy for the oppressed. He pleaded for India as well as for Ireland, for the slave as well as for the Catholic, for whatever might bring freedom and happiness to mankind in general. Unbending in principle, he did not decline to change his means or to yield in matters open to discussion. Never did he bear malice, even against his most bitter foes. In private life he won the affection and confidence of all who knew him. His boundless good-humour, his store of wit and ready hospitality gained for him many friends, and none ever doubted his integrity. He was strong, for he represented a nation, he was the voice of many sufferers, the champion of right and justice. Ireland never had before, nor will ever have again, a greater or a better chieftain than he whom she glories in calling "The Liberator."

THE PRIEST-HUNTERS

A TALE OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

BY LADY AMABEL KERR

THREE hundred years ago, at the time to which the following story belongs, the world was going through one of its periodical epochs of rejuvenescence; and the hearts and intellects of men were astir with the new life within them. While the art of printing had thrown open to them whole fields of literature and thought hitherto unknown, and their minds were being rapidly developed by their eager search after new light and knowledge, the discovery of an untrodden world beyond the seas acted as magically on the courageous and enterprising side of their nature.

The great things achieved by our fellow-countrymen at that period, and the glamour which invariably surrounds all times of growth and new life, make the sixteenth century dear to all Englishmen who can contrive to look at only one side of things. Much, however, as there undoubtedly is in that period of our history for us, as mere Englishmen, to admire and be proud of, there is, alas! more for us, as Englishmen and Catholics, to be ashamed of and deplore.

Not content with all the new treasures, interior and exterior, which had been thrown open to them, our fellow-countrymen, in their pride, cast away as worthless all the

priceless gifts handed down to them by their fathers, even the eternal truths of God. Furthermore, not satisfied with doing so for themselves, they must needs, either by force or by fraud, compel those others among them, who would fain have kept their treasure, to do the same as they had done.

When we read the history of those times it seems strange that freedom-loving Englishmen can appeal with pride to a period when, rather than let men worship God according to their consciences, those in power had them tortured and slaughtered; when, if a man would not sell his conscience for gold, or act against it for very fear, his only alternative was to suffer the penalty of his obstinacy at the gallows or the stake. In those days it was death not only to a man to be a priest, but death also to any man or woman to harbour a priest, or even to give him to eat or drink when he was perishing from want. It was death to hear Mass; and to refuse to attend heretical worship, or even to possess any sacred object blessed by the Father of Christendom, meant, at the very least, confiscation and ruin.

Though, thank God, these inflictions were braved by numbers of our forefathers, with the result that we enjoy in peace the treasures which they bled to preserve for us, there is another side to contemplate, as miserable and dark as the first is bright and glorious. Alongside of the martyrs and confessors there lived and died apostates and traitors in numbers, alas! more difficult to count. Protestants may, if they choose, glory in the days of their "good Queen Bess," associating them solely with the great things accomplished in letters and adventure; but we Catholics can only contemplate them with shame, in connection with the dungeon, fire and sword, by means of which the old faith of England was trampled on and well nigh rooted out of our country. We blush to remember the treachery and lies which surrounded our forefathers like a noxious cloud, and which, though they were the means by which many noble martyrs won their crowns, were the cause of too many more losing their manhood and their faith. We recall with

shame the memory of men done to death by household spies, the product of the spirit which ruled in high places; of fathers who denounced their children, and children who betrayed their parents—wretched offspring of a system which trafficked in men's consciences, and appealed to and utilized every basest and meanest human passion, to gain its own ends. Equally miserable those who sold themselves to the emissaries of the evil one, and those who bought and traded in men's souls. How can pride of our country make us forget those crowds of truly miserable men and women, who were driven by a mad terror of torture to deny their faith and sell their brethren; or, worst of all, the human shipwrecks of that dark time, the apostate priests, who contemning and denouncing the holy things which they had handled, were hounded on by relentless human wild beasts to devour those who stood where they themselves had fallen!

Verily, in spite of their brilliancy in the pages of history, those were dark days of rebellion and apostasy, only illumined here and there by the glorious deaths of the martyrs and the heroic lives of the confessors who overcame the enemy, and refused to be cheated out of the priceless treasures which God had given them.

Ever since the first passing of the penal laws under Elizabeth, it had been the proud prerogative of the Marstons of ——shire to offer the shelter of their castle to hunted and proscribed priests; and they were but rarely without one or more of these honoured guests under their roof. Not only was their courage proof against terror of either pursuivants or penalties, but their castle was singularly adapted for purposes of concealment, should search be made. The great thickness of the walls and the irregularities of the architecture lent themselves easily to the construction of secret chambers, the ingenuity of which had for years baffled the researches of the priest-hunters in their frequent raids. Frequent indeed they were, for the Marstons of Marston were too well known for their

adherence to the old Faith to escape suspicion of harbouring "traitors."

Sir Richard Marston, the last owner of the castle, had but a short time before the date of our story died a holy death, being before his decease reduced to a state of great poverty by the extortionate fines imposed on him for his resolute refusal to attend heretical worship. More than once he had been arrested and brought before the magistrates of the time, on suspicion of harbouring priests, and having Mass celebrated under his roof; but the charge was never clearly brought home, and after lingering imprisonments, life and liberty were left to him, even though they were accompanied by what amounted to almost total ruin.

He left but one child to the care of his wife, Eustace, a little boy only eight years old at the time of his father's death. Young as he was, the child never forgot the solemn moment when his father called him to his bedside to take leave of him and give him his blessing; and with failing voice though fervent words bade him be always true to God and His holy Church, even if it cost him his life's blood.

Lady Marston was well qualified to bring up her son, and guide him through the difficult and perilous paths he might have to tread. It was penal in those days to educate a child at a Catholic college; so, living as quietly as she could, to avoid notice, she taught Eustace herself, and carefully trained him in Catholic ways. She was protected in her secret task by the love and loyalty of the ancient retainers of the estate who lived round the castle. Some among the poorer inhabitants of the district had kept their faith openly and untarnished, and joyfully paid the fines and suffered the penalties attached to their allegiance to God; the majority, however, had succumbed to the exigencies of the day, and attended heretical worship with the frequency necessary to exempt them from punishment. Yet they treasured in their poor, perjured hearts a deep attachment to the faith which they did not dare to profess, and they lived their lives nominally belonging to a religion

in which it was their dearest hope not to die. From such as these their lady and her son had nothing to fear.

Lady Marston was a truly valiant woman, ready both to live and die in defence of the faith which it was her joy and glory to possess; and under her eye Eustace grew up with a heart full of noble aims. His nature was romantic and perhaps a little dreamy. Under other circumstances, and in a different atmosphere, he might probably have become possessed by empty dreams of adventure against unknown enemies and monsters in untrodden lands; but, as it was, his little heart beat and glowed with the one idea of loving loyalty to the persecuted Church of Christ; and his boy-like, romantic longing was to shed his blood for her—no idle dream in those days, when every Catholic lived with a sword suspended over his head, which it needed only the most ordinary and literal interpretation of the country's laws to let fall.

The little boy led a very solitary life save for the company of his mother; and the lack of any younger or more congenial companionship for him caused her many an anxious thought. The servants whom her poverty allowed her to keep were few, and those few were elderly, and but grave companions for a child. His nurse, who had been his father's, lay stricken with paralysis in an upper chamber, and two elderly maidens did all the waiting and work.

Brighter days, however, were in store for the lonely child. Peter, aged, rheumatic and deaf, was the only man-servant. He was, indeed, past work, and the time had come when Lady Marston had with anxiety to face the fact that she must positively engage a younger man to help him, and do the necessary work outside and about the place. By making inquiries among her Catholic friends, she heard of one, apparently possessed of every quality she desired. But the perils of the time bred distrust of every stranger; and though Hugh Croft was recommended to her by those whose opinion she most valued, it was with misgivings that she admitted him into her service. Fortunately for her-

self, as the sequel proved, she confided in him as little as possible.

With his arrival a new life began for little Eustace. Hugh taught him many a game of skill and many a harmless sport. He took him out on snaring and hawking expeditions, and, what is more, filled his eager mind with stirring tales of travels he had made, and of adventures he had met with. For prudence sake the child was admitted to no dangerous secrets, and this was well; for whatever he knew was extracted from him, though Eustace, fully alive to the necessity of discretion on all matters connected with religion, thought that he had kept his counsel. It was probably owing to some unguarded speech of the boy's that Hugh conceived a strong suspicion that a priest was often living hidden in the Castle, saying Mass in an upper chamber, and going about the country in disguise, reconciling to the Church many a poor soul which had been robbed of its faith—all three being crimes sufficient, if proved, to cost the priest his life, and his hostess, at the very least, her liberty.

Lady Marston very soon discovered what sort of questions Hugh was in the habit of putting to her little son, and warned the child to be more discreet. She would fain have parted there and then with her new servant, so keenly were her suspicions aroused by what she had heard, but she feared by such an act to hasten the very danger that she vaguely dreaded; and, in fact, so irreproachable was Hugh's conduct and so apparently sincere and devout was his religion, that by degrees her mistrust was lulled to sleep, and her suspicions were forgotten.

Poor wretched Hugh! He was but one of many—a man who had been brought up as a Catholic, who had practised his religion, and who had even suffered for it a little, till the terror of death and torture destroyed his manhood, and greed for the gold of the persecutors of God's Church corrupted his heart. He spent his days like a snake in the grass, creeping into the houses of Catholics, trading on his knowledge of their holy things, and selling those to whom

he owed home and sustenance—selling them for the price of his own miserable life. His tormentors left no room for repentance to men such as Hugh Croft. Driven abjectly along the downward path of treachery and apostasy, he led a life of craven misery. Truly, no Catholic could feel safe in those days, when no man dared trust even his bosom friend, and when even a man's brother or son might have had his conscience bought and be a traitor at heart.

One precaution Lady Marston owed to her passing suspicions. There took possession of her a growing uneasiness as to the safety of those priests who were wont to take refuge under her roof; and, hidden as the secret chamber had on former occasions proved to be, she began to think that it was not secure enough, and that its locality might have become known to the servants in the house. She therefore resolved to have a new hiding-place constructed, the existence of which no one should know except herself, the maker of it, and those who might have to take refuge in its shelter.

There was a working-man, Philip Wright by name, who, while going about from the house of one Catholic to another, under pretence of doing some joiner's job for the owner, really spent most of his days in constructing those secret chambers, the ingenuity of which was the product of the needs of the day. God had gifted this man with a wonderful discernment as to where and how to construct these places; and never had it been known for any of those contrived by him to be discovered by the most intelligent or persevering of priest-hunters.

Lady Marston, knowing that Wright was, at the time we are speaking of, residing in a house not far away, conveyed to him a message requesting his presence at the castle. No servant in the house, not even old Peter, who loved his faith and his masters with an almost equal devotion, and certainly not Hugh the traitor, suspected that he was come for any other purpose save that of making some necessary repairs in the rambling, crumbling old castle, a large part of which was not fit for habitation. During his passages to

and fro throughout the building, Master Wright examined its walls and corners ; and, having arrived at his own conclusions, he proceeded to inform Lady Marston where he intended to make the desired hiding-place.

Now it chanced that day that Eustace was wandering about the old place, dreaming and planning as was his wont. He loved to ramble about the uninhabited parts of the castle, for, well as he knew them, and often as he had roamed about them, scaling the battlements and prying into holes and corners, he always seemed to find something new on which to feed his curiosity. This day as he wandered here and there, he came unexpectedly on his mother with the strange joiner, who was eagerly explaining something to her. Not perceiving that they were unaware of his presence, and being, boy-like, interested in the scheming of any contrivance, he stood by them, listening to Master Wright's words, until it finally dawned upon him what was the object of the consultation.

"It is grand, mother," he cried, clapping his hands with excitement, as the ingenuity of the joiner's contrivance penetrated his understanding. "Grand indeed! It would take all the blood-hounds and priest-hunters in England to discover such a place as that!"

Both his mother and the carpenter turned round abruptly at his words, and Master Wright stamped his foot impatiently.

"'Tis no good, Mistress Marston," he said, "I must destroy this hole, and seek a place where to make another. 'Tis annoying beyond what I can say!"

"But why," asked Eustace, "why make another, Master Wright? You may search all over the old castle for days, and think and dream the whole year through, and never light on a better place than this."

Wright laughed a little ill-temperedly. "No doubt, young master," said he. "And safe enough the secret and men's lives would be in the keeping of a child like you!"

"What!" cried the boy, flushing to the roots of his

hair. "You think I would betray this place to our enemies? Of what do you take me to be made? I would rather die than say a word."

"Die, forsooth!" grumbled the man; "'tis easy enough to talk about dying."

Eustace was about to expostulate vehemently, when his mother laid her hand gently on his arm and drew him to her side.

"Master Wright speaks truly, my little son," said she; "and I think it will be wise to change this plan that he has made; though it is an evil chance which made it known to you. And yet I ask myself whether Almighty God, having guided Master Wright to contrive a place here, so cunningly devised that the most clever would fail to find it, and yet commodious enough to shelter three or even four men, and we knowing well that such another place could not be found in the whole castle, I ask myself, I say, whether it would be right, and according to the will of God, to give it up, and with it the safety it will offer to God's priests, because an idle child by eavesdropping lighted on the secret."

"It was no eavesdropping, mother," protested Eustace. "I thought you knew I was standing by."

Lady Marston smiled as if to show her boy that as far as the listening was concerned she did not blame him; and then she continued more gravely even than before.

"What think you yourself? Must we give up this cunning device?"

"I would die rather than tell about it," repeated Eustace stoutly.

"Nay," replied his mother, "it is, as Master Wright but just now said, easy enough to talk about dying; but you speak not knowing what you speak about."

"I'll keep the secret," returned Eustace, changing his phrase, but speaking none the less stoutly.

"By God's help," put in his mother gently.

"Ay, by God's help, I mean," replied the boy. "Besides, mother," he added shrewdly, "no priest-hunter

coming here would think that a child like me would know such a great secret."

"True, my boy, there is safety in that thought. But could you, a child of ten years, could you, do you think, when the priest-hunters come,—as come again they surely will ere long—keep your counsel, and not betray by word or sign that you know of this hiding-place? And could you, if perchance they did ask you, refuse to betray the secret of it, remembering that by so doing, you would be giving over to a cruel death those holy men who were in hiding? And, my child, if these wicked men sought to make you speak by cruel torture, and maybe by killing you, could you, a weak child, hold your peace, think you?"

"Mother, by God's grace I would," replied the boy, raising his head with sparkling eye.

"Master Wright," said the lady after a prayerful pause, "you may finish the work as soon as you can. God, who giveth strength to the weak, will enable my little son to keep his counsel should the need thereof arise. He may have allowed him to learn the secret for some wise purpose of His own."

"As you will, madam," growled the old joiner; and Lady Marston, taking her little son by the hand, led him away.

The traitor had found out enough for his purpose, and feared that by putting off his plans in order to find out more, he might lose his chance of gaining the promised reward for running recusant papists to earth. He knew a great deal. Not only was he aware that a priest was actually hiding in the castle, and that Mass was celebrated under its roof, but a lucky chance had made known to him the very room which was used as a chapel: and, being possessed of information so well worth selling, he was resolved to sell it without further delay.

Having obtained leave to absent himself from Marston Castle for a night on the plea of pressing family business, he went to the chief town in the neighbourhood, informed the authorities of the secret which was so fraught

with danger to his kind and gentle mistress, and arranged with a band of pursuivants to time their domiciliary visit at the very hour when Mass was usually said. Such conclusive proof of the delinquency would save all trouble about proving the guilt, and might even save Hugh from having to appear publicly in the matter.

God, however, ordained that this part of his evil plot should be frustrated. The horse bestridden by the leader of the band cast a shoe and lamed itself, so that the party was delayed on the road till the hour so cunningly fixed on by the traitor was past.

Mass was just finished in the little upper chamber where it was wont to be celebrated, when a thundering knocking and hammering were heard at the great entrance door, and there was not one person among those assembled in the temporary chapel who did not know what the disturbance signified.

Old Peter went down to parley with the intruders, as he had done on many a previous occasion. He did not hasten unduly on his errand, for none knew better than he that the safety of both Father Tyndall and the lady of the house depended on his cunning in delaying the search of the pursuivants until not only was the priest safely hidden, but also until the sacred vessels and vestments were securely stowed away.

The old man was without any assistance since Hugh's departure, so Eustace accompanied him, and by his direction bolted behind him the inner door of the hall, while he himself went and opened the great outer door and let in the pursuivants, who were loudly clamouring for admission in the Queen's name. A little deaf old Peter certainly was, but not so deaf as on this occasion he made himself out to be; nor was he so devoid of all intelligence as he now appeared to be, mistaking every word that was said to him and every inquiry put by the leader of the band. The latter soon lost patience, and, roughly pushing aside the old retainer, forced his way inside with his men, and imperiously demanded that the second and inner door

should be opened. Peter vainly sought for the key, which was not needed, seeing that the door was bolted from within: and it was only when the ruffianly band tried to smash in the oak panels, which would have soon yielded to their efforts, that the old man, having calculated that more than sufficient time had been allowed to elapse for the completion of the necessary precautions, himself hammered at the door, and roundly rated those within for not answering the summons sooner.

Eustace understood this to be the signal that the door might be opened, and accordingly drew the bolt, and suffered the pack of human bloodhounds to rush in. Hugh the traitor had been doing his best to hide himself from observation behind the other men, but now he was dragged forward and ordered to show the way. As he passed Peter, the old man hissed into his ear the one word, "Judas," and the tone in which it was said blanched the wretch's cheek. Forcing the spy in front of them, the priest-hunters went straight to the upper chamber where Mass had been said that morning. All traces, however, of what had taken place had disappeared, for thanks to old Peter's efforts the search had been delayed long enough for every vestment and sacred vessel to be concealed, and for Father Tyndall to hide himself in the new secret chamber, contrived by Master Wright, and completed only two days previously. Nothing betrayed what had taken place except a faint and lurking smell of extinguished candles, which, though of course it was no proof, spoke volumes to the experienced senses of the veteran priest-hunter. He turned fiercely on old Peter, who had followed the party as fast as his rheumatic limbs would allow him.

"The very smell of the candles betrays you," he exclaimed. "'Tis no use seeking to deny that you have been holding your idolatrous services here. Show me where the traitor priest, as you call him, is lurking, and maybe her gracious Majesty will have some clemency for the mistress of this popish house."

Old Peter sniffed the air, and shook his head and

shrugged his shoulders, as if to imply that he could smell nothing, but was too polite to contradict the assertions of the intruder. Then the captain turned with an oath to the traitor Hugh, and cursed him for having brought him on a fool's errand, and swore that he would teach him how to play such tricks in future; and those who stood by could see how the poor craven spy cowered at the threat. Then with another oath, Stanton, the captain, ordered Peter to conduct him to his mistress's chamber.

Lady Marston received the pursuivant with dignity. She was clad in a somewhat old-fashioned garb, still adhering to the dress such as we see it in pictures of Mary Tudor; for she had never brought herself to adopt the frills and furbelows introduced by Elizabeth. The stiff dress harmonized with her stately figure, and gave her an imposing air which might have inspired some respect in one less ruffianly than Stanton.

"Madam," he began with scant courtesy, without even saluting her, "you are charged with harbouring Jesuits and seminary priests; and I hereby charge you with having one concealed in this house at this moment. This, Madam, is, as you know, an offence declared by the laws of her gracious Majesty to be worthy of death—so be advised, and now straightway confess your guilt, and maybe you will meet with clemency."

"The offence must first be proved, sir," replied the lady with dignity.

"Beware, Madam," he thundered savagely, for he was conscious that he could prove nothing. "There stands an evil record of recusancy against your name; and your late lord did much that was worthy of punishment. So beware, I say, for if this that I accuse you of be proved it will go hard with you. In the meantime, while search is being made, I confine you to this chamber. See to it," he added, turning to one of his men, "let not this lady escape you: and as for you, sirrah," he said to Peter, "you too shall be kept in durance; and, Madam," he concluded with an evil smile, turning to Lady Marston, "it will be hard if we find

not your hidden chamber by the help of those servants who are at large. I have cunning ways of making them speak."

Eustace, whom curiosity had prompted to follow in the wake of the pursuivants, here caught his mother's eye. Her glance recalled to his memory the scene when he had discovered the secret chamber; and he flushed hotly at the thought that now, maybe, his heroic resolutions might be put to the test. He crept silently away, and kept as much out of sight of the intruders as he could, for, though he prayed that he might not fail if tried, the peril now seemed so real that he preferred to avoid rather than to court it.

For three days did these human bloodhounds remain in Marston Castle, clearing larder and cellar of all that they contained, and spending their time, when not carousing, in hunting through every corner of the old building, measuring walls, breaking down stone-work, tearing up floors, and, in a word, doing more damage than a year's rent could put right. Hugh so pertinaciously insisted that there was a priest in hiding somewhere, that the energy and perseverance of the pursuivants were kept alive in spite of all apparent failure. There was, indeed, no means left untried by them, no room they did not ransack; and had Master Wright been one whit less skilful, no hiding-place could have escaped their vigilance. Even the former secret chamber, in the narrow compass of whose walls many a persecuted priest had found shelter and safety in past times, was laid bare with yells of triumph, to be exchanged for equal cries of rage when, to use their own words, they discovered that the rat was not in the trap.

The vigilance of this band of pursuivants was truly unceasing, and they suffered no considerations of humanity to stand in its way. As has been before stated, Eustace's aged nurse lay stricken by paralysis in an upper chamber. Here they penetrated, though even Hugh, explaining the circumstances, tried to check their course. They chose to consider, or pretended to consider her bed-ridden condition to be but feigned for the purpose of concealing, if not the

traitor priest himself, at least the sacred vessels used for Mass, the discovery of which might suffice to convict Lady Marston of felonious practices. The poor helpless creature was dragged from her bed, and the bedding was pierced through and through with their swords. Disappointed in their hopes they retired, leaving the aged woman on the ground in a swoon from which the maiden attending on her had great difficulty in rousing her.

Nor was Stanton content with trusting to the keen powers of research possessed by him and his followers. The weakness of human nature was, as he knew by experience, a powerful ally of all men of his calling, and one which he never scrupled to employ. Not only was Hugh spurred on to greater keenness by threats of torture, and even of death if the search should prove ineffectual; but the fears of the elderly maid-servants were worked on. They were threatened with torture, and practical illustrations of various ingenious and painful devices were made on their terrified persons to induce them to reveal the secret of the hiding-place, of which, happily for themselves, they were ignorant. But their wailing protestations were sincere enough to carry conviction to the mind of Stanton, who knew very well that in putting women to even such a semblance of torture he was acting in direct disobedience to the known commands of his superior officer, Sir William Long. He had more than one interview with Lady Marston, and tried his utmost to terrify her into betraying her secret; but every effort was unavailing, and each time the priest-hunter had to withdraw baffled and furious.

Had he but known it, however, Stanton's heart might have rejoiced at the state of mental anguish to which he had reduced the lady by confining her to her chamber. Under ordinary circumstances she would have cared but little for any form of captivity, even had it been of a much more rigorous description than her present one; nor was she now affected by any anxiety on her own account. From her early childhood, in the house of her father, as

staunch a Catholic as the Marstons, she had been inured to expect imprisonment and punishment on the charge of recusancy; and the daily risk had been doubled since her marriage and widowhood. She had, however, faced each peril, as it presented itself, valiantly and undauntedly.

Now, though her captivity was attended by no particular hardships and discovery was improbable, her courage failed her, and it was all she could do to preserve even an outward semblance of calmness, so preyed on was her mind by hidden anxiety.

All her anxiety was on account of the persecuted priest now under her roof. The secret chamber in which Father Tyndall was safely concealed had been completed by Wright but two days before the raid of Hugh Croft and his band of pursuivants. She had intended, the very day before the visitation of the Castle, to stock it with a supply of provisions, but had postponed the carrying out of her intention. The result of this fatal procrastination was that, though the priest was safe from pursuivants, he was shut up in a living tomb without a morsel of food or a drop of drink; and if his enemies tarried much longer he must either succumb to starvation, or deliver himself up to those who were thirsting for his blood. This last course she felt sure that he would never pursue, for his capture would mean not only a traitor's death for himself, but probably death, and anyhow confiscation and imprisonment, for the family which had given him shelter. No wonder Lady Marston felt sick at heart!

From her tower window she could watch the priest-hunters prowling round the Castle, probing every piece of ground which looked as if it might conceal a hidden passage; and she could judge by their manner how resolved they were to succeed in their quest. No human hand could help her in this her trouble, and only on her knees before God could she find any consolation.

Sometimes as she kept anxious watch at her window, she could see her little boy wandering about furtively, keeping as far from the intruders as he could; and his mother

felt thankful that he seemed so full of caution, for she remembered too well the dangerous secret in his keeping

One evening as, in the growing dusk, she watched him stealing nearer to her window than he had hitherto ventured, anxious, poor boy, to see whether he could catch a glimpse of his mother, a sudden flash of hope in connection with the child's possession of the secret darted through her mind ; and she recalled the conviction she had had at the time he made the discovery that God might have permitted the seeming misadventure for some good end. If only she could communicate with the little boy, he might be able to save Father Tyndall. Yes, at the risk of his life her son must do it!

With a rapid and fervent prayer for guidance, Lady Marston wrote on a slip of paper these words: "Take food and drink thou knowest whither:" and concealed the paper in a bobbin of wool. She dared not put her meaning less clearly lest the child should not understand. Having prepared the missive, she went to her window, and after looking round to see if any one save Eustace were near, she sang softly the verse of a song her boy loved to hear her sing. He looked up quickly when he heard her voice, and, as she met his eye, she laid her finger on her lips to impress caution on him. The peril of the time had made the poor boy wary; when he saw her signal, he turned away, pretended to have seen nothing, and even walked in an opposite direction. Then once more she sang, and in a few moments he looked up again, and as he did so she flung the bobbin of wool towards him. Unobserved by any one, he picked it up, and walked away with it under the shelter of some shrubs ; and, having found the paper inside, read it. Seeing his mother still at the window, he kissed his hand to her to make her know that he understood what he was to do, and then walked rapidly away. Lady Marston in the solitude of her prison chamber thanked God for the solution of her terrible dilemma, and, throwing herself upon her knees, prayed fervently to Him

to guard her child during his perilous task, and give him the prudence and wisdom necessary for his task.

During the hours that remained before night-time, Eustace succeeded in collecting and secreting a supply of food and wine. He had no difficulty in obtaining what he wanted, for a continual carouse was kept up by the intruders, and food and drink were wastefully scattered everywhere.

But it was not till the middle of the night, when all was still, that the child ventured forth on his dangerous mission. Leaving his little sleeping-chamber, he strained his ears to listen, but no sound could he hear save the far-away screech of the owl and the faint tramp of distant steps in the great hall below, which showed but too plainly that the enemy never slept, but kept watch by night as well as by day. Eustace, however, felt pretty confident that the night patrol would not extend his beat beyond the hall, and, with a prayer on his lips, he started forth. His little feet were bare, and he bore no light in his hand, for every turn and corner, every step and winding of the old castle was familiar to him. Here, in the upper part of the building, all seemed quiet and deserted. The very patter and squealing of the rats which he disturbed in his course proved to the shrewd child that he was the first who had trodden those passages that night, and his courage rose at the thought. Creeping stealthily along, he came to a part of the castle which was in ruin, and there he took up the provisions which he had concealed in a rusty and worm-eaten old coffer. Thus laden, and with a renewed and fervent prayer for help, he proceeded on his way, with the stars shining on him through the bare rafters, till he came to the place where Wright had constructed the secret chamber, and stood by the beautifully morticed stone which alone gave ingress to the hiding place.

The boy knew that he could not open it, for he who was within had power to close it; so he lay down on his face and softly called the priest by name. No answer came—no sound could be heard but the beating of the child's own heart.

All the same, Father Tyndall from within heard the voice perfectly well, though he could not distinguish the owner of it. But a few moments before, the starving man, cramped and aching in every limb, and well-nigh dying of hunger, had made up his mind to leave his hiding-place, where death seemed inevitable, and try to escape by a desperate chance, whether by night or by day; for he was entirely ignorant about the time, midnight and noonday being to him in that black hole equally dark. But now, when he heard what was most likely the sound of an enemy's voice, the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself, and he held his very breath lest the sound should betray him. Again and again, and louder and louder, did Eustace whisper his name, till at last the priest recognised the voice of the child. Still, fearing some trick on the part of the pursuivants, he gave no answer.

At last, the little boy, dreading discovery each moment that elapsed, raised his voice to a plaintive wail.

"Oh, are you there, father? Please do answer. 'Tis I —Eustace—come to you with food. Oh, do open and take it quickly, or they will be on us!"

The ring of the child's pleading tone seemed so genuine that the half-starved priest could no longer believe that he was being used as a tool by his enemies, as he had at first thought. With a prayer on his lips, and prepared for all things, he, without speaking, rolled the stone on its beautifully-finished pivot, and through the small cavity Eustace handed in the provisions, seeing no more of the hidden priest than his hand.

"God bless you! I need it sorely," came in hollow tones from within; and the stone slowly rolled back. Father Tyndall was saved.

Cautiously and noiselessly as he had come, the child returned. He felt no fear, now that he had accomplished his task, quite forgetful that, were he caught, his presence roaming about the castle at that time of night might raise suspicions. He was almost at the door of his little sleeping-chamber when he suddenly found himself face to face with

one of the priest-hunters, who was going his rounds, accompanied by Hugh the traitor.

"Eh, young sir," said he, "what do you want creeping about in the dark? Some piece of mischief, I trow! Off with you to your room, or you may find yourself under lock and key!"

Eustace began to move on, too glad to think he had only escaped. But Hugh prevented him!

This man had been well-nigh driven mad, partly by the disappointment and frustration of his hopes of reward, and partly by the gibes and threats of the pursuivants, who accused him of having purposely misled them. That very evening, Stanton, the brutal leader of the band, baulked in his own hopes and maddened by a circumstance soon to be narrated, had accused the wretched spy of wilfully concealing information from him for his own ends, and had sworn to give him a taste of the torture if he did not show him the hidden chamber before next morning. Poor wretch! the word torture was a living reality to him. To it he owed his apostasy and dark life of treachery; the thought of it poisoned every moment of his existence; and to avoid it he was ready to sell his soul. He rightly believed that Stanton would carry out his threats; and, renouncing all thought of sleep that night, he accompanied each pursuivant on guard on his tramp through the castle. So effectually had Eustace avoided notice since the arrival of the priest-hunters, that Hugh had almost forgotten his existence; but when he met the boy prowling about the dark passages a sudden inspiration seized him. In his way he was very fond of the little fellow; but his craven state of apprehension would have driven him to sacrifice any one and every one—even, if needs be, his own mother—to save his worthless skin.

"Ask him, Master Simon!" he exclaimed with a smothered shriek of excitement. "Ask him where the priest's lurking-hole is; I trow he knows, and could take us to it if he would."

"Eh?" said his companion, turning abruptly with clank-

ing tread. "Do you know, boy? If so, tell quickly; it will be best for you to do so."

"I know nothing that I can tell you," said the child, turning white, and mechanically repeating words that he had prepared beforehand for such an emergency. The soldier was about to pass on carelessly, thinking the little boy beneath his notice; but not so Hugh.

"Hark ye what he says, Simon," cried the spy eagerly, and bursting into a frantic laugh of relieved tension of nerves. "He says he cannot tell, he does not say he knows not!"

"I must take the boy to Stanton," muttered Simon, scratching his head; "and yet I fear he will not treat the child over-gently. Tell me, boy, what you know, and I will do what I can for you."

"I have nothing to tell," reiterated Eustace, gazing at the pursuivant with scared eyes.

"Come on then," said Simon, laying his hand on the child's arm. "I must needs then take you along to Master Stanton, though 'tis a task I have but little taste for."

As he led the boy along the dark passages, he grumbled out for Eustace's benefit a terrible list of the dreadful things that were done to little Popish boys who would not do as they were told; but there was a grim dash of humour in the tales, by which he purposely diminished their terror. Simon was not intended by nature to war against women and children.

But, alas for little Eustace! Roger Stanton was a very different man from his subordinate, and was in very truth a ruffian among ruffians. Evil-tempered as he always was, this night he was more evil-tempered than ever. He had in the afternoon received a missive from his immediate superior, Sir William Long, in which he was reprimanded in severe terms for making such a long and uncalled-for stay at Marston Castle; and, finally, Sir William commanded him, unless he had by that time found the hidden priest, to leave the place at break of day the morning following. Sir William, though he was the bitterest of

heretics, and he would have shown no mercy to any priest or harbourer of priests who might be unlucky enough to fall into his hands, highly disapproved of the wholesale system of extortion and plunder which was often carried on by pursuivants under pretext of searching for dangerous recusants. Tiding had reached him that his myrmidons, although they found no priest or so-called traitor at Marston Castle, had been staying on there for days, destroying property and pillaging. Now it so happened that the knight bore Stanton no love, and had for some time been on the look-out for an opportunity to reprimand him, and, if possible, to deprive him of his present appointment. Hence the despatch of the severe message alluded to.

Stanton might well be filled with misgivings by the reception of such a missive. He was aware of the dislike in which his superior officer held him, and knew perfectly well what such a peremptory summons from him portended —and yet it must be obeyed! Oh, if only by some clever stroke of luck he could unearth this priest, who, he was morally certain, was hidden within the precincts of the castle, and thus finally convict the Marstons of Marston of recusancy and treason, he might snap his fingers at all the Sir Williams in the world! Not only would such a stroke of good fortune mean certain favour for himself in high quarters, but also confiscation of the Marston property, a goodly slice of which might probably fall to his share.

It was in consequence of the reception of Sir William's message that he had turned on Hugh and threatened him with torture. And now he sat, wakefully glowering over the dying embers of the fire in the great hall, and fiercely gnawing his nails as he counted over the few remaining hours left to him wherein to accomplish his purpose.

His evil mood boded no good to poor little Eustace, as his captor unwillingly led him forward and, as briefly as he could, related Hugh's suspicions that he held the secret of the priest's hiding-place.

"So!" Stanton exclaimed, and, rising to his feet, he,

without further preliminaries, gave the child a staggering box on the ear. "Tell me what you know!"

Though the pain of the blow brought tears into the little boy's eyes, it roused his indignation, and he replied impetuously:

"I know nothing that I can tell; and if I knew anything, I would not tell it to you!"

"The boy knows about it," muttered Stanton; and turning with an evil smile to his men, who, roused from sleep, stood round about, he said:

"Come, boys, we must teach him how to speak."

All knew what he meant. Poor Hugh, losing for a moment his cowardice, leaped forward and put his arms round the child.

"Oh, Master Eustace, Master Eustace!" he cried, "mind what you are about. Take pity on yourself! You don't know what they will do to you; and you will have to tell; you will not be able to help it! You think you will be very brave; but you will have to tell all. I know what it is! Oh, dear little Master Eustace, do speak now before it is too late. For your own sake, for your mother's sake, for my sake, do, do speak!"

But the child, with white lips and trembling limbs, said not a word, and dumbly suffered his tormentors to do their cruel will with him.

What need to recount what followed? As the ruffians, growing obstinate under the child's passive resistance, tried one ingenious and painful torture after the other, twisting his little limbs and wounding his tender flesh, the poor boy wept and prayed for mercy, and cried aloud in his pain, and even used heart-rending terms of endearment to his tormentors to induce them to desist from torturing him. Sometimes he uttered wild and disjointed prayers to God and His holy Mother and the Saints, which drew down on him invectives from those who hated the very names he invoked. But ever, as they paused in their cruel work and urged him to tell his secret, he repeated the same old words: "I know nothing that I can tell."

"He's about spent, Master Stanton," said Simon, as he saw the child's ashen face, with the damp hair clinging round it. "He'll not stand more."

"But he shall!" cried Stanton with a terrible oath "I am not one to be baulked by a child. Speak he shall, if he dies for it! Stay! I know a way to untie his tongue!"

Then by his orders his men, who were possessed by a brutal feeling of sport about the whole matter, stripped the child's clothes off him; and while two of his tormentors held him up with his arms extended in the form of a cross, Stanton himself savagely applied a lighted torch under his armpits. Simon groaned, and Hugh fled to the further end of the hall. One wild shriek of agony the child gave—a shriek which penetrated to every corner of the castle, and Lady Marston in her prison chamber threw herself on her knees to pray she knew not for what.

Then all was as still as death. The child's sufferings were over! With the scarce articulated words, "I cannot tell," his head fell forward, and he hung a dead weight in the arms of those who held him up: and God in His mercy sealed his lips so that neither the brutality of his tormentors nor his own weakness could make him betray his trust.

"You've done for him now," said Simon, stepping forward; and taking the little boy's helpless form unhindered from the hands of the ruffians who still held it in their hands, he laid it gently on the ground and knelt beside it.

"Curse him," responded Stanton; "he has done for me!" And he gnawed his nails with fury as was his wont.

The child had indeed baulked his persecutor's vengeance. As the leader of the priest-hunters gazed down at the apparently lifeless little body, his evil mind convinced him that Eustace had died by his hand, and he was filled with rage and apprehension at the thought. Well did he know that when the events of that night reached Sir William's ears, disgrace and punishment would surely overtake him. So over-mastered was he by his fears that it never occurred

to him to make sure that life was really extinct in his little victim.

"Go, knave," he said, sullenly turning to one of his followers, "go and saddle the horses. Dawn is breaking, and we will be off. I have my orders to return without delay to headquarters."

Savagely he paced up and down waiting for the horses to be ready, and seeking for some object on which to vent his wrath. He found that object in the luckless Hugh.

The poor wretch had, unchallenged, knelt down by Eustace's side, and having covered him over, was caressing the limp little form, with the tears streaming down his cheeks. All good was not extinguished in the man's heart; as he gazed on the child's fair face, memories of his own pure childhood and all his better days crowded into his mind, and, crouching there on the ground in the pale morning, he almost sent up a prayer for pardon and mercy.

Stanton's eye fell on him.

"Go, snivelling hypocrite!" he exclaimed with one of his habitual curses, at the same time dealing him a brutal kick with his heavy riding-boot. "Go, give these keys to the old dotard of a man-servant, and fetch the wenches to see to *that*;" and as he spoke he pointed to the child's body. "And then you, sirrah, you come back with me to R——; I have not done with you yet."

Hugh started to his feet, and with the aspect of a whipped hound fled to do his master's bidding.

Thus Eustace saved the lives and liberty of those dear to him. As the sound of the tramping of the heavy horses' feet died away in the distance, proclaiming the departure of the invaders, old Peter and the two maid-servants knelt by the side of the unconscious child, while the dim light of dawn slowly crept over the old building. With shaking hands and eyes blinded with tears they bathed the motionless little body, and ministered to the child they all loved so well; and when at length a feeble moan told them that the valiant little soul still lingered in its mortal abode, they tenderly lifted him and carried him to his mother, and

told her all they had learnt from Hugh's distracted confession.

Lady Marston had no time nor inclination to stay and weep. Having done what she could for her little son, and applied soothing ointments to his hurts, and having tenderly and reverently kissed his scorched flesh, she hastened to Father Tyndall's hiding-place, and having helped him out and ministered to his wants, sped him on his way to another shelter, lest the priest-hunters should return with day to make further search. So, giving a hurried blessing to his heroic hostess and to the still unconscious child, the priest went on his way, holding his life in his hand, to work for yet a little while in his Master's vineyard.

But the priest-hunters did not return that time. The story of extortion and brutality committed was dark enough for the persecutors to wish to hush it up; and in spite of all the wrong she had suffered, Lady Marston thankfully accepted this immunity from danger, however dearly it had been procured. Though every portable object of value had been carried off by the lawless crew, and both house and property were damaged, she sought no redress, simply because she knew she would get none, and by drawing attention to herself would but imperil her safety. So she thankfully kept all that was left to her, and all that she really cared to keep—viz., the lives and liberty of those dear to her.

Quietly she continued to lead her old hidden life, keeping her faith and harbouring priests, hearing Mass and helping others to hear it, aiding those within the fold to nourish their souls with the Sacraments, and those outside to be reconciled to the Church. She lived, it is true, with a halter round her own neck and the neck of her boy, but she was thankful to exist on those conditions, so long as she and her son could be of service to God and His holy Church.

It was a month after the raid of the priest-hunters, and life at Marston Castle had resumed its wonted aspect in

all respects except that little Eustace, though gradually recovering, was no longer the same as he had been of yore. The shock to his nerves produced by his sufferings that terrible night had affected his health more than any injuries he had received; and his mother vainly sought to restore him to his former state of blithe boyhood.

He lay one evening on a couch by her side; and as she anxiously watched him, unobserved by him, she could see how fragile and shattered he looked, how nervously he twitched his hands and worked his almost fretful countenance. The sweet summer air blew in through the open casement and softly stirred his pale cheek. It came in full of sweet smells, and sounds of distant, laughing, playing children; and but a few weeks before he would have been eager to join them in their sports. Now, however, he lay motionless on his couch, regardless of everything around him.

At length, his mother, whose ever-busy fingers were engaged on a piece of embroidery, saw a tell-tale tear roll through his half-closed eye-lid. In a moment she had laid aside her work and was kneeling by his side.

"Oh, mother," the child said with a sob; "I cannot help it, do what I will. It is all so cruel—so hard!"

"Nay, my little son," replied his mother, soothing the boy's troubled brow. "Hard is not a word that sounds sweetly in my ears. What can be hard that is God's blessed will? Think you it is hard to be ailing as you are; or to have suffered somewhat for our dear Lord's sake?"

"Nay, mother, it is not that," replied Eustace, flushing; 'but it is hard that the devil's men should triumph in this way over God and His Church! And oh, mother, it is hard that men should be forced to be wicked like poor Hugh. Poor, poor Hugh! it was thinking of him that made me weep just now."

"No one can be forced to do what is evil," replied Lady Marston, somewhat sternly, for she had not the same compassion for the traitor that her little son had.

"But," he pleaded, "they make it so hard not to do evil, mother."

"God sustains all those who call on Him, as you know, my Eustace," replied she. "His grace sustained you, my little son, and it would have sustained Hugh."

"Poor, poor Hugh!—Mother dearest, you kiss me, and think that I was brave and faithful; but I was not. While the devil's men were doing all they did to me, I was once or twice quite near telling about Father Tyndall—but something that was not me kept me silent."

"It was God's grace, my little son."

"Aye, mother, it was. But at the end—oh, mother, you know what I mean;" and as he spoke, the child clung shudderingly to his mother's neck; "when the pain was so much, much worse than I can ever tell you, I was just going to tell, I know I was; when all at once a sweet mist, such as you have told me God sent to cool the three young men who were thrown into the furnace because they would not worship the idol, wrapped me all round; and all the pain and the horrid, wicked words went further and further away, and I knew nothing more till I awoke with your sweet arms around me, and I knew that I was safe. I was not brave, mother!"

"Never, never cease thanking God for His goodness to you," said the mother, while a tear of thanksgiving dropped on her boy's head. "And is that all that makes you feel sad, my child?"

"Oh no, but I scarcely know how to say all I want to say I lie here and think, and I feel so sad—so very, very miserable; and I feel it is such a cruel shame that we, God's people, should be treated as we are for only doing what He means us to do; and that His holy Church should be stamped on by the devil's men, when He means her to be so beautiful and glorious; and that men should be driven to be bad when they don't want to. Oh, mother, it all makes me so sad for God's sake! for He meant us all to be so good and happy; but there!" the child added almost fretfully, while the corners of his mouth involuntarily drooped, "I cannot say it as I want, mother."

"I will help you, my child," she replied; "for I think I

know what it is that saddens your heart and puckers your little brow. It makes you grieve, I think, that God's beautiful Church, and the Mass, and the Sacraments, and the priesthood should be trampled on by wicked men; and that He should suffer them to be so strong as by their arts and devices to succeed for a time—for, my child, it is only for a time—in preventing things being as God in His goodness meant them to be? You are sad because priests are treated as traitors and put to death for doing those things that God called them into His service to do; and that God's holy things should be administered to and received by us at the peril of our lives, when Almighty God meant them to be for every one, and meant them to make life beautiful and almost the outer court of heaven—is this what you mean, my little son?"

"Yes, mother, yes, but I could not say it. And is it not a shame, and cruel and unjust?"

"It is a shame, my Eustace; it is an evil. It is the triumph of the evil one, which God is allowing for a time for our chastisement. When He sees fit, he will remove the scourge, and deliver us from the oppressor. But call it not cruel or unjust. Look on it rather as a punishment for our sins and the sins of our country; and you will see that God's will is adorable even in this. Your father and I often used to read together the chronicles of days gone by, and we learned to know that our forefathers were then suffered to worship God as they would without let or hindrance; they did not love His worship as they ought, nor, methinks, were they as loyal to God's holy Church, as we who are glad to suffer for her. What wonder, my little son, that their want of love and loyalty should have drawn down God's chastisements on them and on their children! See you not God's holy will in the chastisement?"

"Aye, mother, I like to see it thus."

"But oh, my child, you are right, the hand of the Lord is heavy on this land, and it is not on us that the heaviness falls, even though we be driven about like vermin, and are

called on to suffer pain and death for God's dear sake. It is on those that it lies heavy who, though indeed they prosper in the things of this world, have suffered themselves to be robbed of their faith, and to lose with it the priceless gifts of God!"

"Yea, mother, we are indeed rich compared with them!"

"So, my little son, bemoan not yourself over the persecuted state of God's holy Church; for, as you see, we Catholics are far better off now than those who went before, and far, far better off than those heretics and apostates in the midst of whom we live. But, Eustace, I will say more: who knows but what we are better off than those will be who live after we are laid to rest in the earth? For the lesson we are learning in letters of blood may be forgotten by our children's children! It is true that we are hunted like rats, and driven to worship God in holes and corners, and that neither can a priest say Mass and administer the Sacraments, nor we receive them but at the peril of our lives; but still, my Eustace, is it not true that we value them so dearly that we gladly risk all to receive them? If a Mass is to be said, do not Catholics come out of their holes and hiding-places to hear it? And when they have heard Mass and received the Sacraments, do not their souls rejoice, and do they not feel that their joy is not too dearly bought by the risk they have run? Do not Father Tyndall, and the other priests we know gladly peril their lives in the performance of their sacred ministry?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the child fervently. "Though they know that likely enough death and torture await them in the end, they never seem to take it into account."

"'Tis true," resumed the lady, "and I think that some, at any rate, in this poor persecuted land of ours, value the gifts bought by our Lord's Precious Blood as He would have them valued! But the time may come, my son, when peace reigns once more in this land, and Catholics may take and have the good things of God without fear; when they may not care, as it were, even to stretch out their hands to receive them!"

"Oh no, mother, never! It could never be thus!"

"Pray God it may never be so; but it is the way of the world, alas! my child, to be cold towards that which it costs us nothing to obtain. Now it is the work of God's priests to feed hungry souls at the peril of their lives; but the time may come when all their work for souls will lie in vainly seeking to persuade Catholic men and women to come and have that which they may have without danger. Which think you would be the cruel shame, my son,—that men should love and suffer for what they love, or that their hearts should be turned to stone towards our Blessed Lord, and that they should treat as nought those precious things which He died to give them?"

"Mother," said the child, "I did wrong to repine at God's Church being trampled under foot, for I see that there can be things that are worse. I will try to think that it is good that things should be as they are, both for God's glory and that of His holy Church."

Lady Marston left the boy's side, and went to close the window, for the evening air had turned chill. When she returned to the couch, the weary child lay fast asleep, with a bright happy smile on his face such as it had not worn for weeks.

WHAT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IS
AND WHAT SHE TEACHES.

A SHORT GUIDE FOR INQUIRING PROTESTANTS.

By ERNEST R. HULL, S.J.

THE AIM OF THIS PAMPHLET.

CLEAR ideas of Catholic doctrine rather than proofs—such is the aim of this little work. For unless the doctrine itself be presented in a reasonable light, the most convincing proofs will be thrown away. Again, clear ideas can often be expressed in a few words, whereas the real strength of a proof may be lost by compression. Moreover, the real difficulties felt against the Church are not generally due to want of proof, so much as to want of correct information as to what the Church is and what she teaches.

This tract has therefore been written with a view of enabling non-Catholic inquirers to obtain concise and correct information about our Catholic position and teaching. Those interested in its contents will have no difficulty in obtaining references to larger works by which to carry on their inquiries.

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PART I—THE BIBLE OR THE CHURCH?

Is the Bible the sole means left to us for ascertaining Christ's full doctrine? Or did Christ make any other arrangement for this purpose?

1—How Protestants regard the Bible.

Protestants generally take it as a principle that the Bible is the sole and adequate Rule of Faith. This is only natural, since, after rejecting the authority of the Catholic Church, there is no other rule to be found. Yet the results of this view are calculated to raise serious doubts of its correctness. In the New Testament even the most essential points of doctrine are touched on so incidentally, and require such careful study and balancing of different texts, that it is an extremely delicate matter to arrive at any definite conclusion. Most Protestants believe that the divinity of Christ is clearly taught in the Bible; yet the Socinians have argued with apparent sincerity that the New Testament presents Christ merely as an inspired man. Protestants also forget how much of their firm conviction is due to early education, and to a traditional interpretation of the Bible, rather than to any critical investigation of their own. And, if this is the case with regard to fundamental doctrines, much more is it so with those points which are hinted at rather than expressed in the sacred text, and upon which the sects cannot come to any agreement.

In such a state of uncertainty, the only resource left to the inquirer is to suppose that Christ meant us to believe only what is clearly taught in the Bible, and left us free to form our own opinions as to the rest. But yet, in each of these disputed points, Christ must have taught either one thing or the other; and whatever He taught He must have intended us to believe. Hence it seems strange that He should have left us without the means of ascertaining which of the two doctrines we ought to believe. As the case stands, an earnest man can only throw in his lot with the sect whose views of Bible teaching approach nearest to his own, without the least guarantee that in doing so he has embraced Christ's real teaching, and not the exact contrary.

Again, the New Testament does not bear the marks of having been drawn up to serve as a code of Christian belief

Neither does it anywhere direct us to take Scripture as our sole Rule of Faith, or free us from the obligation of believing more than is clearly taught in its pages. Therefore, to assume that the Bible is the sole and adequate rule of Christian Faith may perhaps be the only alternative left, after rejecting the authority of the Catholic Church; but neither Scripture nor history seem to afford any warrant for such an assumption.

2—How Catholics regard the Bible.

Catholics on the other hand cherish the highest esteem and veneration for the Bible as the inspired Word of God, and regard it as a treasure of unique value; first, because of the vivid picture of Christ's life and character which it presents; secondly, because of the rich spiritual suggestiveness of its writings; thirdly, as a precious storehouse of dogmatic and moral instruction; fourthly, as a historic witness to the claims of the Catholic Church. Still, they consider that the Bible was never intended for the sole and adequate Rule of Faith; partly because it is not a sufficiently exhaustive account of all Christ's teaching, partly because its expressions of doctrine are often ambiguous, and require authoritative interpretation. At the same time they believe that the New Testament itself points to another means provided by Christ for the preservation of His full teaching through all ages, and that means is the authority of the Catholic Church. The facts alleged to show this will be frankly admitted by Protestants themselves, even if they hesitate to agree with the conclusions drawn from them.

3—Christ founded an Apostolic Teaching Body.

We find that Jesus Christ, without saying a single recorded word about a written creed or code, appointed twelve apostles to carry on the work He had begun. Invoking the power which had been given Him in heaven and on earth, He bade them go and teach all nations, baptising those who should believe, and teaching them to observe whatsoever He had commanded. The apostles were sent, not as mere messengers, but as ambassadors bearing Christ's authority and power, and teaching and ministering in His name and person; so that in hearing them men were hearing Him, and in despising them they were despising Him. (Mt. xxviii. 18-20; Mk. xvi. 15; Lk. x. 16). Besides the office of teaching and baptising, they were entrusted with the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and

received a special power by the Holy Ghost to remit and retain sins. (Lk. xxii. 19; Jn. xx. 21). In order that they might infallibly carry out this commission, Christ promised them the spirit of truth, which should lead them unto all truth, and bring to their minds whatever He had said to them. (Jn. xiv. 17-26, xvi. 13). Finally, He promised to be with them in person, not for a few years or a generation, but for the indeterminate future; thereby seeming to imply that the apostolic order should last beyond the lives of its present members, even to the end of time. (Mt. xxviii. 20.)

In thus constituting the apostolic body, Christ was in reality constituting His Church. The Church was no mere collection of individual believers, but a definite organisation, which was to be the pillar and ground of truth. (1 Tim. iii. 15.) It was to be founded on a rock, and the gates of hell should not prevail against it. (Mt. xvi. 18.) The Church, taken as a whole, comprised the teaching body and a body of lay believers; but its essential constitution lay in the existence of that teaching body, authorised and guaranteed by Christ. Such was the original constitution of the Church; and as the Church was to last for all ages, it is natural to suppose that it should always continue to exist according to its original constitution—that is to say, as an apostolic teaching-body. The burden of proof lies on those who deny so obvious an inference. There are no signs that this organisation was a temporary expedient, to die out after a few years, and leave a totally different system in its place.

4—How the Apostles regarded the New Testament.

Following the career of the apostles as they carry out their work, we find these conclusions confirmed. There occurs no mention of any scheme for producing a written code to dispense with the authority of apostolic preaching. The apostles show no signs of regarding it as a duty to leave behind them a full written legacy of their teaching. They write to meet incidental occasions and local needs. The evangelists seem to think it an important matter to leave us, in outline, their recollections of Christ's life and character, but they make no pretence of giving us a complete scheme of His dogmatic teaching. St. John himself declares the impossibility of writing anything like an exhaustive account of all that Christ did. There appears nowhere in the New Testament a consciousness that

its writers were thereby supplying Christendom with the one sole and adequate rule of faith, which should supersede the need of appeal to their oral teachings. As far as we can gather, nearly all the apostles were dead or dispersed before half the New Testament was written. According to the verdict of history, neither St. Peter nor St. Paul were alive when Mark and Luke wrote. There is no clear evidence to prove that any of the apostles saw each other's writings, with one or two exceptions. None of them, except the author himself, ever saw the gospel of St. John. Only St. John lived long enough to see the whole series which make up the New Testament; but there is no evidence to show what he actually did see. The only clear allusion made by one apostle to another apostle's writings is that of St. Peter, who tells us how hard St. Paul's epistles were to understand, and how some had wrested them to their own destruction.

On the other hand, we find many allusions to Christian doctrine as derived from oral teaching. The Thessalonians are told to "hold fast the traditions which they had been taught, whether by word or by epistle" (2 Thes. ii. 15). Timothy, who had been ordained Bishop of Ephesus by St. Paul (c. note at end of 2nd Epistle, Authorised Version) is instructed to "hold fast the form of sound words which he had heard from his teacher among many witnesses"; "to continue in the things learnt" (viz., "the gospel which was committed to his trust"), "knowing from whom he had learnt them," "and to commit the same to faithful men who shall be able to teach others" (1 Tim. i. 11; iv. 11-16; vi. 20; 2 Tim. i. 6, 13; ii. 2; iii. 10, 14; iv. 2, &c.) all of which certainly stands in favour of the Catholic idea of apostolic authority transmitted to a line of successors, and against the Protestant idea of substituting the Bible as the sole and adequate rule of faith.

5—The Early Church carries on the Apostolic System of Teaching.

Still following the course of history, the Catholic view receives yet further confirmation. The various parts which now make up the New Testament were carefully treasured and read in the local churches where they had been received, and it was only by degrees that copies were spread to other places, and the whole series came to be circulated throughout

Christendom. Though held in the highest authority, we find no signs of the Scriptures being substituted for traditional teaching as a sole rule of faith. The bishops were regarded as the authoritative successors of the apostles, responsible for the preservation of Christian doctrine; and the people looked to them for the true interpretation of Scripture. Belief did not follow interpretation of Scripture, but interpretation of Scripture followed belief. When heretics cited Scripture in support of novel views, the fathers denied them the right to do so, reserving the interpretation of Scripture to the Church. On the other hand, the Church quoted Scripture against the heretics, not as the sole basis of its teaching, but as an inspired witness to its correctness. Moreover, it is remarkable how clear the Church was in its traditional teaching even before the evidence of Scripture had been fully discussed—I refer to such questions as the nature and person of Christ. What the heretics regarded as disputable on Scripture grounds, the Church regarded as indisputable on grounds of tradition. In short, the general impression given by the history of the 3rd and 4th centuries shows us still in operation the idea of an apostolic teaching-body, authorised and guaranteed by Jesus Christ, to provide the rule of faith, while Scripture is still regarded as a witness to the correctness of the Church's teaching, but not as a sole and adequate rule of faith to be put in its place.

6—How the Contents of the New Testament were determined.

Moreover, during the first four centuries of the Church, it remained an unsettled question what belonged to the sacred Scripture and what did not. There were many gospels current besides the four we now acknowledge, and a few other works like the epistles of Clement and Barnabas, and the Pastor of Hermas. Of these, several were regarded by certain of the fathers as parts of Scripture, and were publicly read in local churches. On the other hand, the Epistle to the Hebrews, Revelations, James, Jude, 2nd Peter, 2nd and 3rd John, were called in question in some parts of the Church. It required much discussion to arrive at a final conclusion. But when in the synods of Hippo and Carthage, about A.D. 393-397, a list of authentic books was agreed upon and Pope Innocent I., and afterwards Pope Gelasius (A.D. 494)

confirmed this list, the discussion was closed; and for the first time the New Testament was capable of being bound up into one book as we have it now.

But how was this question settled after so long a discussion? Purely and simply by an appeal to the traditions existing in local churches where each document had been preserved, and by the authoritative verdict of the Church judging according to those traditions. Other historic evidence deciding the question in all its details, we do not possess. So that Protestants, in accepting the New Testament as it stands, are implicitly reposing the highest confidence in the authority of the Catholic Church in the 5th century; and some of them have candidly acknowledged this (cf. preface to Revised Version). These facts seem fatal to the idea that Scripture was intended by Christ and His apostles to be the sole and adequate rule of faith; since our very assurance as to what the New Testament contains rests historically on the teaching authority of the bishops of the 5th century, the successors of the apostles commissioned and guaranteed by Christ.

7—The Apostolic Teaching Body continues down to the Present Day.

Passing on through the ages, we find the same system at work. Down to the 16th century there existed in Christendom no other than this idea. The bishops were looked upon as successors of the apostles, and their unanimous teaching was regarded as absolutely trustworthy—as truly representing the doctrine of Christ. The Church, as a whole, could not possibly fall into error; for this was guaranteed by the promises of Christ. And those who claimed Scripture in support of their new doctrines, and against the prevailing doctrine of the Church, were regarded as heretics and rebels against Christ, and against His authority delegated to the Church.

It was not till the 16th century that this state of things received a rude shock. The radical principle of the Protestant Reformation lay in the rejection of the living authority of the Catholic Church, and the substitution of the Bible, interpreted by each individual, in its place. Reviewing the consequences of this experiment, and the absence of all warrant for it in Scripture itself, and considering that it runs counter to the unanimous conviction of Christendom for 1500 years, it can only be prudent for Protestants to reconsider their position; and to

ask themselves whether, after all, the conviction of Christendom for 1500 years may not be right. If at length they come to this conclusion, their plain course will be submission to the authority of the Catholic Church.

PART II—THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

I—What Submission to Authority means.

The idea of authority in matters of religion has been much cried down in modern times, as if it were injurious to liberty of conscience. It will be well to remove this prejudice before going further. Submission to the authority of another, in matters of thought, may be justly objected to, especially when half the advantage lies in the intellectual exercise of thinking such matters out for oneself. But when it is a case of ascertaining facts which someone else knows, and which we cannot find out for ourselves; then we must, whether we like it or not, take them on the authority of another, if we wish to acquire them at all. The only important condition is to make sure that our authority is reliable. No one believing in the trustworthiness of Jesus Christ would refuse submission to His authority in matters of revelation; for everything He teaches must be true, no matter what our previous ideas on the subject may have been; and submission to His authority means acquisition of the truth. The same holds good as regards the apostles, when once we have ascertained that they are reliable witnesses to the teaching of Christ. Every Protestant accepting the statements of the Bible as correct, submits to the authority of those who wrote the books of the Bible. Finally, once being convinced that the living voice of the Catholic Church is authorised and guaranteed by Christ, the only rational course is to accept that authority as a means of ascertaining Christ's teaching; and instead of resenting it, we ought to be thankful for the gift.

Some further apprehension may, however, be felt about the Church extending her authority beyond the limits of revealed dogma, and fettering the mind in fields where Christ has left it free. This is not really the case. The Church naturally expects the prevailing Catholic lines of thought and feeling, outside the strict limits of faith, to be treated with respect, especially in public writing and speaking; and her general policy is to be cautious and slow in taking up novel views, such as tend to

shock and alarm the simple minded, until such views have been firmly established by evidence. But as for freedom of private thought and opinion and taste, in all matters outside the strict limits of faith, Catholics (even though some of the more simple may not realise it) enjoy the fullest liberty. The great richness of Catholic theological speculation, compared with that of Protestants, is a proof which will appeal to those who have studied in both schools.

2—How the Teaching of the Church is to be ascertained.

In communicating His teaching to mankind, Christ has made use of the most natural means at His command. Even the apostles did not grasp their Master's full doctrine at once, or without thinking over what they had learnt and asking further questions. Thus also an inquirer coming to the Catholic Church would naturally begin by studying the penny Catechism, which represents the doctrine taught in the schools and churches of the diocese in which he lives. His further questions would be answered by reading or by instruction from a priest. Continued study will carry him deeper into each subject, but will not require a departure from this simple Catechism. It is not essential that he should be a master of theology before entering the Church. A sound knowledge of the substantial doctrines is sufficient. The important thing is to be thoroughly imbued with the principle of belief in the authority of the Church ; and to be ready to accept, in general, whatever the Church teaches as belonging to the deposit of faith.

So far in practice ; but speaking more scientifically, it will be necessary to go further afield, to explain the constitution of the teaching-body of the Catholic Church. If we trace back to its source the authority of the Catechism and of the priest who explains it, we shall come ultimately to the bishop of the diocese, who is responsible for the teaching of the faith within the limits of his own jurisdiction. The Catechism of one diocese is practically the same as that of every other ; and thus the Catechism represents substantially the unanimous teaching of the bishops all over the world. Catholic bishops are no mere "ornamental heads of churches," as Mr. Jacob Primmer calls them, but the responsible guardians of the deposit of faith. They are the successors of the apostles,

endowed with their authority and power to teach and govern the Church. Taken singly, they do not inherit the personal endowments of the apostles; they have neither the gift of inspiration nor of miracles, nor of personal infallibility, nor of universal jurisdiction. They receive no new revelations, nor repetitions of old ones; and yet they are infallible in this sense, that they cannot collectively be guilty of false teaching, and so lead the whole Church astray. It is possible for individual bishops to desert their duty and fall into heresy, as some have done in times past. But such are quickly cut off from the Church, and lose their position in the teaching-body. For a bishop can retain his office only by remaining in communion with his fellow-bishops and with the pope; separated from this communion, he ceases to be a member of the teaching Church. It is in this collective body of bishops in communion with each other and with the pope, that the teaching Church properly consists. Hence it is to this collective body that the promises of Christ apply. Consequently it is believed that any doctrine unanimously taught by this collective body, as part of the deposit of faith, must be infallibly correct; since otherwise the whole Church, clergy and laity (whose belief is simply a reflection of the teaching of the bishops), would be committed to a false doctrine, and so the gates of hell would have prevailed against the Church. It will be seen that everything works in the most natural manner possible; and the only effect of Christ's promise is, that it guarantees the unanimous teaching and belief of the Church.

3—How does the Pope stand in relation to the Teaching Body?

The pope, besides holding the position of bishop over the local Church of Rome, enjoys the twofold prerogative of supreme ruler and of supreme teacher of the whole Church. These prerogatives are believed to have been bestowed on St. Peter by Christ (Mt. xvi. 13-19; Lk. xxii. 31-33; Jn. xxi. 15-17) and to have been inherited by his successors in the see of Rome. As supreme ruler, the pope has power to make disciplinary laws binding on the whole Church. As supreme teacher, he possesses authority to settle disputed points of faith and morals. It is with the last-named prerogative that we are now chiefly concerned. Under favourable circum-

stances, when the teaching of the bishops is unanimous and the belief of the people undisturbed, no ulterior guarantee is needed beyond this fact. But when a heresy arises, and the unanimity of the bishops is disputed; or when the traditional doctrine has been imperfectly transmitted in some part of the Church, and a dispute arises on this or any other account, an authoritative declaration may be needed to close the question in a manner which admits of no evasion. It is then that the decision of the supreme teacher is called for. Now Catholics believe that in these decisions, and in these alone, the pope is infallible. For it is of the nature of these decisions to bind the whole Church, and commit it irrevocably to teaching and to believing as part of Christ's revelation the doctrine proclaimed by them. Hence, unless the pope were absolutely reliable in such decisions, the faith of the Church might be corrupted by an error, and so the gates of hell would have prevailed against it.

From this it will be clear what papal infallibility means. The pope is not inspired; he receives no private revelations; he does not carry in his mind the whole of Christ's teaching as a miraculous treasure on which to draw at will. He has learnt the faith as we learn it, from his Catechism and from his theology. If he wishes to know the two sides of a dispute he must study it as we must. Even when preparing to make a definition in his office of supreme teacher, he can count on no new revelation or inspiration of a personal kind. But when he comes finally to the act of definition—when, acting in his highest official capacity of teacher of the Universal Church, he defines a point of faith or morals with the intent of binding the whole Church, then we believe, by virtue of Christ's promise, that the decision will be infallibly right.

4—A Mistake about Infallibility.

Protestants find a great difficulty in believing that infallibility means no more than this. Dr. Salmon, for instance, thought that if the pope is infallible at all he must be infallible in all his acts. This is simply refusing to accept the Catholic's account of his own belief. But it is a groundless objection. King Edward VII. does not always act as king. No one would attribute royal authority to his views on hunting, or yachting, or on the drama. Even when he presides over a court function, he is not always using his royal prerogatives.

No one would attach the full authority of the crown to the remarks he makes to a deputation of Presbyterians, Jews, or Catholics. Even when speaking in Privy Council, or making his official speech at the opening of Parliament, he does not intend to throw the full weight of his authority into his utterances. It is only when signing an Act of Parliament, or a treaty with some foreign nation, that the full and highest exercise of his royalty comes into play. Then and then alone does he act as ruler of the empire, committing the crown to the deed, and binding the whole nation. As it is with the king of England, so it is with the pope. In his private acts as a Christian, in his official acts as a bishop, in his official acts in the government of the Church, he might make a mistake or fail in prudence, and no great harm would be done. But if he made an error in committing the whole Church to a point of faith or morals, the damage would be irreparable: the teaching of Christ's revelation would be adulterated, and the Church would cease to be the guaranteed delegate of Christ. Hence in these acts only is it necessary for the pope to be infallible, according to Christ's promise that the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church.

5—Does the Church add New Doctrines to the Faith?

But this doctrine of the pope's power is open to another objection; for it seems as if, by means of it, new doctrines were periodically added to the Church's teaching. Certainly more doctrines are taught as of faith to-day than were taught as of faith a thousand years ago; and therefore, presumably, more than were taught as of faith by the apostles.

This question leads to the idea of development of doctrine. Catholics believe that the Church never develops into a doctrine of faith anything that was not originally part of Christ's revelation. But a development can take place in clearness and definiteness of expression. St. Peter would have told us that our Lord was God and Man, but he would hardly have been able to express his doctrine in the terms of the Nicene or Athanasian creed, because that kind of language was not in use in St. Peter's time. This is an example of development from a less scientific to a more scientific form of expression. Take another example. None of the apostles, except St. John,

lived long enough to see the whole of the New Testament written. Probably St. John informed the Church of his own time that certain writings, and no others, were inspired. But this knowledge was not so spread throughout the Church as to make it universally known. It took some centuries for this tradition to become unanimous and universal in Christendom. Then only could the canon or list of the New Testament books become a recognised dogma of faith. This is an example of development from local knowledge to universal knowledge, by the complete spread of the original tradition to all parts of the Church.

Protestants have accepted the results of these two examples of development. But the same principle applies to other cases which Protestants do not usually admit. The fathers were quite clear in teaching that the consecrated bread and wine were not common bread and wine, but became, by God's mysterious power, the real body and blood of Christ. When the scholastic divines invented the philosophical word "Transubstantiation," they merely brought about a development of expression, the doctrine remaining the same Again, the fathers were exceedingly strong in asserting Mary's absolute freedom from sin, or from any touch of the devil's power. Yet it was only by a gradual process that the term "Immaculate Conception" was invented; an expression meaning substantially the same thing. Besides, the tradition of Mary's immaculate conception was current at Rome and in other places, before it became clear in all parts of the Church. Hence arose theological disputes, which lasted till the belief had come to be accepted almost universally by clergy and people; and a final definition by Pius IX. in 1854, confirmed the doctrine as part of the traditional faith. Lastly, the Church is accused of inventing the papal infallibility in 1870. Yet this doctrine is found clearly taught by the scholastic divines centuries back (cf. Suarez for example), and an examination of history will show that it was clearly supposed by the Church from very early times. A section of the Gallican clergy resisted it for a time, but this opposition soon died down sufficiently to allow a practical unanimity to be arrived at, and the definition of 1870 closed the discussion once for all. All these are regarded as examples of legitimate development, in the sense of an advance in clearness of expression or unanimity, but not an invention of new doctrines, beyond those revealed and traditionally handed down from the first.

This being the case, converts need entertain no fear of the pope capriciously springing new and unheard of doctrines upon them for subsequent belief. There exists in history no case of a final definition made without accurate previous knowledge of the state of belief in the Church at large. And when we consider the numberless snares into which a pope left without divine assistance might have fallen, by making definitions based on the imperfect state of knowledge in his own times, at the risk of being proved wrong afterwards; we can say that history affords a strong support for our doctrine, that a special providence has watched over the pope from the very beginning, and will not fail us in the end.

6—How the Church regards the Use of the Bible.

The deposit of faith preserved by the Catholic Church includes (1) Doctrines clearly taught in the New Testament; (2) Doctrines obscurely taught in the Bible, and requiring the authority of the Church to decide their true interpretation; (3) Doctrines not mentioned in the Bible at all—*e.g.*, the abrogation of the Jewish Sabbath, with the obligation of observing Sunday instead; the practice of eating meat with blood, which was forbidden for a time by the apostles (Acts xv. 20); the inspiration of each and every part of the New Testament. It is not that there is any antagonism between the Church and the Bible, as Protestants imagine, but that the two stand on a different footing. The Church derived its doctrine from the apostles before the New Testament was written, and has followed the law of oral transmission ever since. The fact that the New Testament was afterwards written does not interfere with this principle, but only provides us with an inspired and historic witness to the claims of the Church, and, in many points, to the accuracy of her teaching, without, however, supplying a substitute for her authority.

It is, however, sometimes alleged that the Church confesses a fear of the Bible by discouraging its use. This charge is entirely untrue. The Church never did discourage the use of the Bible, but only its abuse. Probably St. Peter would have recommended those who misunderstood St. Paul's Epistles to leave such difficult writings alone, until they could use them with better discretion. No book has ever been so badly abused as the Bible. There is no heresy which has not claimed

Scripture in its own support against the doctrine of the Church. The Arians and Socinians both relied strongly on Holy Writ. When it becomes a fashion to use the Scripture in this way for the support of private views, the Bible, instead of being a help to faith, is converted into a source of confusion. Again, modern scholarship has proved the enormous textual difficulties which abound in the Scripture, and which require all the apparatus of science and Oriental languages to master. Simple Protestants think the Bible is easy to understand, because they can find some meaning or other in every verse. It is quite a different matter to find the true original meaning. The most extraordinary ideas can be drawn out of an English translation, which reference to the original Hebrew or Greek will show not to be in the text at all.

No wonder then if the Church considers the Bible anything but an easy book, which he who runs may read. The infinite capacity of the human mind to go wrong is sufficient reason for caution; but, in spite of this, Catholics have always been free to read the Bible, and encouraged to do so, provided they use the original text or an authorised translation. No one can accuse the Douay Version of being a garbled version, though not without the defects incidental to all translations. Nor does the obligation of accepting the Church's interpretation, in those few dogmatic texts about which she has declared her mind, hamper or stultify the mind. For nowhere does such an interpretation do violence to the text, and in each case it will be found reasonable and likely, to say the least; and given that the Church is what Catholics believe she is, it is a distinct advantage to have an authoritative decision, where otherwise all would be left to uncertain speculation. But these decisions are comparatively few and far between; and the freedom of discussion which exists in our theological and scriptural schools would surprise Protestants if they came to realise it.

PART III.—THE TEACHING OF THE CHURCH.

I Particular Doctrines an Obstacle to entering the Church.

One who believes in the authority of the Church will naturally argue that *therefore* whatever the Church teaches *must* be true. But Protestants sometimes reverse the argument, by saying that the doctrines taught by the Church are superstitious, or corrupt, or anti-scriptural; and therefore the Catholic Church *cannot* be the true Church of Christ, no matter what

arguments may be brought in its favour; and so they cannot accept its authority. Hence, after expounding the Catholic view of the Church, it is necessary to show that those doctrines of the Church which run counter to Protestant ideas are not what Protestants imagine them to be, and that when rightly understood, they ought to afford no obstacle to accepting the authority of the Church, as explained in the previous section.

2—Christ our Sole Mediator and Source of Merit.

The Church strenuously maintains that Christ is our sole Redeemer, Mediator of reconciliation, and source of merit. Without the free gift of grace we can do nothing towards salvation, nor can we purchase the least title to grace by any exertion of our own. Our good works derive all their value from the grace which moves us to perform them, and any merit they possess or heavenly reward they secure, springs entirely from the merits of Christ. The only way in which merit can be called our own lies in this, that by our free co-operation with grace we have fulfilled the conditions attached to Christ's promise of eternal life, and thus deserve to receive the fulfilment of that promise which God has freely vouchsafed to make. In this way St. Paul speaks of the crown of righteousness laid up for him by the Just Judge, because he had finished his course and kept the faith.

3—Predestination and Reprobation.

But although grace is a free gift, the Church repudiates the idea that God acts so unequally in its distribution as to predestine some souls to salvation and others to damnation. God wills all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth. He wills also that no man shall perish. Hence Christ was given as a redemption for all (1 Tim. ii. 4; Rom. viii. 32; 2 Pet. iii. 9). Consequently God will never allow any man to fall into hell for want of grace, but only through his own fault in refusing to make use of it. The lowest degree of grace ever offered to any man is amply sufficient for his salvation; and this grace is offered to all.

4—What is Justification?

Justification consists in the infusion of grace into the soul, by which we are put into a new relation with God—raised from the state of original sin to the state of grace, from the position of servants into that of adopted sons, brethren of Christ and

children of God. God is no longer merely our Creator and Lord; He becomes our Father and our Friend. We are made heirs of God and co-heirs with Christ, and our inheritance is the enjoyment of God face to face for all eternity.

5—Baptism the means of Justification.

The divinely-appointed means of justification is regeneration by water and the Holy Ghost in Baptism. Since justification is a free gift not depending on the act of any creature for its bestowal, even infants can and ought to be baptised. Being baptised, these children are put into the state of justification, and would enter heaven if they died in infancy. On coming to the age of reason the Church denies the need of any further justification, and only requires them to cherish and preserve the grace already possessed by avoiding grievous sin.

A grown-up person approaching baptism must do so with faith, sorrow for sin, and a desire to receive the grace of the sacrament. These dispositions of soul do not give any right to grace, but are the requisite conditions for the worthy reception of the sacrament. It is possible for those who cannot be baptised to receive the grace of justification without it, but only supposing they would be willing to receive baptism if they could do so; and the obligation remains of receiving it when it becomes possible.*

6—"Apprehending Christ by Faith."

It will be seen that Catholic teaching about justification differs from the view common among Protestants that justification consists of a subjective "apprehending of Christ by faith," and a conscious sense of being justified. According to the Church, justification is quite an objective thing—viz., the infusion of grace; and the best means we have of knowing whether this has taken place is the external act of Baptism, to which the grace has been attached by Christ. The Church allows that justification *may* be attended by a sense of confidence; but such sentiments are not an infallible sign of justification, just as their absence does not prove the absence of justification.

*Note.—In the case of invincible ignorance of this divine institution, submission of the will to God's known laws is understood to imply the requisite desire, when Baptism cannot be received. The same applies to the Sacrament of Penance.

7—"Once Justified, always Justified."

Again, the Church does not admit the maxim sometimes used by Protestants, that "once justified means always justified." The state of justification may be forfeited at any time by the commission of a grave sin. Moreover, the state of justification thus lost can, through God's mercy, be recovered by sincere repentance, and by the Sacrament of Penance. During this life no man is in an absolutely assured position of being guaranteed for eternal happiness, since he always retains his power of freely co-operating with grace or rejecting it, of sinning or abstaining from sin. Therefore, we must all work out our salvation with fear and trembling—not fear lest God should fail us, but fear lest by our negligence we should abandon Christ and fall away into sin.

8—Final Perseverance.

Hence it is possible for a soul once justified to end by falling into hell. The final destiny of each man is directly determined by the good or evil state in which he dies. Theoretically speaking, an evil life may end with a good death, and a good life with an evil death. But practically, the probabilities are against this. It is not only risky, but criminal, to count on a death-bed repentance, and every Catholic is urged to make his last end as secure as possible by an earnest life, which is the highest assurance we possess of final perseverance.

9—Sanctification and "Merit."

Besides putting us in a new relation to God, justification carries with it a true quality of holiness or sanctification, but not such as to dispense with the need of spiritual efforts to grow in holiness. We must stir up the grace within us, and use it as a means of advancing in God's service. The Church also holds that our reward in heaven will increase according to our increase of holiness in this life. Catholics ordinarily speak of this growth in grace and good works as growth in "merit"; but with the explanation already given, that all the "merit" springs from the grace by which we perform these works. The only credit due to ourselves is our willingness to co-operate with grace instead of rejecting it. Thus the faithful servant who gained the ten talents deserved his reward, not for the talents he used, which were not his own, but because of the good use he made of them, instead of putting them into a napkin.

PART IV.—THE SACRAMENTS OF THE CHURCH.

1—The Number and Meaning of the Sacraments.

According to Catholics, certain definite means of grace have been provided by Christ in the seven Sacraments of the Church. Of these seven, Protestants usually admit only two, viz., Baptism and the Lord's Supper. The description of a sacrament, as this term is used in the Church, is as follows: - "A perceptible ceremony, instituted by Christ, to which He has attached some definite gift of grace, of which the ceremony is an outward sign." It is by the tradition of the Church and its constant practice that these five ceremonies (Confirmation, Confession, Ordination, Anointing of the Sick, and Matrimony) are included with Baptism and the Lord's Supper in the list of Sacraments. Catholics do not believe that the Sacraments are anything of the nature of magical charms, or objects for superstitious reverence. They are reverenced simply as functions instituted by Christ, to which He has attached the promise of grace to those who receive them worthily.

2—Baptism, Confirmation, Matrimony, and Unction.

The meaning and effect of Baptism has been already explained. It is only needful to add that certain symbolic ceremonies, performed over and above the principal rite, are due to custom and Church law, but are not essential, and in cases of urgency are omitted.

Confirmation is identified with the apostolic practice of laying on hands, whereby we receive the grace of the Holy Ghost to stand firm and true in the manly service of Christ. This sacrament is not essential to salvation.

Matrimony was elevated into a sacrament by attaching to it definitely the graces required for fidelity and mutual helpfulness in the married state.

The Anointing of the Sick, as described by St. James (v. 14), has been kept in practice by the Church ever since the apostolic age. It is, as St. James implies, a means of grace to the sick and dying, and may even tend to promote bodily recovery, but does not necessarily do so.

3—Ordination. "Sacerdotalism."

The Sacrament of Holy Orders conveys the graces and powers required for the ministrations of the clergy. Bishops

thereby acquire grace to act as trusty guardians of the faith and rulers of the Church, and the power of administering all the sacraments. Priests receive power to consecrate the Eucharist and offer the Holy Sacrifice, and to administer Penance and Extreme Unction. Without sacramental ordination, the sacraments peculiar to each office have no validity, as not proceeding from ministers deputed by Christ. This idea of a privileged class possessing powers not enjoyed by the laity, is sometimes contemptuously branded with the name of "sacerdotalism." If it were the usurpation of power by a caste or clique of men claiming for themselves a position of superiority, nothing could be more objectionable. But clergy and laity alike believe that such offices are of Christ's institution, not for the depression but for the service of the laity; offices to be undertaken in the spirit of humble ministers of Christ, rather than that of proud masters of the people; nor is any one able to assume these offices to himself, but only those who are accepted, ordained, and commissioned by the authority of the Church in the name and person of Christ.

4—The Lord's Supper.

The Eucharist (or Lord's Supper, as it is called by Protestants) is the sacrament for supplying our souls with the nourishment of spiritual food. It is believed that when the formulas of consecration are pronounced, the words of Christ, "This is my body," "This is my blood," are literally fulfilled, so that what were previously bread and wine become really and truly Christ's body and blood. There is no deception of the senses; for all the properties of bread and wine that can be discovered by inspection remain as before; and yet the things themselves are no longer bread and wine, but Christ's body and blood concealed under those appearances. It is an invisible miracle and a mystery; but still greater is the mystery of divine condescension, which thus brings Christ down among us, and into a most real, intimate, and mystical union with our souls.

5—Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

It follows that since Christ is really present in the sacred elements, He can and ought to be adored there; just as He would be adored if He came again on earth in His natural human form. Hence the Church causes the sacred host to be

reserved in the tabernacles of the churches, not only for the use of the sick, but to enable the faithful to pay their devotions to Christ there present. The service of Benediction is an act of this kind of reverence; the sacred host being then exhibited on the altar for adoration. Processions of the Blessed Sacrament are another form of this devotion. Clearly the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament cannot be charged with superstition or idolatry; for all the worship is directed to Christ's person, which is believed to be present by virtue of Christ's own express words, understood in their plain literal sense.

6—Communion in One Kind.

According to the present discipline of the Church, the Blessed Sacrament is received in two kinds by the celebrant, but distributed in one kind only to the faithful. Protestants regard the refusal of the cup to the laity as something counter to Christ's institution, and as mutilating the sacrament. Yet the practice of the early Church shows clearly that reception under one kind was sufficient. It was usual to communicate infants after baptism under the species of wine only. It was also common, in time of persecution, for the faithful to take the species of bread to their homes and administer communion to themselves and their families under one kind alone. The same was done with regard to the sick. History affords us a striking example to show how Church discipline could be varied according to circumstances. Those who were infected by the Manichaean heresy used to abstain from receiving the cup, on the principle that wine was evil. In order to expose these secret heretics, the Church left it no longer optional to communicate under one kind, but required all to partake of the cup also. Later on, the risk of accidents to the chalice and other considerations caused the use of one kind only to prevail. It was not until a sect arose which insisted on the necessity of both kinds, that the Church, in protest, and in defence of a doctrinal principle, made it a law that only one kind should be distributed. No Catholic believes that he is thereby deprived of any of the benefits of the sacrament, since under either kind he truly receives communion with the living Christ, whole and entire, which is the very idea of this sacrament. The purpose of the two species is found in the mystic representation of Christ's death signified thereby, and both are therefore necessary in the celebration of the Eucharist as a commemoration of Christ's passion in the Sacrifice of the Mass.

In the course of controversy with Protestants, the text (1 Cor. xi. 27) "Whosoever shall eat this bread *or* drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, &c.," has been used to prove the need of both kinds. But the argument is an unfair one, simply because the Authorised Version has misled its readers by using *and* in place of *or*. Protestant scholars admit this rendering to be an error, which has in fact been corrected in the Revised Version; and hence the inference falls to the ground.

7—The Sacrifice of the Mass.

Besides being a sacrament, the Lord's Supper is a commemoration of the death of Christ: not, however, a mere historic commemoration, but a sacrificial commemoration, in which, while the human minister is performing the visible rite, Christ the great High Priest of the new covenant offers Himself to the Father in the attitude of a victim for our redemption. The idea is sublime, but difficult to explain. There are many passages scattered through the New Testament which seem to regard the act of redemption as no mere momentary act, exercising an influence over the future and the past, but as an act mystically and yet truly eternal (cf. 1 Pet. i. 20 with references there given; also many passages in Hebrews). Not only did Christ enter once into the holy place, obtaining in the act of entering (such seems to be the sense of the Greek) an eternal redemption (Heb. ix. 12), but this entrance into the holy place appears to be Christ's entrance into heaven (Heb. ix. 24); where He ever lives to make intercession for us (Heb. vii. 25); thus exercising for ever His unchangeable and eternal priesthood by a continuous mediation, and carrying on for ever, though not repeating, the sacrifice once offered on the Cross (Heb. vii. 24 and chap. v.). Hence in the book of Revelations the Lamb is represented as alive, and yet standing as it had been slain (Gk. standing as slain) (Rev. v. 6). Certain obscure passages seem even to go so far as to remove the Redemption out of connection with any particular time, as in Rev. xiii. 8, which reads as if the Lamb had been slain from the beginning of the world. There are other places which treat Christ's appearance on earth as the manifestation of a mystery kept secret from the beginning of the world, by which those who lived before His coming had been redeemed (cf. again 1 Pet. i. 20 and refs.). Without pressing this mysterious language too far, it may at least serve to illustrate the idea underlying the

Catholic doctrine of the Mass; in which Christ's eternal intercession as the victim of redemption is, as it were, directed to His Father from the local centre of an earthly altar (and that we have an altar is clearly emphasised in Heb. xiii. 10). In this manner the mystery of redemption is, as it were, brought nearer to us through the ages, and made sensibly real to us in our midst here and now. By this continual priestly function is fulfilled that prophecy of Malachi (i. 11) which tells of a clean oblation (minchah) to be offered in every place among the Gentiles, from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same.

The correctness of any attempt to conceive this sublime idea will be safeguarded by the following theological propositions:—(1) In the Mass, Jesus Christ is the Priest, offering Himself as the victim of redemption to the Father; (2) Christ's offering of Himself is identically the same as that on Calvary, but the manner is bloodless and mystical; (3) The human minister acts in the name and person of Christ, being strictly only Christ's deputy or instrument for the performance of the external rite; (4) The Mass is a local application of the one great sacrifice of Calvary to particular groups of souls, in divers times and places, rather than a repetition of the sacrifice itself.

Any idea, therefore, which Protestants have conceived of the Mass being derogatory to the one sacrifice or to the priesthood of Christ, is due mainly to the difficulty of understanding this very deep subject, and is not to be wondered at. A careful study of the above remarks will, at least, clear us of this charge.

8.—Auricular Confession, or Penance.

In pronouncing the words "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins ye shall forgive shall be forgiven, and whose sins you retain are retained" (Jn. xx. 19, 20), Christ bestowed on the apostles that power which is exercised in the Sacrament of Penance. This sacrament is the outward and visible means by which those who after baptism have lost the grace of God by grave sin may, through repentance, confession, and absolution receive pardon and reconciliation with God. As in case of other sacraments, the value of the outward function consists in giving us a definite sign of the forgiveness we have received, instead of leaving the repentant soul in a state of harrowing uncertainty. Sincere sorrow and sincere confession, and a

purpose of avoiding sin for the future, are the conditions for a valid reception of the sacrament. Confession is, therefore, no magical means for getting rid of sin; for instead of dispensing with repentance, it is valueless without repentance; and if this is wanting, the priest may be deceived, but God is not mocked, and the sacrament is worse than useless. The priest acts the part of an intermediary as regards hearing the confession; but as far as the effects are concerned, it is a matter entirely between the soul and God.

9—Not a Barrier between the Soul and God.

Hence the favourite objection, that confession places a barrier between the soul and God, is quite fallacious. The office of a confessor is that of a helper, for his training enables him to solve doubts, to ease difficulties, to offer advice as to the way of avoiding sin, and to give encouragement to the weak. Many a soul has felt the need of some one who, from his position, can receive confidences in a purely professional, and at the same time sympathetic spirit, and discuss difficulties and troubles in the light of a wide experience, and yet never betray outside the confessional any consciousness of having received such confidence at all—and this is the function which a confessor exercises for those who wish it. On the other hand, those who need no such help can make their confession in a business-like manner, without question, or discussion, or comment, except of the briefest kind; selecting, if they like, a confessor noted for taciturnity. It is true that a sensitive subject sometimes finds an ordeal in barely mentioning sins committed; but the feeling wears off when it is found that an experienced confessor is surprised at nothing, having often heard every kind of sin in the course of his experience; that he is never supposed to scold his penitents, but to direct all his remarks towards their help or encouragement.

10—Not a Danger to Morals.

As for the alleged moral unhealthiness of priest and penitent dealing in matters of a delicate nature, this objection comes only from those who know nothing of the confessional in practice. If the matter is plain and straightforward no question or discussion is needed. If the penitent needs advice or help, it can be given in the same professional way as a doctor would

give it. But confessors are trained to great prudence in this matter, and are taught that "it is better to fall short by reserve a thousand times than to go beyond the mark by a single superfluous question." They are cautioned never to say a word which will convey fresh knowledge of sin to innocent minds; and a bishop who came across a case of imprudence in this matter would take active measures against it occurring again.

11—The Practice of Confession.

There is no absolute necessity to go to confession except in case of grave sin; but it is a laudable and customary practice to do so, as a safer preparation for each communion, and also to confess all sins that the soul is conscious of without drawing any hard and fast distinction between graver and lighter sins.

PART V.—PRACTICES AND DEVOTIONS OF THE CHURCH

1—Difficulty of taking up new Practices.

Those who, by reading the foregoing pages, have come to see the main doctrines of the Church in a reasonable light, may still be kept back by the difficulty of taking up certain practices and devotions of Catholics which they have been used to regard as objectionable. These it is now necessary to explain, together with the doctrinal basis on which they rest. To smooth down difficulties at first it may be remarked, in general, that no convert is obliged to plunge at once into the practice of every kind of Catholic devotion. He must begin by acknowledging the doctrine on which they rest, and the legitimacy of their practice. In course of time he will find himself naturally drawn rather to one devotion than another; and need have no fear of following his preferences, since the choice of devotions is largely a matter of taste.

2—The Worship of our Lord.

Obviously, devotion in some form or another to Christ our Lord is the essential part of a Catholic life. Two special forms of devotion alone need explanation. Devotion to Christ in the Blessed Sacrament means prayer and worship directed to Him as being really present on the altar of the Church, and in a spirit of gratitude for the gift of this great sacrament. Devotion to the Sacred Heart regards Christ specially in the aspect of His human nature, and the affectionate love of His

human heart for mankind. It will be seen from these examples that devotions to Christ only differ from each other by the particular line of thought which dominates our prayers to Him. The worship directed to Christ is of the highest kind, such as is due to God alone; since He is the second person of the Blessed Trinity.

3—Reverence for the Saints.

The subsidiary devotions now to be considered are of a totally different kind, and stand on another footing. They concern our fellow creatures in the household of God. If the word "worship" is ever used with regard to a creature, it is used in the wide sense in which our forefathers used to speak of the "worshipful company of fishmongers," or as we now address a judge as "your worship." It is practically better not to use the word "worship" at all, and to take in its place the more ordinary terms "reverence" or "honour." No one can object to Catholics reverencing Mary or honouring the saints. The only complaint which might be raised is against regarding this reverence and honour as part of religion. To this the answer is quite clear. Religion is necessarily concerned with many objects besides God. It involves the love of others for God's sake. To love our neighbour as ourselves is a part of religion. St. Paul teaches that it is part of the Christian religion to honour the king. Our Lady herself declares that all generations shall call her blessed. To honour those whom God has delighted to honour is to reverence God Himself in His noblest works.

4—Praying to the Saints.

But we go a step further in praying to them; and it is imagined that prayer ought to be directed to God alone. Yet prayer only means asking for what we want; and provided those in heaven take an interest in us on earth, and can hear us when we speak to them—as the Church teaches to be the case—there is no more objection to our asking them to help us by their prayers than there was to St. Paul asking the Ephesians and other Christians to pray for him (Eph. vi. 19; Phil. iv. 3; 1 Thes. v. 25; 2 Thes. iii. 1). If the saints on earth can be asked for prayers, why not the saints in heaven? If St. Paul's request for the prayers of his fellow Christians on earth does not encroach on Christ's sole mediatorship, neither does our request for the prayers of the blessed in heaven. No Catholic

can be so ignorant or stupid as to imagine that in praying to the saints he is praying to God. Nor can it be objected that we pray too much to the saints and too little to God. The whole of Mass and Communion, Vespers, Benediction, the Stations of the Cross, Devotions to the Sacred Heart, the use of all the sacraments; these one and all are acts of the direct worship of God: prayers to the saints are, as it were, thrown in incidentally and now and then, and hold the subsidiary place to which they are entitled. Even the Rosary is not mainly an act of devotion to Mary, but is more properly a rapid review of the chief events of the life of Christ. Only two out of the fifteen mysteries concern our Lady alone. In the rest, Mary only figures as she figures in the gospel; and in several she does not appear at all. As for the recitation of the Hail Mary, this is mainly a repetition of the greetings addressed by the angel Gabriel and St. Elizabeth to our Lady: a practice to which no one can reasonably object.

5—Devotion to Our Lady.

The main idea being clear, we can deal more in detail with the Church's doctrine concerning our Lady. It may be summed up briefly under three heads:—First, Mary is mother of the God-Man Jesus Christ, and is a most eminent saint, dear to God and man. Secondly, she takes an interest in the faithful on earth, redeemed like herself by the blood of her Son, and prays for them in heaven. Thirdly, it is legitimate and becoming to honour her, and to ask for her prayers. On the other hand the Church repudiates all idea that Mary is more than a creature, or that her intercession stands on the same level or in any way means the same thing as the intercession of her Divine Son. Any language used by foreign devotional writers which seems to English ears to suggest otherwise, would be condemned by the Church if intended to bear such an objectionable sense; but such expressions ought rather to be taken in a rhapsodical and poetic sense, and not to be regarded as serious doctrinal prose. As a matter of taste, it might be better to restrict in some way the use of words. For it is in this case as in the abuse of superlatives; if we exhaust our highest language over Mary, we shall have no higher language left to apply to our Lord. But matters of taste are not matters of dogma.

6—The Immaculate Conception.

The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception simply means that Our Lady, in view of her exalted office, was endowed with God's grace from the first moment of her existence, instead of being conceived and born in original sin. Every Christian receives this purification from original sin by baptism; in our Lady's case, the effect of baptism was anticipated. We cannot hence infer that Mary did not owe her redemption to Christ's death, but only that the grace of redemption was conferred beforehand in view of Christ's future merits; just as was the case with the saints of the Old Testament, who received their justification before Christ came on earth. The idea of this total freedom from the stain of original sin will seem more natural by the fact that Adam and Eve both enjoyed this privilege in their creation; and had it not been for the fall, every member of the human race would also have been immaculately conceived. As to the definition of this doctrine in 1854 by Pius IX., enough has been said in the section on development of doctrine.

7—Statues, Pictures, and Relics.

The above remarks will make it superfluous to deal with devotion to other saints in the calendar of the Church. As regards the use of statues, crucifixes, and pious pictures, the Church allows them as means to help the memory and imagination. No one can say that graven images were absolutely forbidden by the law of Moses, since graven cherubim and lions, oxen and palms, flowers and pomegranates were freely used in the ornaments of the tabernacle and the temple. Such objects were forbidden to be made for the purpose of idolatry. The Church is quite unnecessarily clear in asserting that we do not pray to images, for they can neither see, hear, or help us. The same applies to the veneration of the Cross and relics of the saints, which stand on a par with heirlooms and property once belonging to those we love and reverence. As for the act of bending the knee before such objects, it might as a matter of taste be preferable to restrict the kneeling attitude to acts of divine adoration. But so long as Englishmen continue to bend the knee before the king or bow before his throne, there ought to be no difficulty in allowing Catholics to do the same before the sign of redemption, or the relics and images of the saints.

8—Indulgences. The Idea of Temporal Punishment.

In any Catholic prayer book there will be found attached to certain prayers such remarks as the following:—"40 days' indulgence," "100 days' indulgence," or "A plenary indulgence is granted to the devout recital of the following prayer." It need hardly be said that these indulgences do not mean a privilege to commit sin. To explain what they do mean will require a somewhat lengthy consideration.

The root idea underlying the use of indulgences is that Christ, in freely gaining for us the grace of forgiveness and reconciliation, did not abrogate the law of right order and healthy discipline, which requires that wickedness should never be passed over with impunity, that sin should carry with it some penalty, and that forgiveness should not leave us without the obligation of making some amends for the past, even after the sin itself has been forgiven. According to this principle, the Church teaches that every sin committed after baptism incurs a debt of temporal punishment. This debt or part of it may remain, even after the offence against God has been condoned, and must be paid to the uttermost farthing; either in this life, by penance or other works of Christian virtue, or in that state of purgation which intervenes between our death and our entrance into heaven. Every act of Christian virtue we perform can be accepted by God as amends for past sin, whether it be prayer, almsgiving, or works of self-punishment, such as fasting and other forms of penance, or even the incidental hardships of life borne with patience. This doctrine carries with it the double advantage of affording a check on sin and an incentive to earnestness of life. To Protestants it may seem novel, but ought not to seem unreasonable.

9—The Use of Indulgences.

In ancient times the Church used to take the matter in hand, by imposing severe penances for the more grievous sins. The good disposition of the penitent, or the prayers of the confessors and martyrs, sometimes led to a remission or shortening of the penance; and any such remission was called an "indulgence." The ancient discipline is now obsolete, except so far as its practice survives in the short prayers given as a "penance" in the confessional. The Church, however, retains the custom of attaching "indulgences" to certain forms of

prayer or other good works which she specially wishes to encourage; and still preserves a relic of ancient forms by assigning numbers of days to the indulgence—"40 days," "100 days," or a full and "plenary indulgence." These numbers have no definite assignable value except for comparing one indulgence with another; since we know neither the measure of the debt due, nor the absolute value of each penance in the sight of God. The power of the Church to assign expiatory value to prayers and good works springs from her jurisdiction over the sins of the faithful, and rests on the belief that the wishes of the Church, expressed in granting an indulgence, will be ratified by the application of Christ's merits to the advantage of those who use them. A plenary indulgence is one in which the wish of the Church is unlimited except by the full needs of the individual soul. And if such an indulgence be performed with the highest devotion, it is believed that God will regard the whole penitential debt as satisfied. But the actual results of indulgences remain a secret known only to God. Catholics generally speak of the penitential value of such acts as "satisfaction," not in any sense which touches the satisfaction made by Christ for the guilt of our sins, but as meeting the debt of temporal punishment which, as already explained, God has attached to sin to prevent it from being passed over with impunity.

10—Purgatory and Prayer for the Dead.

Closely allied with this question is the subject of purgatory, where the residue of penitential satisfaction is undergone if full amends for sin have not been made in this life. We know nothing with certainty about purgatory, except the fact of its existence, and that it involves a delay in entering heaven till the last relics of sinfulness are purged away. We are told nothing of the amount, kind, or duration of its purgative processes. We know, however, that by our intercessions and other good works we can help those detained there. Hence the practice of prayers for the dead, and the application of indulgences to the souls of the departed.

11—The Communion of Saints.

From what has been said, it will be seen how the Catholic idea of the Communion of Saints brings the blessed in heaven, the faithful on earth, and the souls in purgatory into one great

family and household of God, bound together by an intercourse of prayer and intercession; the Church triumphant helping the Church militant, the Church militant helping the Church suffering; all united in the common offices of mutual charity, and all working for the one great end of God's greater glory and the happiness and well-being of mankind.

12—Fasting and Abstinence.

No one can deny that this is a usage recognised and recommended by Christ and His apostles, and practised by the early Christians; and that the Church is more Scriptural in retaining it than Protestants are in abandoning it. The only question is whether it suits the present age or not to impose fasting and abstinence as a routine duty, instead of leaving it to each one's devotion. However, the Church still retains an immemorial custom, which seems strange to Protestants only because they have abandoned its observance. But circumstances have introduced the need for many exemptions and dispensations, at least in this country; and the rigour of ancient discipline has been mollified to suit the case. Even for those who through weakness or excessive occupation cannot practise it, it still serves as a reminder that we do not live for pleasure only, and that self-mortification in moderation is good for the soul.

13—Church Ceremonies.

The liturgical services of the Church are solemn and dignified, but cannot be called simple. They are more or less dramatic, and as far as possible magnificent in their appointments; music, lights and incense, vessels of gold and silver, embroidered vestments all contributing to this effect. Protestants have been accustomed to a bald bare service, and fail to understand the Catholic usage. Let us admit at once that it is no question of divine appointment, and mainly a matter of taste; and the Catholic taste happens to have tended towards making the public functions of the Church as splendid as possible. If this is found attractive to the people and induces them to attend service without weariness, it is difficult to see any objection to it. But when the novelty wears off, these exhibitions of splendour cease to be sensational, and become instead full of interest, religious significance, and devotion.

14—The Use of the Latin Tongue.

The use of Latin is felt to be perplexing to strangers. But to Catholics the difficulty does not occur, as they are accustomed to following the service with an intelligent knowledge of its meaning, and a translation, or suitable private devotions. Possibly if the English or Scotch people were to come over to the Church in large bodies, the Pope might willingly grant them an English liturgy, since he has made similar concessions among the Eastern schismatics. There is nothing essential involved, and Latin has its advantages and disadvantages. Converts, as a rule, find their objection vanish almost as soon as they have joined the Church The movement now afoot in favour of English evening services, and the congregational singing of English hymns, will do something towards meeting the want wherever it is felt.

Question.—In conclusion, can the labour of examining the claims of the Catholic Church, or the trouble of submitting to them, be evaded by thinking that after all, religion itself is very much a matter of taste, and provided a man leads a good life, one religion is as good as another?

Answer.—The labour and the trouble may be evaded, but not the responsibility. If all religions were human inventions, one religion would be as good as another. But if Christ has instituted one, and not the rest, one religion is not as good as another; in fact, there can be only one good religion, and that the one instituted by Christ, taken in the way He instituted it.

The foregoing pages will perhaps have shewn that the Catholic Church is not what she is believed to be by many Protestants, who in their opposition to her are opposing what is only a creature of the imagination. If this fact has been made clear, the reader's next duty will be to inquire further into the claims of the Church; since, if she is the true Church of Christ, it must be the unquestionable duty of every man to submit to her authority and enter into her fold.

OUR CHURCH MUSIC[1]

BY R. R. TERRY

A POPULAR belief amongst our Protestant friends, and one which dies hard, credits us with unvaryingly fine performances of fine music in our churches. Well, "where ignorance is bliss" (I need not quote the rest). We are not concerned just at present with popular fictions; we want to deal with facts; and the particular fact staring us in the face at this moment is that our Church Music is in anything but a satisfactory condition. Musical and liturgical abuses are plentiful enough in our choirs, but I do not propose to waste your time by pointing the finger of scorn at them. Destructive criticism is fatally easy, and never achieves any good result. One has only to study our Catholic newspapers during any of those sporadic outbreaks of correspondence on the everlasting "Church Music question," to realize this. The only point of agreement in these heated discussions would appear to be that abuses do exist and that some reform is necessary. Let us therefore start from that postulate; let us further assume that it is our bounden duty to offer Almighty God, for the services of His sanctuary, only of our best—whether it be music, painting, sculpture, or architecture—and that it is nothing short of sacrilege—when the best is within our reach—to offer Him of our second best, to say nothing of our downright worst, as is, alas! sometimes the case. We can then

[1] Address delivered at the Catholic Truth Society's Conference, Newcastle-on-Tyne, with musical illustrations by the Choir of St. Dominic's, Newcastle.

deal practically with the question, and consider how reform is to be brought about, and what our share in it is to be.

Bad Performances.

Roughly speaking, the defects in our music group themselves into two divisions: (1) bad music: (2) bad performances.

Let us deal with bad performances first. One of the most fruitful causes of them, and one which oftenest brings despair to the earnest choirmaster, is the reluctance of our singers to give an adequate amount of time to practice. With the self-satisfaction begotten of ignorance, they think it beneath their dignity, and a reflection on their musical capacity, to be asked to give further practice to a piece of music after they consider that they "know it." How far they really are from "knowing it" is best told by the long-suffering congregation condemned to listen to them on Sundays. Yes, this fatal complacency amongst our singers lies like a terrible blight over the whole of our Church Music. Anxious to shine in grand performances, they despise the only means by which grand performances become possible, viz., regular and systematic practice. And the more incompetent the choir the more unnecessary do its members consider rehearsals to be. A second cause of bad performances is lack of proper vocal training, and this more especially as regards the boys. For ecclesiastical purposes there is nothing to equal the pure, passionless quality of the boy's voice. It is one of the most delicate and responsive of instruments, and the training and handling of it is an art in itself, yet how many of our choirmasters realize this? How many have given to this art any degree of study, or even moderate attention? I have sometimes attended Mass at churches where a reverently conducted male voice choir had replaced the former "west-end" mixed one; where the music was carefully chosen, and liturgical in character; where the Proper of the Mass was sung to the authorized Plain Chant; where the organ was unobtrusively and tastefully played; where in fact it was obvious that no effort was spared to make the music worthy of the great occasion. And yet with all this, the general effect was excruciating, owing to the singing of the boys,

whose untrained voices and coarse chest notes quite neutralized the perfection of everything else. It was saddening to see this perfection so very near, and yet so far off, and all for want of a little elementary knowledge of voice production and choral effect.

Lack of Proper Tradition.

And these reflections naturally bring one to another cause of indifferent performances, viz., the lack of a proper tradition as to ecclesiastical style. This springs from two causes: (1) isolation of our choirs, and (2) absence of any recognized model for imitation. In these respects Anglicans are more fortunate than we. In their cathedrals they have a definite tradition, and—what is more important—the traditional cathedral service receives universal *recognition* as a model. Moreover, in their diocesan choral meetings is found an antidote for that baneful isolation so fatal to parochial choirs. On these occasions choirs and choirmasters can meet and exchange ideas; good feeling between fellow-workers is engendered; jealousies and prejudices are softened if not altogether broken down; and—most important of all—an opportunity is afforded of hearing the cathedral choir sing, and of gaining in this way some idea of the standard of perfection to be aimed at. I am convinced that the time is ripe for some such movement amongst us. The scheme has been worked by German Catholics for nearly thirty years, with what beneficial results we all know.

Unsuitable Music Chosen.

With some such system in operation amongst us, and with some diocesan model to imitate, a fourth cause of bad performances would be mitigated if not altogether removed. I allude to the utterly unsuitable music affected by too many of our singers. It would be ludicrous were it not so tragic to see the lighthearted way in which some of our little mission choirs will attack heavy and difficult Masses that would tax the resources of a highly-trained body like that at Brompton Oratory. I myself once played at a church where the choir consisted of three piping boys, two raucous basses, one fair tenor, and no alto. On this occasion it needed all

my persuasiveness to prevent their tackling Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*. We compromised matters by doing, I believe, Mozart No. 1—minus the alto! A little more education and a few more opportunities of hearing better choirs would have shown these good people the ridiculousness of their attempt; and it is precisely this education which it is our duty to bring within the reach of such well-meaning but misguided choristers as those to whom I am alluding. They must be taught (by examples of better things) that it is folly to attempt music beyond their powers, and that it is a mistake to despise all but difficult compositions. Some of the sublimest music ever written is simplicity itself. I need only mention Palestrina's *Improperia* and Mozart's *Ave verum* as instances of this.

The Tyranny of the Organ.

Lastly, our performances are often marred by what I may term the tyranny of the organ, although this defect is by no means peculiar to our Catholic churches. The tendency nowadays is towards larger and larger instruments, with a corresponding abundance of "fancy" stops. With the increase of mechanical appliances, the number of "orchestral imitations" and cheap effects to be obtained by purely mechanical means increases too. This is a fatal temptation, especially to inexpert amateurs, and under its demoralizing influence our English organists are losing more and more of that breadth of style and artistic self-restraint which formerly characterized them. This demoralization extends to the singers too, since a blatant accompaniment is bound to make a choir shriek if it is to be heard at all, and in the process such a thing as pure vocal tone is impossible. Even if beauty of tone is aimed at, it is effectually drowned by the tyrant organ. I never hear one of these "barnyard" performers without a feeling of sympathy with the old lady who implored an organist (much addicted to the use of the *vox humana*) "not to play on that wobbly *nux vomica* stop; it always made her think of poor dead Fido." The function of the organ is to accompany the choir, not to lead it; to embellish the singing, not to smother it. In too many cases singers come to regard the organ as their prop and support, and even as their leader. This state of things implies an

obtrusive organist or an incompetent choirmaster, and the remedy in either case is obvious.

Bad Music.

Having dealt with bad performances, let us now consider bad music. It may be of two kinds :—

(1) Music which is artistically worthless and bad in itself.

(2) Music which is merely unsuitable for ecclesiastical use.

Of the first class I need say little. It can only be banished when a sufficiently educated public refuses any longer to tolerate it. But in passing, I would say what cannot be said too often, that the creation of an educated public taste can only be achieved by individual efforts on the part of individual choirmasters. It is all very well to heap ridicule and contempt upon the efforts of less educated brethren, because they prefer Rossini to Rinck, or Batiste to Beethoven, but what good does it all do? Whenever I read violent attacks upon, or scornful sneers at, those who perpetuate bad art in our churches, I always feel tempted to ask these severe amateur critics : "What, on the other hand, are *you* doing for good art beyond talking about it? Are you taking an active part in fostering better music, and if so, are your performances of it any better than the ones you deride? If they are, well and good; but even then are you likely to win others over to your views by attack rather than by persuasion? I think not." And to my brother choirmasters I would say, "Never despair if around you you see nothing but bad taste and bad art. Let your particular church, at least, be an object lesson in all that is best in ecclesiastical music Try to win over your less educated brethren, not by controversy, but by showing them "the more excellent way." Let them come to look upon you as a fellow-worker on different lines, rather than as a scornful opponent or an uncompromising faddist. Be very tolerant of their deficiencies, their lack of taste, their indifference to what is excellent, and there is no saying how greatly you will further the cause you have so much at heart. In a word, let your motto be enthusiasm, but temper it with charity."

Music Unsuitable for Worship.

Let us now turn to that class of music which, although not bad in itself, is unsuited for public worship either by its unecclesiastical character or its secular association. I am aware that I now tread on dangerous ground. Opinions on this point vary so greatly, and personal feeling runs so high, that it is difficult to find any common ground on which opposing factions can meet. One party would only have Mozart and Weber, another would banish all music save Plain Chant. Some would demand the exclusive use of German Cecilian music, while others would bow in homage to Gounod, or perchance make a demigod of Rossini. Fads, fads everywhere, and an apparent absence of that "sweet reasonableness" which ought to be the guiding beacon light of all artistic effort. How, amid all this strife of tongues, is the bewildered seeker after light to attain his heart's desire? He perhaps follows up a correspondence in *The Tablet* or *The Catholic Times*, and finds Mr. A. (whose judgement he respects) championing one school of composers, while Mr. B. (for whose judgement he has equal respect) would ban them and all their works. Small wonder if he says "when doctors disagree," &c., and falls helplessly back on the dictum that, after all, the whole thing is only a matter of opinion. Now that is just what I wish to deny most emphatically. It is *not* a matter of opinion: it is a question of principles.

Principles of Selection.

What, then, are these principles? Let us apply the touchstone of a few simple questions. To choirmasters I would say: (1) Does your composer's treatment of the words obey the rules laid down by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, or does he alter, omit, or unnecessarily repeat them? If he does the latter you must reject his music, be it ever so good otherwise. (2) Do the various movements impede the progress of the service, and (in the case of a Mass) keep the priest waiting at the altar? If so, and the music will not admit of convenient "cuts," your duty is to reject it *en bloc*. (3) Is your music an adaptation from something with well-known secular associations? Good taste alone, to say nothing of ordinary reverence, would suggest its rejection. (4) Does

the music demand greater vocal and instrumental resources than you have at your disposal? In that case leave it alone. These are only a few of the practical considerations which ought to guide us. Now for one or two more searching tests: (5) Does the style of your music tend to produce in your singers an attitude of reverence, or does it foster a spirit of self-importance and a love of display? If it does the latter, be sure you are working on the wrong lines. (6) Does it so subordinate itself to the liturgy as to draw the thoughts of the worshipper towards the ritual acts in progress, rather than to itself, as something apart from or merely synchronous with them: does it enchain his attention to the detriment of his prayers, or does it assist his devotions? In the answer to this question, as well as to the previous two, there is room for considerable difference of opinion. In that case you have a triumphantly infallible rule for your guidance; it is this: *Give the Church the benefit of the doubt.* Don't bring into her services any music (no matter how much you may love it) if you have the faintest suspicion that it may produce any of the ill effects I have just named. There is abundance of music about whose liturgical and devotional fitness there can be no possible doubt. Choose from that—let the music you thus provide be a perfect gift, not a doubtful offering. (7) Lastly, does your style of music tend to create (either in choir or congregation) a distaste for the authorized Plain Chant of the Church? Does it—worst of all—oust Plain Chant from your services altogether? Whether we like it or dislike it, we cannot get away from the fact that it is the Church's authorized song, and that where its rendering is possible the omission of Introit, Gradual, &c., is indefensible. One often hears expressions of regret from the clergy that they never hear the Proper of the Mass from one year's end to another, because their choirs cannot or will not make a proper study of Plain Chant. In many churches Plain Chant is impossible for good and sufficient reasons, but surely that is no precedent for its non-performance by choirs capable of singing it. But after all, why should its adoption be made a matter of discipline? Is it really so dull and dry as some of our singers would have us believe? Have not the greatest composers gone to it for some of their finest inspirations? Were not all the old Masses and

Motets founded on Plain Chant themes? Did not the musical abuses dealt with by the Council of Trent increase in proportion as composers forsook the Gregorian, and built up their Masses on secular tunes?

Church Music in Old England.

I must now pass on to that portion of my paper which is, perhaps, more specially suited to a Conference of the Catholic Truth Society than much of what we have already been considering. I allude to the music of the old English Catholic composers; and you will, perhaps, forgive me if I trouble you first with a historical retrospect quoted mainly from a magazine article I wrote some two years ago.

Some of you may know, others may not, that there was once a time—in the glorious sixteenth century—when England was pre-eminent in musical culture, and her Church composers were second to none. Before the star of Palestrina had risen, there was a great and flourishing school of English Church Music, which shone with undiminished glory until blotted out by the dark shadow of the penal times. It is now a commonplace of musical history that the earliest known example of polyphonic writing (*i.e.*, what we should now understand by the term "figured music") was the composition of an English monk, one John Fornsete, of Reading, and that to another English ecclesiastic—John of Dunstable—belongs the credit of practically inventing the polyphonic art. Every monastery of consequence had its school of choristers, and the thoroughness of the musical training there received may be seen in the long list of great English musicians who were all "cloister bred." The Chapel Royal, too, from the time of Henry V. onwards, was a great centre of musical activity, as the reports of foreigners testified from time to time. Its services attained their fullest splendour in the reign of Henry VIII., and a letter from one of the Venetian ambassadors who visited it states that the singing was more that of angels than of men.

Queen Elizabeth and the Chapel Royal.

When Elizabeth came to the throne she was not disposed to allow the services of the Chapel Royal—so long the

wonder and admiration of Europe—to be denuded of their ancient splendour at the bidding of reforming prelates. On the contrary, she maintained as ornate ceremonies as were consistent with the new form of worship, and not merely did she retain the services of all her musicians (knowing them to be Catholics), but also created new posts for others such as Tallis and Byrd, although she could have been under no illusion as to their religious opinions. In fact, now that the monasteries were suppressed, all the musical talent of the kingdom was concentrated in the Chapel Royal, and every musician of importance would appear to have had a place on its foundation save Redford (of St. Paul's), Whyte (of Westminster Abbey), and Robert Johnson (a priest and composer of considerable talent). This protection extended to Catholic musicians by Elizabeth is a curious historical fact, but it is eminently characteristic of the woman. So long as these men were willing to "lie low" and be content with performing their Chapel Royal duties they were safe from persecution. But let them obtrude their Catholicity and come publicly into conflict with the reformers, she threw them overboard, as she would have thrown overboard, say, Drake and Hawkins, had their buccaneering proved unsuccessful, and got them into trouble. One of her musicians actually did have this experience, and after his flight from Court she vented her wrath on her "Master of Musik," flinging her slipper at his head, and soundly abusing him for letting so excellent a musician get into trouble, and so depriving her of his services. Elizabeth regarded the Chapel Royal as an appanage of her Court, and treated the musicians' posts in it as purely Court appointments. It is not surprising, therefore, that her musicians should look upon the services as Court functions which need not trouble their consciences. Certain it is that they retained their posts through all the changes of religion, but it is equally certain that they made no pretence of becoming Protestants. Only three musicians of any note at that time appear to have accepted the new religion—Merbecke (who abandoned music for pamphleteering), Testwood, and Tye. Merbecke and Testwood belonged to the Chapel at Windsor, and it is a significant fact that Tye's apostasy was rewarded by a benefice in the Ely diocese, and his services at the Chapel Royal were dis-

pensed with. I have sometimes wondered whether Elizabeth regarded him as the Protestant fly in the Popish ointment.

The New Music.

This being then the situation at the Chapel Royal, it is only natural that when their benefactress desired to provide music for the new Prayer Book, of the simple type demanded by the "Injunctions" of 1559, Elizabeth's musicians should have complied with her wishes, and written "services" of which Tallis's and Byrd's in D minor are the types. Here we have the true model of what is now known as the Anglican "service," and it was hailed with satisfaction by the reformers, as a successful attempt to replace "curious singing," as they termed the glorious contrapuntal music of the old Catholic days. But the new style was a failure. Long successions of full chords written to order (as these early Anglican "services" were) could not but pall on the listener, and it soon became evident that Elizabethan musicians were turning their talents to other purposes than exploiting so inferior a style of art. The old liturgy had produced some of the grandest music of those times: the immediate effect of the new one was to dry up that spring of inspiration. And you must remember that this dearth of new church music was not the result of any dearth of composers. From a purely musical point of view, Elizabeth's reign is the most brilliant in English history, but the significant fact remains that the new liturgy was left severely alone by Bateson, Benet, Dowland, Ford, Kirbye, Philips, Pilkington, Weelkes, and Wilbye (to say nothing of Deering and Robert White), and all that brilliant galaxy of talent whose madrigals will live for all time, who made the name of England great among musical nations, and whose fame remains undiminished to this day. Morley, it is true, wrote an English "Burial Service," parts of which are very grand in their simplicity, but his specifically Anglican music is meagre in quantity, and vastly inferior in quality, either to his secular music or such Latin church music of his as I have seen. It is also noteworthy that none of it was published during his lifetime.

The New and the Old Compared.

Now those of you who have followed me through this historical digression will, I hope, begin to see the point I am driving at. The aim of the reformers was to suppress the highly artistic and scientific music (which they designated "curious singing") that had embellished the services of Catholic days, and to create a new style on the principle of "one syllable, one chord." I have given you my opinion as to the inferiority of that new style, but lest our Protestant friends should think me prejudiced, let me quote from one of their own body, Mr. Henry Davey. Mr. Davey has given more study and research to the old English composers than any other historian, and his *History of English Music*, from its scrupulous fairness, is one of the most important contributions to the musical literature of modern times. This is what he says :—

"'The musical results of the English 'Service' are certainly not so high as might be reasonably expected from the splendid powers of the men who created the style. . . . From the first the Anglican 'Service' has laboured under serious restrictions, which have been seldom broken through with success ; and it is well to examine the reason of its inferiority to the best music of other churches. Cranmer, in issuing his Litany, wrote to Henry VIII. that the harmonizing should be a note against note, one note to a syllable—that is, plain chords. Now in the Litany and the Responses, the shortness of the sentences causes no difficulty in using this style. But the desire for distinct articulation caused Tallis, Patrick, and others, to treat the whole service in the same style, and the result is dull. With one exception (a contrapuntal Evening Service by Tye), all the original models of the Anglican 'Service' are from beginning to end heavy successions of full chords without imitation or figuration. The model and type is undoubtedly Tallis's in the Dorian mode ; and the constraint which the new requirement set upon Tallis is obvious in the longer pieces—the Te Deum, the Nicene Creed, and the Gloria. The same may be said of Patrick's equally fine service ; and with men of lesser abilities—such as Bevin, Barcroft, Stonard—the longer pieces become abso-

lutely tedious. During the seventeeth century there were two distinct attempts to establish a new model; the first by Orlando Gibbons, who composed contrapuntally; the second by the Restoration School. Other attempts have been made since, but the shadow of the original limitation hangs over English cathedral music to this day."

Anglican Adaptations.

It was not very long before Anglicans of taste realized how poverty-stricken was the new style compared with the old. They also saw no immediate hope of a better style, since contemporary composers "fought shy of" the new liturgy. So they eventually did the wisest thing possible under the circumstances, and fell back on the old Catholic music, which they adapted to English words. The first important collection of Anglican music was issued in 1641, by John Barnard, a minor canon of St. Paul's, and its wholesale adaptations from the Latin prove conclusively what I have just said, viz., that Anglicans were now convinced that for their best music they must fall back on adaptations from the old composers, rather than on the new style which they had created. That they were right is evidenced by the fact that the compositions which survive and are most popular in Anglican cathedrals to-day, are those which were thus "lifted" from the Catholic service. I need only name Tallis's "I Call and Cry," Byrd's "Bow Thine Ear," Tye's "I Will Exalt," and Gibbons's "Hosanna to the Son of David," as examples. Some idea of the extent of these adaptations may be gathered from the fact that the Latin originals of no less than nine English anthems are to be found in Tallis's *Cantiones Sacrae*. Of the seven anthems by Tallis, which appear in "Barnard," five at least are adaptations from his Latin works. Of Byrd's contributions to the same work, two are adapted from his *Cantiones Sacrae*, two are from his *Songs of Sundrie Natures*, and a fifth, "O Lord, make Thy Servant Charles," could not possibly have been written to those words, as Byrd was dead before Charles became king.

One would think that the origin of these anthems was clear enough, yet at the Anglican Church Congress of

1899, one of them ("Bow Thine Ear") was sung by the Westminster Abbey choir (to illustrate the lecture of the Bishop of Richmond) as an example of one of the finest specimens of *Anglican* music! You shall now hear St. Dominic's choir sing it in its original Latin form (*Civitas sancti tui*), as written and published by Byrd himself.

Anthems.

Now for one or two instances of well-known Anglican anthems of which the originals are not forthcoming, but where internal evidence is strongly in favour of their Catholic origin. As regards Gibbons's "Hosanna," I have no hesitation in describing it as an adaptation of the Palm Sunday antiphon, *Hosanna Filio David*, so closely do its phrases fit the Latin ones, without dislocating a "quantity" or necessitating the alteration of a note. This can only be explained on the assumption that Latin was the original form the genius of the two languages being so different. A second reason for my belief is that the English words, although supposed to be taken from St. Matthew xxi. 9, are not (as they stand) to be found in any of the four Gospels, but they do, up to the last sentence (an obvious tag) follow the Latin of the Roman rite. The same applies to Tye's "I Will Exalt," the English words of which, while differing from both Bible and Prayer Book, agree with the *Offertorium* for the Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost. In the same way the music of Redford's well-known "Rejoice in the Lord" is a strikingly good fit to the Latin Introit for the Third Sunday in Advent. Furthermore, the date attached to it on the copies now in existence shows that Mary was on the throne. Mundy's equally well-known "O Lord, the Maker" is nothing more than a free translation of *Te lucis ante terminum*, the Latin of which it fits like a glove. One could readily imagine an exceptional instance or two where the music fitted English and Latin alike, but in the large number of these old anthems which I have compared with their Latin equivalents in the old Graduals, &c., the coincidences are so persistent that I cannot regard them as the result of accident. Isolated instances mean nothing, but an accumulation of instances means much. Again, if the motets of this type had been originally written

to English words, one would have expected them at least to follow some edition of either Bible or Prayer Book instead of the old Latin service books. I will again bring Protestant testimony in support of my contention. Mr. Davey, on page 127 of his book, expresses his belief that

"the magnificent contrapuntal anthems of Elizabethan composers are really adaptations of Latin motets, in which the composer's skill had full play. This was certainly so in many instances, of which we still possess the original forms; *and I believe it was the general rule, though the older Latin versions have usually disappeared.*"[1]

In brief, the case against the English origin of these early anthems, of which we have no Latin versions, is simply this—they are in the contrapuntal style of the old Catholic composers, which is as distinct from the "full chord" style of the reformers as anything can possibly be. Is it likely, then, that their authors should have written them for the services of the Established Church, seeing that they are composed in a style which at that period was strongly denounced, and the use of which was specifically forbidden? No; the fact really is that they never made their appearance in English until the times had changed, and (mark this) every one of their composers was dead.

Different Words to Old Music.

I now come to my last point with regard to these adaptations. Up to the present I feel sure that I have said nothing with which well-informed Anglican musicians will not agree. Such of them as are High Churchmen will naturally say: "What if we did continue to use the old motets by translating the words into English? We are the same old Church which existed before the Reformation, and what you say is only one more proof that we had no intention of breaking with the past." It is here that we must (in all charity) part company with them. As Catholics, we welcome these appeals to the "Continuity" Theory; it always breaks down when used against us, and nowhere more completely than in the case of these musical adaptations. If there is one fact which points more clearly than

[1] Italics mine.

another to a complete break with the past—to a definite repudiation of the Mass and all that it implies, it is this: that when the music of *sacramental* motets was adapted to English words, the custom of translating the Latin was abandoned, and *different words were substituted*. The best known anthem of Tallis ("I Call and Cry") was originally *O sacrum convivium*. His *O salutaris Hostia* is altered to "O Praise the Lord," and Byrd's *Ave verum Corpus* appears as "O Lord God of Israel." There is not a single instance forthcoming of a sacramental motet having been Englished to its original words. Further than this, in not a single instance has the music of what we commonly call a Mass (*i.e.*, Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Benedictus, and Agnus) been adapted, either to a Communion service or anything else. Although the Proper of the Mass (*i.e.*, Introit, Gradual, &c.) was frequently drawn upon for anthems, it must be remembered that, divorced from their special service or feast these items became mere motets, with no special "popish" significance. When wholesale adaptation was the order of the day, it is difficult to understand why the beautiful Mass music of the old composers was left untouched, except on the assumption that anything distinctively suggestive of the Mass was anathema. All this points to the fact that the breaking with old traditions at the Reformation had a like effect on ecclesiastical music. True, in the transition period we find music written for the old and the new form of service by the same men, but the two styles are so distinct that there is no difficulty in recognizing which is which. There is no doubt as to which is the superior style of the two. There is no doubt that our Tallises and Byrds considered themselves to be writing not different styles of music for the same ecclesiastical body, but different styles of music for two different and distinct bodies. If the Anglican Church has since adapted and assimilated the old contrapuntal music, it still remains as much an "outside" product as the music she has adapted of late years from Continental Lutheran and Catholic sources, with the sole difference that it was written by Englishmen.

To sum up: Why have I dealt at such length with this old English music? Has it been merely from a desire to "have a dig" at our Anglican friends? Let me most

emphatically repudiate any such intention. It is impossible to dissociate the church music of the sixteenth century from the theological changes which were then taking place, and, in discussing the question, it is impossible to avoid touching on disputed points. A controversial attitude is only to be deprecated when undertaken in a spirit of hostility rather than charity. I would further urge in my defence that I am not in this case stirring up the dying embers of a burnt-out controversy. The question is a new one. This early English music is at present an unexplored field to all save a very, very few students. It is only right, therefore, that Catholics should be put in possession of facts which have been too long withheld from them. How often have we not heard Tallis and Byrd claimed as Anglicans, and called the "Fathers of Anglican Church Music"? How often have we not had Anglican Cathedral music pointed out to us with pride, as a national product, and that in common use amongst us derided as a foreign importation? Yes, I say, we have been too long ignorant of the fact that all (I say advisedly *all*) the best of this early music—whether it has been sung and admired in Anglican cathedrals, as it has been for three hundred years, or buried in libraries and museums—is Catholic in spirit, and Catholic in origin; written by Catholics for the services of the Catholic Church. It is our heritage—our birthright: and the fact that our claims to it have lain so long in abeyance does not make it any the less ours, or its revival any the less a duty which we owe to the memory of our Catholic forefathers. Its possession is one more link with our national past—that glorious past when this England of ours was undivided in her loyalty to the see of Peter, and our land was justly called an island of saints. Let us lay claim once more to our ancient patrimony. Let us prize it as a possession at once thoroughly English and thoroughly Catholic. Let the revival of its glories be one more mark of that second spring which is bursting around us on every side. Let us show to the world that into whatever alien dwellings this music of our Catholic sires has strayed during our long years of exile, its rightful home is in that Church we love so well—the Church of Cuthbert, of Bede, of Alban, of Thomas of Canterbury, and of Peter.

THE "MONITA SECRETA,"

OR, SECRET INSTRUCTIONS OF THE JESUITS

BY THE REV. JOHN GERARD, S.J.

THE chronic dread and hatred so widely excited by the very name of Jesuit having recently worked itself up to one of its more vigorous periodical outbursts, it was only to be expected that amongst the thunderbolts levelled at the Society, and very particularly counted upon to give its death-blow, would be found once more the *Monita Secreta*, or code of secret instructions, supposed to have been drawn up by Father Claudius Aquaviva, the fifth General, for the benefit of Superiors and others who are considered fit to be initiated in the full mystery of iniquity. Assuredly, if only there were any possibility of supposing this document to be genuine, nothing more should be required than a perusal of it to prove that Jesuits are all their worst enemies allege, and more, and that they ought not to be tolerated in any well-ordered community. Nothing more shocking and revolting can be conceived than the frank and unblushing cynicism

breathed by this code of instructions which, as the world is asked to believe, governs the policy of a body professing to direct all its efforts to the service of God and the sanctification of mankind.

According to the *Monita*, the one object to be kept in view by Jesuits is the advancement and aggrandizement of the Society, and this is to be relentlessly pursued by every base and crooked device which unprincipled cunning can suggest. Directions are accordingly given as to how the Society must ingratiate itself with men of position and influence, cautiously and covertly seeking to undermine the credit and influence of other religious bodies so as to draw all water to its own mill; how those of its members appointed to preach or hear confessions at Court are to manipulate their royal and noble auditors and penitents, so as to make them tools for the same end; how rich widows are to be wheedled and cajoled, they themselves being dissuaded from second marriages, and their children being persuaded to embrace a religious life, that so the Society may come into possession of all their fortune; how young men of promise are to be coaxed and inveigled into joining the Order; how those who quit it are to be ruthlessly pursued with calumny and abuse, till their character be wholly ruined; and how, finally, riches are to be acquired by the pretence of contemning them.

Such in outline is the purport of these famous instructions, and it need hardly be said that their very iniquity is taken in some quarters as proof sufficient of their authenticity, so that, by a singular

process of reasoning, we find it argued (1) that the Jesuits are a race of miscreants, as is shown by the revelations of the *Monita Secreta*, and (2) that the *Monita* are undoubtedly genuine, as is shown by their exact agreement with the well-known principles of the Jesuit Order.[1] But those who desire something more in the way of proof will, as has already been insinuated, speedily discover the work to be a known and admitted forgery which no self-respecting scholar can affect to take seriously.

As evidence for this assertion, there is no necessity to call any witness to whom exception can be taken on the score of his being jesuitically inclined. We may pass over in silence, not only the many Jesuit writers who have repudiated and denounced the work, as for instance, Bembus, Contzen, Gretser, Tanner, Forer, Masen, Huylenbroucq, and van Aken,[2] but, likewise, the judgments of ecclesiastical commissions appointed at Rome or elsewhere to examine into the matter.[3] It will be sufficient to cite a few authorities who can be suspected of no possible bias, or whose bias would naturally be all the other way.

Even so violent and unscrupulous a partisan as the notorious historian of the Council of Trent,

[1] See for example the Preface to an English translation of the *Monita Secreta*, published in 1850, and specially quoted more than once by Dr. Wylie in his *History of Protestantism*. The Preface is signed H. M. W——r.

[2] See Duhr's *Jesuiten-Fabeln*, 2nd edit., p. 47. To this well-known work readers must be referred who desire fuller information on the subject of this and other anti-Jesuit legends.

[3] Published by Gretser, *Contra libellum famosum*. . . .

Fra Paolo Sarpi, found the *Monita* too much for his belief. "I have received," he wrote,[1] "a small work concerning Jesuit Secrets, which I shall show only to such as I can trust. Looking through it I find such extravagances that I cannot make up my mind to credit them. The Jesuits are rascals, no doubt, but I am unable to conceive that such an amount of villainy should ever have existed upon earth. Of this at least am I certain, we have no such men in Italy."

With this avowal may be classed the silence of one who would certainly not have failed to quote the *Monita* had he seen any possibility of holding them for genuine. Pascal, as bitter and determined an enemy as the Jesuits ever had, does not even mention the name of a work of which he cannot possibly have been ignorant.

Another Jansenist, Henri de Saint-Ignace, affords evidence of a more positive character. His *Tuba Magna*, published in 1713, and virulently anti-Jesuit, in its first issue assumed the authenticity of the *Monita Secreta*, and commented upon the pretended instructions accordingly. But two years later, in a new issue of the work,[2] he frankly admitted that he had been convinced to the contrary, owning that the Jesuits had nothing to do with the authorship.

The Jansenist Arnauld, and a leading organ of his party, the *Nouvelles Ecclésiastiques*, in like manner

[1] *La Compagnie de Jésus en France au temps du P. Coton*, par le P. Prat, iij. 133 ; cited by "Saint-Helier," *Les Monita Secreta des Jesuites devant l'Histoire*, p. 7.

[2] *Tuba Altera*, 1715, pp. 188, *seq.*

acknowledged the falsity of this particular charge against their most bitter enemies; while von Lang, a virulent anti-Jesuit, pronounced the *Monita* to be "a manifest and fraudulent squib." [1]

Not less hostile to the Society than the Jansenists of old, have in our own days been Dr. Döllinger and his associates. Yet both he himself and the more notable amongst his disciples have confessed that the *Monita* must be given up. Thus Professor Friedrich, of *Janus* notoriety, though it is clear that he would fain fix this stigma upon his antagonists, is obliged to admit that there is no sufficient evidence to connect them with the work.[2] Huber, a still more pronounced enemy, is even more explicit. "For my own part," he writes,[3] "with Döllinger and the Protestant historian Gieseler, I consider the *Monita* as spurious and a lampoon on the Order." The same judgment is delivered by another leader of the "Old Catholic" movement, Reusch.[4]

With such witnesses may unquestionably be ranked in our own country the thorough-going partisan, Dr. Littledale, who in his notorious article, "Jesuits," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, describes the *Monita* as an "ingenious forgery," which did more than anything else to injure those against whom it was devised.

At an earlier period, when the Bill for Catholic Emancipation was before the House of Commons, two members, Messrs. Frankland Lewis and Leslie Foster, did not hesitate to stigmatize the *Monita*

[1] Duhr, p. 62. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Der Jesuitenorden*, p. 106.
[4] *Der Index der verbotener Bücher*, ii. p. 281.

Secreta as a document got up for the purpose of inflicting an injury, by falsifying the rules, institutions, and ordinances of the Jesuits, and unworthy of any credit. What is more, this description appears to have passed unchallenged, even Sir Richard Vyvian, who cited it as an authority, being content to describe it as a work "in which an ex-Jesuit gave an account of the Order." [1]

To the same effect is the verdict of that most dispassionate of authorities the Catalogue of the British Museum,[2] which describes the work as "apocryphal," the same epithet being employed by the French bibliographer, M. Barbier.[3]

The history of the work is quite in keeping with the character thus assigned to it. Having first been circulated in MS. as a Latin translation from the original Spanish,[4] it was published with the place-name on the title-page as "Notobrigæ," and the date 1612. In reality it was first printed at Cracow in 1614.[5] Its author was presently known to be one Jerome (Dr. Littledale calls him John) Zaorowski, or Zahorowski, who having been a member of the Society had been discharged from it in 1611, or 1612; but a variety of stories were told as to the manner in which these secret instructions were supposed to have been brought to light. According to one account, they were found in the College at Paderborn when plundered by Duke Christian of

[1] Hansard, March 27, 1829.
[2] *Jesuits* (Appendix), *Aurea Monita*.
[3] *Dictionnaire des Anonymes et Pseudonymes*, t. iii. No. 20985.
[4] Judgment of Bishop Lipski, of Cracow, August 20, 1616, printed in *Documents concernant la Compagnie de Jésus*.
[5] Duhr, p. 45.

Brunswick. According to another, the same Christian came upon them at Prague. According to others, they had been seized at Liege, Antwerp, Glatz, or Padua, or finally, on board a captured East Indiaman.[1] None of these stories will bear investigation. There was, for example, a Duke Christian, a Brunswicker, though not Duke of Brunswick, who took the town of Paderborn and plundered the Jesuit College there. But this was in 1622, eight years after the *Monita Secreta* had appeared in print, and six years after they had been publicly condemned as spurious by the Archbishop of Cracow.[2] But whencesoever

[1] Huber, *Jesuitenorden*, p. 104.

[2] A writer in the *Family Churchman* (August 23, 1901), signing himself "A Protestant," undertakes to give the history of "the real discovery" of the *Monita Secreta*. This is so very remarkable as to deserve quotation in full :—

"This [the *Monita*] was brought to light by that great enemy of the Jesuits, the warrior, Bishop Christian, Duke of Brunswick, when he seized the Jesuit College of Taderhorn (*sic*), Westphalia. . . . The above Christian, Duke of Brunswick, Luneburg, Bishop of Abbertstadt (*sic*), born in 1599, was one of the most determined enemies the Jesuits ever had. He died at Wolfenbultel (*sic*), in 1626, of a virulent poison."

It would certainly appear that a man born in 1599 could hardly have captured a town in time for a document found there to be published in 1614, or according to its own title-page in 1612. But besides this "A Protestant" has fallen into blunders at every step, which show his utter unacquaintance with the facts of which he undertakes to give the "real history." The person of whom he speaks was not Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg. This was at the period in question another Christian, who was born in 1566 and died in 1633, and who never captured "Taderhorn," by which presumably Paderborn is meant. The taker of Paderborn and "great enemy of the Jesuits," was a bishop in the sense in which the Duke of York, son of George III., was Bishop of Osnabruck; that is to say, he occupied the principality and the revenues attached to the bishopric of Halberstadt (not Abbertstadt), the Abbey of Michelstein and the provostry of St. Blaise.

they might come, they speedily acquired European fame, and were published and republished in every language of Christendom, though attempts were constantly made to enhance their attractiveness by representing them as something altogether new. Thus an edition issued in 1663 boldly declared that the shocking documents which it contained had never before been printed, but had recently, by the mercy of God, fallen into the hands of certain priests, formerly pupils of the Jesuits, whose eyes they had opened and by whom they were now given to the world.[1] Even so late as 1783 an edition published at Rome bore the inscription "now first printed." It would thus appear that throughout their history truthfulness has not been supremely regarded by their patrons.[2]

This ecclesiastical pluralist was in fact a freebooter on a very large scale, who under pretext of upholding the Protestant cause, plundered cities, exacting large contributions from their inhabitants, carrying off church plate and ornaments, and rifling the monuments of the dead. In the words of the historian of his native country, he swept through districts like a conflagration. As to his death at Wolfenbüttel (not Wolfenbultel), it was undoubtedly very sudden, and as a matter of course some attributed it to poison. But whilst there was no evidence whatever to support such a theory, or connect the supposed crime with any one in particular, others were of opinion, and amongst them Christian's ally, the King of Denmark, that his death was the natural result of the excesses in which he indulged. (Heinemann, *Geschichter-Braunschweigs u. Luneburg*, vol. ii.) It is interesting to learn that "A Protestant" intends to give us the "real history" of the Jesuit Oath.

[1] Duhr, p. 46.

[2] It would also seem that the *Monita* have frequently been reprinted by men who could have had but a very dim and hazy idea of their meaning, there being so many misprints in the Latin of various editions as to make many passages almost unintelligible, and to show that those who put them

In spite, however, of all this acknowledged falsity, the case of the *Monita* is by no means given up, the only plea worth considering on its behalf being that which Dr. Littledale shall be allowed to state.

> The truth [he writes] seems to be that, although both caricature and libel, [the work] was drafted by a shrewd and keen observer, who, seeing what the Fathers actually did, travelled analytically backwards to find how they did it and on what methodical system, conjecturally reconstructing the process, and probably coming very near the mark in not a few details.

As to such an explanation, it is in the first place obvious to ask how it would be stigmatized were it offered by a Jesuit writer in defence of his brethren. Would it not be considered a particularly fine example of jesuitical special pleading? And is this not rather like the vicious circle in which, as we have seen, defenders of the *Monita* are apt to involve themselves? The document being pro-

through the press were incompetent for the task. A specially bad instance is the Paris (?) edition of 1657.

An edition, which is sometimes cited as affording incontrovertible evidence that the *Monita Secreta* must be genuine, professes to issue from the Propaganda press, bearing the imprint, "Roma tipografia della Propaganda. Con permissione." (No date.) [See Fr. Auguste Carayon's *Bibliographie historique de la C. de J.* Part V. 3837.] This imprint is an undoubted and transparent fraud, a lie in support of a lie, which has never imposed upon any but the prejudiced and ignorant. The merest common-sense should make it plain that if it be the essence of the "Monita" to be *secret*, only an enemy would publish them. But reason counts for little with those who can declare, firstly, that the Jesuits keep their *Monita* so dark as to make it almost impossible to procure a copy; and secondly, that the same Jesuits had an edition officially published through the Propaganda press, for the information of all the world.

*

duced as evidence that Jesuits must be knaves and hypocrites, because these rules of theirs breathe nothing but knavery and hypocrisy, it is then suggested that although it is not what it pretends to be, we may assume it to be a sketch from the life, and should take for granted that the rascality which it affects to prescribe it did in fact but photograph.

One thing seems clear. If the authenticity of the *Monita* be thus given up, some proof has to be found that the Machiavellian principles inculcated bear any resemblance to those on which, openly or covertly, the Society of Jesus has ever moulded its policy. Whence is such proof to come?

Not, most assuredly, from the official Constitutions and Rules of the Order. These have, longer than the *Monita Secreta*, been open to the inspection of all the world, and as a plain matter of fact on every single point they prescribe the exact opposite of what these secret instructions lay down. Moreover, in the Jesuit houses which have at various times been suppressed by the civil power and their goods appropriated, there have been discovered various genuine letters of instruction addressed by Generals of the Society to Provincials and other Superiors on matters of unusual moment. Here again it is found that invariably the course prescribed is directly contrary to that which, as we are asked to assume, was the Jesuit rule. Again, certain facts of Jesuit history can nowise be made to square with the idea that it was observation of how things were actually done which supplied Zaorowski with his materials. A few examples must suffice.

We have seen how, according to the *Monita*,

Jesuits are to wheedle and cajole rich widows and their children, so as to secure for the Society all their property; and amongst all the directions which the work contains there is probably none which has been more frequently cited, or commented upon with more horror. It happens, however, that Aquaviva, the reputed author, did really address a private instruction on this very subject to a Superior of the Order in Germany. The latter had informed the General that certain pious ladies, having bound themselves by vow so to do, had bequeathed to the Society their whole fortune, but that he had refused to accept such a legacy. Aquaviva replied:

> It is long since anything has so pleased me as your information that you had declined the bequest so improperly offered. You have acted as you should have done, both in accordance with our Institute, and for the edification of our neighbour. As for the vow which has been made, you need have no scruple; for although we have no power to annul it, we are free to refuse what comes to us in consequence of it, and thus the person who made such a vow will indirectly be set free.[1]

According to the *Monita*, Jesuit Fathers who are chosen by princes as their confessors are to use all their influence for political objects which may in any way tend to the advantage of the insatiable body to which they belong, and are to be ready to do any dirty work by which royal favour is to be gained; though they are likewise to foment rivalries and jealousies between princes to their mutual detriment. But on this point again we find all genuine evidence telling a very different story. In

[1] Quoted by Duhr, p. 55, from the original in the Archives of the German Province, S.J.

the first place, a General Congregation, the supreme authority within the Society, in 1593, by a formal decree peremptorily forbade all its members to take any part in political affairs under any pretext whatsoever, and this prohibition was farther inserted, at the General's request, in a Bull issued shortly afterwards by Pope Paul V.[1]

In addition to this, the same Father Aquaviva, ignorant as ever of the policy he was supposed to have prescribed, issued in 1602 a special instruction for the confessors of Kings, in which, after recalling this prohibition of the Congregation, he goes on to enforce in detail and with much emphasis, the duty of total abstinence from all but purely spiritual work.[2] Twenty-two years afterwards, Vitelleschi, who succeeded Aquaviva as General of the Society, having occasion to write to a Father Lamormaini, who had been appointed confessor to the Emperor Ferdinand, bade him scrupulously observe the instructions thus given, and refrain from all meddling with politics in accordance with the same.[3] In 1634, Vitelleschi strongly opposed himself to the Prince-Bishop of Augsburg, who desired to make use of his Jesuit confessor's literary skill in a political correspondence. His successor, Caraffa, in 1648, wrote to the Provincial of Upper Germany, that as the circumstances of the time threatened danger on this head, he must enforce with special rigour the prohibitions against any kind of political

[1] Cong. Gen. V. Dec. 47. Const. Apost. *Quantum Religio.*
[2] Inst. S.J. Ordinationes Præp. Gen. XI. *De Conf. Principum.*
[3] Quoted by Duhr, p. 55, from the Archives of the Austrian Province, S.J.

action on the part of his subjects. A few months later, the same General wrote to Maximilian, Elector of Bavaria, conjuring him by his regard for the Society not to thrust upon his confessor business of this nature, so absolutely prohibited by the Institute. Father Nickel, the tenth General, twice wrote to the Superiors in Germany that, despite all efforts of princes to the contrary, they must resolutely hinder all interference in matters of State by any member of the Society without exception.[1]

These are genuine "private instructions," intended for no eyes but those of the Superiors charged with the actual administration of the Society. It would not be difficult to multiply examples of the irreconcilable discrepancy between them and the pretended *Monita Secreta*.

So obvious is it, indeed, that the latter are absolutely at variance with the official Institute, as to have made it necessary to attempt some sort of explanation. Thus in Dr. Wylie's wonderful *History of Protestantism* we read as follows:[2]

> These private directions, says M. l'Estrange, are quite contrary to the rules, constitutions, and instructions which this Society professeth publicly in those books it hath printed on this subject. So that without difficulty we may believe that the greatest part of their governors (if a very few be excepted especially) have a double rule as well as a double habit—one for their private and particular use, and another to flaunt with before the world.

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[1] Duhr, pp. 57, 58, quoting Stieve, *Bayerische Politik*, and *Ursprung des dreissigjährigen Krieges;* Aretin, *Maximilian der Erste;* Wittman, *Die Jesuiten und der Ritter Heinrich von Lang.*

[2] Book xv. c. vii.

After what we have seen, it will be sufficient to observe upon this passage that the learned writer appears to suppose "M. l'Estrange" to be the same person as Titus Oates. Certainly it is Oates whose name appears on the title-page of the work whence this quotation comes,[1] though Dr. Wylie twice attributes it to Sir Roger L'Estrange, the relentless enemy of Oates and all his works.

One more point may be examined. According to the *Monita Secreta*, an object to be ever kept in view is the acquisition of ecclesiastical dignities and emoluments. Every effort is to be made, we are told, to supplant the monastic orders in the possession of abbeys and monasteries, and to procure the election of Jesuit bishops, so that if possible they may furnish the whole episcopate, and finally occupy the Papal Chair.

But if such were their aim, it must be allowed that the astute Order adopted the strangest of all methods for its attainment. To say nothing of the fact that it binds all its members by vow to accept no such dignity, and to denounce any one who shall be known to aspire to anything of the kind, we again find from historical records open to no suspicion that from the first the Society has struggled with might and main to carry this prohibition into effect. Thus in the very earliest days, bishoprics were pressed upon Bobadilla, Le

[1] *The Cabinet of the Jesuits secrets opened: in which are many things relating to the Church and Clergy of England. . . . In part begun by Dr. Oats from an Italian copy; but now more largely discovered from a French copy, printed at Colon (Cologne), 1678. Made English by a person of quality.*

Jay, and Canisius, and strenuously rejected by themselves and their Superiors alike, notably by the Founder, St. Ignatius himself,[1] and that the same line of action has been consistently pursued ever since may appear sufficiently plain from the fact that in spite of the power and influence with which the Order is credited it has come to be universally recognized as the one in whose ranks candidates for such office must *not* be sought.

So transparent indeed is the falsity of the *Monita* on the slightest inquiry seen to be, that but for the inconceivable and unreasoning credulity of a large section of the public it would be unnecessary to undertake the wearisome task of arguing against what makes not the slightest pretence of resting upon anything which resembles argument. This deficiency, however, nowise interferes with the perennial popularity of .this malignant libel. In 1863, it was reprinted in Paris, by M. Sauvestre, and in eighteen months 22,000 copies had been sold; whilst by 1879, the thirteenth edition of this issue had been reached. Even in learned Germany, the Protestant Pastor Gräber, in 1886, did not hesitate to publish an edition and to avow his belief in the authenticity of the work; while in our own less critical land, Dr. Wylie adopted the simpler plan of ignoring all doubts and difficulties and giving the *Monita* simply as a part of his "History," which at the close of the nineteenth century a firm so well known as that of Messrs. Cassell is not ashamed to

[1] See Bocro's *P. Cl. Jaio*, and St. Ignatius' letters to this Father and King Ferdinand, *Cartas* i. 306; Duhr, p. 59.

re-issue. In view of the widespread delusion thus created it is necessary to say something for the information of readers who are willing to listen to reason.

We may conclude with two obvious considerations which have suggested themselves to students of the *Monita*.

How came it, asks Huber,[1] that the ex-Jesuit who published the *Monita Secreta* was in a position to know anything of these secret instructions? Is it likely, or consonant with the supposed prudence and circumspection of the Society, that to men like him would have been confided all these mysteries, including the unworthy devices to be employed for the ruin of those who, as he actually did, should quit the body, thus forearming such persons against the machinations so carefully devised? This, in Huber's judgment, is proof sufficient that the work is spurious.

Still more to the purpose are the reflections of a Catholic layman half a century ago.[2] We are to suppose, he writes, that in spite of the undisguised injunction of wickedness, and the contempt manifested in the *Monita* for the professed Institute of the Society, no member has shrunk back from the gang of miscreants, or rather of fiends, amongst whom he has found himself when thinking to be enrolled in the Company of Jesus; that not one has felt impelled, that none has had the courage, to reveal to the rulers of the Church these abominations

[1] *Jesuitenorden*, p. 106.

[2] *Die geheimen Verordnungen der Gesellschaft Jesu.* Paderborn, 1853.

and mysteries of iniquity. Were they all without exception bewitched by the contents of the *Monita*, perchance by the very sight or touch of the volume, and transformed from virtue to vice, even as the companions of Ulysses were turned to swine? Were preachers and missionaries so zealous for the salvation of their neighbour's soul, utterly regardless of their own, so as to barter it for temporal advantages to their Order of the basest kind? Moreover, they must all have remained hardened in their iniquity to the end; none having his eyes opened in the hour of death; none whispering a word of warning to a youthful friend not yet drawn into the toils; none blurting out an incautious acknowledgment; no old man in his dotage letting slip a fatal admission; no Superior deposed from office manifesting his chagrin by a disclosure? How has the cause of iniquity been able to enlist service so faithful that to the present day no direct evidence has been forthcoming to fasten this stigma on the Society, and no single Jesuit has come forward to testify against her, even the supposed author endeavouring to conceal his connection with the work? How is it that, on the contrary, one and all, they have constantly upon every occasion denounced the *Monita Secreta* for a fraud?

In fact, no one can possibly accept so much absurdity who has not already fallen under the spell of a nightmare in which Jesuits replace the creations of a fevered brain. Such a one, with Dr. Wylie, finds no difficulty in believing anything, and considers that "overwhelming evidence"

for the authenticity of the work is furnished by such an argument as this[1] :—

> The perfect uniformity of the methods followed by the Jesuits in all countries favoured a presumption that they acted upon a prescribed rule ; and the exact correspondence between their methods and the *secret advice* showed that *this* was the rule.

But then Dr. Wylie had already drawn this marvellous picture of the being whose history he was studying[2] :—

> Let us survey the soldier of Loyola, as he stands in the complete and perfect panoply his General has provided him with. How admirably harnessed for the battle he is to fight! He has his "loins girt about him with" mental and verbal equivocation ; he has "on the breastplate of" probabilism ; his "feet are shod with the preparation of the" *Secret Instructions*. "Above all, taking the shield of" intention, and rightly handling it, he is "able to quench all the fiery darts of" human remorse and divine threatenings. He takes "for an helmet the hope of" Paradise, which has been most surely promised him as the reward of his services ; and in his hand he grasps the two-edged sword of a fiery fanaticism, wherewith he is able to cut his way, with prodigious bravery, through truth and righteousness.

Is it not clear that those who can swallow stuff like this will swallow anything? But, as the Protestant historian Whitaker has observed, forgery appears to have been from the beginning the peculiar disease of Protestantism,[3] and the virulence

[1] *History of Protestantism*, ii. p. 411.

[2] P. 404.

[3] "Forgery, I blush for the honour of Protestantism while I write it, seems to have been peculiar to the Reformed. . . . I look in vain for one of these accursed outrages of imposition among the disciples of Popery." Rev. John Whitaker, B.D., *Mary Queen of Scots Vindicated*, vol. iii. p. 2 (ed. 1797).

of the malady does not as yet seem to have spent itself. To ordinary common-sense nothing is stranger and more unaccountable than the frantic tenacity with which some Protestant controversialists cling to their belief in such fables, for which there is not a rag of evidence to show, and their furious wrath when any attempt is made to open men's eyes to the falsity and absurdity of fabrications of this nature, the all-sufficing merit of which is, in their eyes, that they bear false and calumnious witness against their Catholic neighbours.

A MIRACLE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

MANY people complain that faith in these days has grown cold: that the reason why Our Lord works so few miracles in England is on account of our materialism, and that we are too much absorbed with worldly matters to think enough of supernatural things. That may be true among the rich and prosperous: but among the poor, the sick and the suffering, miracles of grace are often wrought even in this cold Protestant land; and the following story, which was told me by a good old priest, is an evidence of this fact.

"Father W—— was once assistant chaplain at a gentleman's house in the north of England. The regular chaplain was ill, and he went to supply his duty for a time. He said he was rather discouraged at first by the number of Methodists about the place, and felt how difficult it would be to make many conversions amongst them. Still, the Catholics who attended the chapel were very fervent, and many of them had been received into the Church, they told him, during the last few years: so he resolved not to be easily discouraged, but to work and pray. At the bottom of this gentleman's park a poor boy, living in one of his

cottages, was dying of consumption. He was the son of very respectable working people who were Wesleyans: but he had himself been brought up in the Church of England. He was a singularly nice lad: and the lady of the big house used to go and see him constantly and supply him with every little thing he wanted. As she saw his hopeless state she was very anxious that he should be brought into the Church, and asked Father W—— to try what he could do, while she would have a novena of prayers said for him. Father W—— went accordingly: but though the boy was very good and liked his visits, he did not show the slightest sign of wishing to become a Catholic. One day when they had been talking together for some time, and Father W—— had been telling him some stories, the lad said very simply: 'Well, I can't see why people fancy Catholics can't be saved. I think they can (when they are good like the people you have been telling me about), quite as much as we Protestants!'

"This was not very hopeful: but still Father W—— persevered, and the poor boy used to look forward to his bright, pleasant talks, though they did not often touch on any disputed points. A few days later Father W——, while saying his Mass, had a certain strong inspiration that he was to take the Blessed Sacrament to a dying person in the village; and as soon as he had made his thanksgiving, he started off accordingly, carrying the Sacred Host. But when he came to the sick man's house, he found that the patient was better, and that he could not receive It. On his return he passed by the door of the sick boy, and a something, he knew

not what, impelled him to go in, still bearing in his breast Our Blessed Lord. He began to talk to him about the miracles in the Gospels, of which the lad was very fond, and then said: 'You believe, don't you, that our dear Lord has just as much power now to work miracles as He had when He was at Jerusalem?' The boy replied 'Yes.' 'Well,' continued the priest, 'if you were to meet Him now, and could ask Him for anything you wanted, what would you ask for? The recovery of your health?'

"The lad shook his head and said: 'No, I would rather leave that to Him.'

"'Quite right,' replied Father W——. 'But you would like Him to grant you full forgiveness of all your faults and a peaceful death-bed, and also that you might die in the true Church, whatever that might be, wouldn't you?'

"'Yes! yes!' answered the boy eagerly.

"'Well, then, I am going to say a little prayer for you to that effect, just as if Our Lord were present and you were speaking to Him. And you must repeat it after me and say it *with all your heart*, mind!' The boy nodded assent. Father W—— took the pyx out of his breast and put it in his two hands, which he closed, and then said a little prayer, invoking in his heart the Holy Host he was holding, for those three things; in which the sick boy fervently joined. He then gave him the pyx to kiss, and solemnly blessed him with it: which the boy reverently accepted, not knowing what it all meant, but thinking it was simply a Catholic ceremony. When the priest got home, and had replaced the Blessed

Sacrament in the ciborium, he went to his room, and found, to his dismay, a summons from the Bishop to go immediately to a neighbouring large town to supply for a sick priest who had been taken dangerously ill. This he was reluctantly compelled to do, leaving the sick boy who had so deeply interested him without being able to see the result of what he had done. But he went to the lady of the house, told her about it and implored her to go and see him as soon as she could. The lady went the next day and found him much worse. As soon as she came in he cried out: "Oh, Mr. W—— is gone and the other chaplain passed by my door this morning and never looked my way! But I wanted him so much!" The lady replied: "That was only natural you know, as you are not one of his flock. But do you really want to see him?" "Yes," replied the dying boy. "Please fetch him as soon as you can."

"The lady flew to the chaplain's house, who was fortunately at home and who, putting on his hat, accompanied her directly to the boy's bedside. He was not like Father W——, but rather a 'rough and ready' though a good man: so he said straight out: 'Well, my boy, you have sent for me and here I am. But what do you want? Do you wish to become a Catholic?' 'Yes, sir, was his instant reply.

"The lady left them and went downstairs to speak to his mother. 'It's very odd, ma'am,' said the poor woman sobbing. 'I can't make it out, but ever since Mr. W—— came that last time he has thought of nothing else. He had never been for the Catholics before at all. And I've heard all Mr. W—— said to him, and

it was only about Our Lord and the Gospels. But it's all his own doing; he told me last night he never could die in peace if he wasn't a Catholic, and now nothing else will content him!'

"Then and there the boy made his confession to the priest, and told him that ever since that prayer and blessing of Father W——'s he had never been able to rest. He was so exhausted that evening that the priest went to fetch the Holy Oils and the Viaticum. His state of mind was quite beautiful: he seemed to understand everything without instruction, received Baptism and the last Sacraments with the greatest faith and devotion, and died the next day, a heavenly smile resting upon his features as if he were already in possession of the Beatific Vision. And the holy old priest, Father W——, in the midst of his labours in the big town where he had been sent, felt his heart full of joy and thankfulness at this fresh proof of Our Lord's mercy and love, and a still greater confidence in the Blessed Host which had worked so great a miracle."

THE DEMON OF DRINK.

So much has been said and written upon this subject that it seems almost useless to begin again or to show how drunkenness is at the bottom of most of the sin and a very large portion of the poverty and misery of the London poor. Yet sometimes a true story has its effect on people's minds, while reasoning and argument have none, so that I am going to try to tell a tale of the East End which happened only a few years ago.

Mary D—— was the only child of very respectable parents, living in the country and working for a good and pious landlord, who looked after his labourers and their comforts as, thank God, so many landed proprietors in England do, providing them with nice cottages with little gardens attached, and sharing in their sorrows as in their joys. Mary, when she was old enough, went to a servants' school in the village, where she was carefully trained not only in her religious duties but also in the simple knowledge which at that time was considered all that was necessary. She could read, write and sum, and could do plain needlework well, besides being able to knit stockings and make garden nets, and other useful, homely things. But although she did well in school she was not a favourite of the school mistress. "I can't

get to the bottom of that girl!" she would say; and her school-fellows felt much the same thing.

At last the time came when she was old enough to go to service, and a nice place was found for her as nursery maid in a good and pious family, who, after a time, went and settled in London. Mary was delighted at this, for her one idea was to get on in the world and obtain a smarter place as lady's maid. This she succeeded in doing, through the intervention of an unwise friend; and soon she squandered every farthing of her wages in smart clothes and hats, and in going to the play whenever she could get out. The people she was with did not care the least what she did, provided she was at hand when they wanted her; and as they were constantly themselves at balls or the theatre, Mary found herself free most nights to do as she pleased. She was a pretty girl and soon picked up acquaintances which ripened into intimacies and finally received an offer of marriage from a man employed in a large city warehouse, of whom she knew absolutely nothing save that he was smart-looking and attractive.

One of her fellow-servants warned her not to act in a hurry and to find out if he were really steady and sober. Mary, however, rejected all advice, and, merely announcing the fact to her parents, was married the following month at a registry office. At first all went well. Although she felt the stuffiness and closeness of her new home, which was necessarily near her husband's business, she consoled herself by thinking that before long he would get on and have a better place; and the absence of all religious feeling in him did not

trouble her. She had been brought up as a Protestant, and looked upon religion very much as a Sunday dress, to be put on when necessary for appearance' sake and to look respectable. Then her first child was born, a little girl, and then another and another.

But by degrees she began to be alarmed at her husband's behaviour. He would stay out late at night and come home either cross or violent. Then his wages seemed to have diminished, she had not enough to pay the rent and was in debt at the shop, and she dared not remonstrate with him for fear of a torrent of abuse and bad language. At last the truth burst upon her—he drank, and in that way was ruining both himself and her. Her despair may be imagined, for how to stop him she could not tell. She had lost all influence over him and with her faded looks and impaired health his affection for her had long since cooled.

Things went from bad to worse. Her husband at last lost his place from his drunken habits and then their condition was miserable in the extreme. Shame prevented her letting her family know the state they were in; her father was dead, and as Mary had never kept up any communication with them in her prosperity, so now pride prevented her from letting them know of her destitution. They had been obliged to leave their comfortable rooms in the model lodging house where their married life had begun, and now were in a miserable cellar without either air or light. One of the children died: the eldest little girl had fortunately been taken by some nuns into their home, but the condition of the rest was pitiable in the extreme.

One evening, when despair drove Mary to say some bitter things to her husband, he was so angry that he threw her from the top of the stairs, where she was standing, to the bottom. The neighbours thought she was killed and called in the police, who arrested the man and brought him into court. But no punishment had any effect on one so brutalized by drink, and after a few months he died of delirium tremens. Great sympathy was felt for the widow and children, and every effort was made to keep them.

But, strange to say, despair brought Mary to seek comfort in the same way as her husband. She had received a little money, and instead of spending it on her children's needs she went into the nearest gin palace and there tried to drown care in drink. The taste once acquired became stronger every hour. Everything in the miserable cellar was pawned for spirits, even to her children's clothes; and had it not been for the kindness of the neighbours the poor little things would have died of starvation. The eldest girl, Sarah, who had been well brought up by the Sisters and had obtained work at a factory, did her utmost to save them, and often went without her own supper to feed her little brother and sister. But nothing touched this heartless mother, of whom drink had got entire possession.

The hardest trial came to poor Sarah the following year, when she was engaged to be married to a very good, respectable young man and a fervent Catholic, whom she had made acquaintance with at the house of her employer. They were in all ways suited to

one another, but the poor girl had shrunk from telling him the sad story of her life and of exposing the sin of her wretched mother. Bank holiday came and the lovers had planned a happy outing together; but Sarah, ashamed that her intended should come to their wretched lodging and see her mother's dreadful state, said that he must not come and fetch her, but that she would meet him at the station the next day. They parted, and the girl came home with a new hat and cape which she had worked hard to buy. She went to bed cheerfully and brightly, dreaming of the next day's pleasure, and having carefully placed her simple finery by her side to put on the following morning. But alas! she slept too soundly, and her miserable mother crept in in the middle of the night, seized the hat and cape and carried them off to the pawnshop, so that when the poor girl woke in the morning everything was gone.

Bursting out crying, Sarah guessed at once what had happened. Going to the shop, she saw the missing articles and tried in vain to get them back. She would not join her lover in her shabby, working clothes. Yet how explain the facts and account for her non-appearance? Unfortunately, in order to conceal the wretchedness of her home, she had told him a lie and said they had changed their court; and if he, alarmed at not finding her at the station, had tried to hunt her up at her old quarters, he would think she had wilfully deceived him altogether. Happily, in that moment of despair, when she felt tempted to make away with herself for ever, she

met one of the Sisters by whom she had been brought up, to whom she told all her trouble. The Sister persuaded her to come with her to the Convent, where she happened to meet the good priest who had been all along her confessor and best friend. He listened patiently to her story and undertook to make the matter straight with her lover, who was also his penitent, so that Sarah went home comforted and strengthened to bear her cross.

What was her dismay on reaching the court where she lived, to see a crowd of people round the door, and to hear that her mother, while drunk, had been run over by an omnibus and taken to the nearest hospital; while the policeman was at hand to carry off her little brother and sister to the workhouse. This last step she was able to stop, at any rate for the moment, by undertaking to look after them, but the shock of hearing of her mother's terrible accident completely overcame her. All bitterness seemed to have left Sarah's heart at the news. "Offer up your disappointment and humiliation for the conversion of your mother," had been the good old priest's last words; so that as soon as she had consoled the crying children and given them their breakfast, she started off to find her mother at the hospital. Nothing, however, could be more hopeless than the account given of her by both surgeon and nurses. Mary had never recovered consciousness, while the wheel had passed over her head and seriously injured the brain. That night she died, impenitent and unabsolved—a fearful end to a life of sin.

By the kind exertions of the good priest, the children

were received in various homes and brought up in the faith and fear of God. Sarah married and did well; but never will she forget the terrible deaths of her father and mother, and most carefully does she guard her own little ones from that fearful vice, which is even worse in a woman than a man.

Not long ago, when going to visit a sick labourer, I asked him where his wife was. "Look!" he groaned out, pointing under the bed; and there sure enough was the wretched woman, dead drunk. Can one wonder that a man loses patience and resorts to violence under such circumstances? How earnest should be our prayers that, before long, this hideous blot on our English homes may be removed, if not by legislation, at least by an awakened conscience and a firm resolve to resist the first beginnings of temptation.

AN AUSTRALIAN CONVICT.

In the year 1834 a conspiracy was formed among the convicts of the then penal settlement in Norfolk Island, to overpower the troops and take possession of the island. The rising failed, and many of the ringleaders were condemned to death. A commission had been sent from Sydney for the trial and the execution of the sentence, and the governor requested Dr. Ullathorne, the Vicar-General of Sydney, afterwards so well known as the Bishop of Birmingham, to go and assist the condemned Catholics in that supreme moment. Dr. Ullathorne at once accepted the sad mission, was the first to land, and begged the commandant to allow him to go at once to the prison where the poor fellows were confined. It was heart-breaking work, and Dr. Ullathorne was greatly struck by the fact that those whose lives were spared were the most miserable; while the men who were to die thanked God that the end of their days of torture was so near at hand. Dr. Ullathorne was the first priest who had set foot in that beautiful but terrible land, and his vivid description of the scenes he went through made one realize what a hell upon earth Norfolk Island then was. His ministrations, however, were eminently successful. I will quote one passage describing the last scenes.

"When the irons of the poor fellows were struck off and the death-warrant read, the eleven Catholics knelt

down to receive it as the will of God; and next, by a spontaneous act, they humbly kissed the feet of him who had brought them peace. After the executioner had pinioned their arms, they thanked the jailers for all their kindness and ascended the ladder with light steps, being almost excitedly cheerful. I had a method of preparing men for their last moments by associating all that I wished them to think and feel with the prayer: 'Into Thy hands I commend my spirit; Lord Jesus, receive my soul.' I had advised them when on the scaffold to think of nothing else and to say nothing else. The Catholics had a practice of sewing large black crosses on their white caps and shirts, and these men had done so. As soon as they had reached the scaffold, to my surprise they all repeated the prayer I had taught them aloud in a kind of chorus, until the ropes stopped their voices for ever. This made a great impression on all present, and was much talked of afterwards. Poor fellows! They had given me their whole hearts during the five days I had been with them, and they were fervently penitent. They had known little of good or of their souls before that time—yet all of them had either fathers or mothers, or sisters or brothers to whom they had last words and affections to send which they had all dictated to me the day before.

"Then came the funerals, the Catholics being buried separately. A selected number of convicts followed each coffin to the most beautiful cemetery that the eye of man could possibly contemplate. Arrived at the graves, I mounted a little eminence with the coffins before me and the convicts around me; and being extraordinarily

moved, I poured out the most awful mixed with the most tender conjurations to these unfortunate men, imploring them to think of their immortal souls and the God above them.

"After all was over, I devoted the rest of the time to the convicts, instructing all who came to me for the purpose, whilst I heard about a hundred confessions. Many of them had not seen a priest for twenty years, others not since they had left their native country. There was one man, a Catholic, who, the officer in command told me, gave him a great deal of anxiety. He was always in some scrape or other, and was at that very moment in punishment. 'How can I see him,' I replied, 'if we are just about to sail?' 'If you will see that man,' the officer answered, 'I will send a message on board that they are not to sail until I come, and I will send you notice at the last moment.' Accordingly I went to the prison and found him chained with three others. I asked him to come out awhile as I wanted to speak to him. He was a tall, strong-built man, and I saw he was one of those proud spirits that would not seem to yield before their comrades. I told him the turnkey would take off his fetters if he would only come out. He replied: 'Sir, you are a kind man and have been good to them that suffered, but I'd rather not.' I turned to the others and said: 'Now, my men, isn't he a big fool? You would give anything to get out of this hot place; but because I am a priest, he thinks you will take him for a softy, and chaff him if he talks to me. I have got something to tell him and then he can do as he likes. He knows I can't eat him. What do you say?' 'Why, sir, you are

such a kind gentleman, he ought to go out when you ask him.' 'And you won't jeer at him, as a softy, because he talks with me?' 'O no, sir.' 'Well,' I said, turning to the turnkey, 'take off his irons.' I wanted to get him into a private room, but he would not go out of eyeshot of the other men, and nothing could induce him. I did not like to shut the door on them, lest it might be taken for a trick. I said, 'Let us go into the turnkey's room.' No, he would not. So we walked up and down the yard, with a sentry on each side a short distance off. I then made the most earnest appeal I could to his soul, pleading with him with my whole heart; but he remained silent and perfectly still, and I seemed to make no way at all. A sailor came up. 'Anchor short hove, sir, governor waiting in the boat.' I felt both sad and bitter: it was the first time I had found a soul utterly inaccessible. I threw up my arms, looked him full in the face, and poured out the most terrible denunciations upon him for neglecting the one opportunity God had given him of saving his soul; for I never expected that he would have a chance of seeing a priest again. But though I did not know it, his heart was changed. As soon as I left he asked to be put in a cell by himself, got a turnkey who was a Catholic to lend him books, and became a new man. On going on board, I said to the commandant: 'You must not mistake that man. There is nothing mean about him. He would not tell a lie. Under other circumstances he would be a hero.' . . . The hint was taken: after a time one chain was taken off him and then the other; and on my return, after fifteen months, I met him

smiling as he worked among the flowers in the governor's garden."

So far we have drawn from Bishop Ullathorne's journal. He left Australia for England soon after, and the recollection of this man had faded from his mind when he received the following letter:—

"SIR,—You will never guess who is the writer of this, and my name will not help you, for you never knew it. But I will mention a few facts which may bring me back to your recollection. More than thirty years ago you came to Norfolk Island after the convict outbreak there. I was pointed out to you as a Catholic, and you had my irons knocked off and talked to me, first kindly and then severely. All you said touched me to the heart, but I would not show you that I felt it. I had been condemned to penal servitude for life for a supposed murder, but in reality, it was a pure accident in a fight with another man. People swore false evidence against me, and when my sentence came, I vowed there was no justice in Heaven or on earth. I became both bitter and desperate; but your words changed me. When you came back to the island you found that I was doing better, and soon after that I got a ticket of leave and settled in another colony. Finally they gave me my liberty: I was getting on well then, and soon after married and had a family. Everything has prospered with me since, and my boys are doing admirably in their different professions. But I wanted to tell you that I have remained faithful to my religion and to acknowledge that all the happiness of my present life is due to the impression your words made upon me."

THE HOLY SOULS.

In *Requiescant in Pace*, the beautiful little meditation book for the month of November written by Father Richard Clarke, S.J., we find the following passage:—

"We should make it our practice to offer each day some special prayer or work for the Holy Souls. We may not do much, but by constancy in labouring on their behalf, we shall gradually accumulate a treasure for their benefit."

A very striking instance of the way in which such fidelity is sometimes rewarded, was told me lately in France.

"There was a poor woman in that country who was not remarkable for any special virtue or holiness, but who had a great devotion to the Holy Souls and never omitted prayers for them, or any sacrifice that lay in her power. She was a widow and had an only son, who was her one great consolation, and her sole support. But it was war time; the mortality among the troops had been very great and a fresh levy was called for. To her great despair, this boy, the joy of her old age, was drawn for the conscription. On ordinary occasions a widow's son would have been exempt, but Napoleon had drained the country of men and no exemptions were any longer permitted. Her only hope was in the being able to procure a substitute; but at least two hundred francs would be required: and where could she obtain such a sum? However, she resolved to try and began among her poor neighbours, every one of whom sympathized with her and gave her a penny or a halfpenny; but alas! that went a very little way and at the end of a month she had only got three francs!

"Still she persevered—what will not a mother's love

do?—and one day meeting a priest who was a stranger, she told him her sad story and begged for an alms. The priest replied: 'My good woman, I am poorer than yourself, and have not a farthing left with which even to buy a dinner.' His starved and pinched looks confirmed his words. The widow was touched both by his appearance and manner, and exclaimed: 'See, Father! Here are three francs which I have begged for this purpose. Take them and say a Mass for me for the soul which is most forgotten in Purgatory.' The poor priest, greatly pleased, accepted her gift, promising to say the Mass for her intention the very next morning; and the poor mother, comforted to a certain degree by this act of charity, returned home, resolving to begin her begging again and praying hard to the Holy Souls to help her.

"One day soon after, as she was walking along, she met a gentleman with a very peculiar and striking face, who looked very earnestly at her as if he had seen her before. She was so struck with his manner and appearance that she stopped and was suddenly moved to open her heart to him and tell him her whole story.

"The gentleman listened to her attentively; then, taking a piece of paper out of his pocket, wrote something, closed it, and gently said to her: 'Take this note to —— and ask to speak to the master of the house, showing him this paper, and I think he will help you.

"The poor widow thanked him warmly, and full of joy and hope, hastened to the spot, rang the bell, and after some little demur, was admitted by the servant to his master's room. There she found a young man sitting at a writing-table in his library, to whom she simply

presented the paper which the stranger had given her. The gentleman took it and opened it, when he changed colour and seemed greatly agitated. After a few minutes, turning to the widow, he said to her: 'Do you think you would recognize the gentleman who gave you this note if you were to see him again?'

"'Yes, certainly, sir,' she replied. 'His face made a great impression upon me, and I think I should know him anywhere.'

"'Come with me, then, into the next room,' he answered. She followed him into what seemed to be a dining-room, and had no sooner entered the apartment than her eye fell on a large oil painting over the chimney-piece.

"'That is the man I saw!' she exclaimed. Then the gentleman explained to her that it was the portrait of his father, lately dead, who had sat for it only a few weeks before; and added: 'The paper you gave me was in his very own handwriting. Read what he has written!'

"The words were as follows:—

"'This poor woman, by her self-denying charity, has procured my release from Purgatory. For my sake give her the sum she needs.'

"So the Mass procured by this widow's mite had saved this soul from further suffering, and in gratitude he had appeared to her to help her in her great trouble.

"It is needless to add that his son instantly fulfilled his request; that the money was at once paid, and a substitute found for the widow's son. Who, then, would shrink from some sacrifice on behalf of the Holy Souls?"

A NOBLE AND DEVOTED LIFE.

JEANNE CATHERINE MARRE was born at Montauban in the Department of Tarn and Garonne, France, of very respectable parents, who had lived and died in the same country for six generations, and were universally esteemed for their honesty and probity. At that time education among the people was of the most elementary kind. The little girl learnt to read and write, and her father, who was a sailor, used to take her on his knee in the evening and teach her the first four rules of arithmetic with a burnt stick on the chalk wall of his cottage. But what she learnt the most thoroughly was her duty to God and to her neighbour. Gifted with great intelligence and with the warmest and most loving heart, the child, even from her cradle, showed the greatest interest in and sympathy for the poor, to whom she was to consecrate her whole life. The joy of being allowed to give, with her own little hands, the food destined for the poor every Sunday, was the reward of a week's good conduct; and the little faults, natural in every child, were conquered by her for the sake of that charity which more and more absorbed that young and tender soul. Even when quite a little thing, she would set aside for the poor every day a portion of the bread and fruit her mother gave her for her breakfast; and when she could, without her mother's knowledge, she would run to see

the sick and suffering, or the old and infirm, and render them all the little services in her power, so that she was beloved by old and young.

In those days, people began to work very early; and when she was only nine years old Catherine gained her daily bread at a wool factory where her mother was employed. She was very proud when she brought back her earnings to her home, saying to her parents: "You have worked long enough and tired yourselves enough to feed and clothe me; now it is my turn to work for you."

In truth, she worked too hard; her energy exceeded her strength, though it made her very valuable to the heads of the factory, while she was simply adored by her companions for her brightness and fun and still more for her goodness. This goodness and kindness extended to every one around her. Night and day she was always ready to help, to console, and to forget herself for the sake of others. Nothing, however, seemed to satisfy that immense longing to devote herself to her neighbour which devoured this young heart. The whole world did not seem enough to satisfy her, and she only dreamt of being able to consecrate herself to the service of the sick and suffering in the illustrious family of St. Vincent de Paul, whose daughters were at the great hospital of Montauban: here Catherine had made her first trial of the work under the auspices of the head sisters of the wards, who found she was really a heaven-born nurse. Bit by bit Catherine had gathered together the sum needed for her dowry, and her admission into this noble congregation had just been decided upon when all her hopes were suddenly shattered like a pack

of cards. She was just eighteen years of age, and was about to start with two other companions for the novitiate at the Rue du Bac, when she was attacked by violent fever common in that charming town so coquettishly placed on the Fearn. This fever was followed by a serious internal malady, which for two whole years confined this poor child to a bed of pain, during which time she suffered perfect agonies. The malady baffled the skill of all the most eminent medical men who gathered round her sick-bed and who, at last, declared their patient incurable. She recovered solely through the intercession of St. Germaine, the shepherdess of Pébrae, where her parents had carried their dying child, and regained completely both health and strength. This marvellous cure is inserted in the annals of the pilgrimage, and was certified by both the Catholic and Protestant doctors who had attended her during her illness.

But on returning to her usual life, poor Catherine found that her hopes of wearing the white "cornette" were farther off than ever. Three years of serious illness had eaten up all her painfully-earned dowry, and had even brought her whole family into debt and difficulties. Catherine understood her home duties too well not to resolve to do all that lay in her power to clear those who had thus sacrificed all for her. Stifling her regrets, she set herself vigorously to work again, though without neglecting the good works which are always so needed among the people. For seven or eight years she took an active part in the establishment of an orphanage founded by some charitable ladies, where she devoted

herself to the children like a mother, and employed all her culinary skill in varying their diets and economising the very insufficient resources of the house. When this orphanage was removed to another town Catherine went home, where other duties imperiously demanded her. Her father had been seized with a serious illness which resulted in his death after four years of great suffering. Her mother, at the same time, lost her sight from an accident and became quite blind. Being, in consequence, unable to work, she was completely dependent on the earnings of her daughter, whose energy and devoted labour barely sufficed to keep her beloved mother from want. A first cousin of hers, who had made a bad marriage, soon after fell into great distress. Catherine took the two little children, whom she brought up and trained to earn an honest livelihood. One of these became a decorative painter and had an excellent trade. The girl became a dressmaker, married, and brought up her children carefully and well: so that Catherine's sacrifice was well rewarded.

On the death of her father, Catherine also took in her two old aunts, sisters of her mother. Both were permanent invalids. One died very soon; but the other one, who was paralyzed and quite childish, remained for many years a heavy burden to poor Catherine, and one which would have been almost insupportable to any soul less unselfish and devoted than herself. She would simply say she was repaying the debt of affection shown to her in her childhood by this poor old woman.

In spite of all these domestic duties, she would find time to go and see her sick neighbours, to dress their

wounds, or watch by them at night; and would often sit up for hours to make clothes for poor and neglected children. Yet she was always bright, gay and even joyous, looking upon all this superabundance of work as nothing, although she took care that her charities never interfered with her home duties.

Montauban is an important garrison town, containing a good number of regiments and several large barracks, which are a continual source of danger to young workwomen. To meet this evil, several congregations of young girls have been established in the different parishes, who sing at church and meet together on Sundays and festivals for innocent pleasures and amusements. For five years Catherine was president of the congregation of St. Oran, and also one of the principal counsellors of the association. By her influence, tenderness and good example she was able to keep a multitude of these girls in the right path; for they all looked upon her as a real friend, confided to her all their difficulties and temptations, and always found in her, not only a wise counsellor, but also a patient and sympathetic listener to all their troubles. The result was that they became good and pious wives and mothers of families, instead of following the stream of evil and impurity so often found in garrison towns. Well known as she was by many ladies in the best society, Catherine did not shrink from appealing to them from time to time for help for people of a higher class who had fallen into poverty, but who would never let their misery be known; and she never failed to obtain the desired help.

During the terrible war of 1870-71 she showed all her energy in helping the sick and wounded. As the different convoys of soldiers succeeded one another, she and many others waited for them at the station to offer hot soup and wine and food of various kinds for those who were going to the front, while they saw to the careful transport of the wounded to the hospital, and accompanied the worst cases in the ambulances. In this work of charity Catherine took the first place.

About this time a poor woman was found dying of cancer which she had for a long time concealed, with the result that for want of proper care, this horrible malady had engendered such a stench that no one would come near her. Under the plea that this illness was contagious, no one would go to her house or render her the least service. The neighbours went to the pitch of cutting the cords of the well close to a house where she hoped to have found a shelter, lest she should in any way contaminate the water! The unhappy woman was consequently reduced almost to desperation and suicide. No sooner did Catherine hear these details than she resolved to seek out and succour this poor abandoned soul. It was not an easy matter, for the character of the sick woman had become so embittered by suffering and ill-usage that at her first visit Catherine was received with insults and blasphemies. But she was not discouraged. Drawing near to the sick-bed, she gently asked leave of the poor soul to sweep her room, to open the window and bring in some fresh air. Then she began to make her bed more comfortable; and, at last, by entreaties and caresses, persuaded her

to let her see her wound. Her courage almost broke down when such a fearful stench arose from it, and her hand was filled with worms from the gaping sore in the side, which the miserable woman had not been able to reach. This feeling of faintness, however, was soon conquered, and Catherine set herself courageously to work; and having taken her instructions from a good doctor, began to wash and dress the wound according to his directions. This she continued doing day after day, consecrating the hour of her breakfast to this repulsive task and only eating a bit of bread on the way

For forty years this soul had lived without a thought of God or of eternity. By talking to her lovingly and gently, her tender nurse brought her back to the faith of her childhood; and finally after twenty months of devoted care, Catherine had the happiness of seeing her die a Christian death, not only resigned but even happy.

We come now to a new episode in her life, which was that of service to a lady whom she had long known and loved; and we think we cannot do better than give the account in that lady's own words.

"Knowing that I was ill, unhappy, and in a very difficult position, she left her home, her affairs and her friends to come to me. She acted thus with the full consent of her mother, who was willing to make the sacrifice of this much-loved daughter for my sake. After having found a person suitable in every way for the care of her poor blind parent, Catherine came to devote herself to me in my misfortunes, which she never would have done in the days of my brilliant pros-

perity, when everything in life seemed to smile upon me. She became my nurse, watching over me with the tenderest care, sharing in my sorrows and my privations, following me everywhere and not fearing to expatriate herself to accompany me into a country of which the language and habits were unknown to her, although she had never before left her native town. She scrupulously sent every farthing of her wages to her old mother, who never needed any of the comforts necessary to her position ; though both mother and daughter never ceased to feel the separation to which both had so nobly consented. To say all that Catherine did for me would be impossible. She multiplied herself to replace those with whose services I was compelled to dispense. She learnt cooking, hair-dressing, and all the little details of a lady's-maid's duties, so that I might appear in the world properly dressed without being indebted to any one but herself. She gave up every personal comfort to devote her life to me without any reserve. In a fire which occurred in my room, she threw herself into the flames which had already caught my bed and saved my life at the risk of her own. Another time, in London, in one of those fearful crowds which are seen nowhere else, my faithful servant had safely crossed Regent Street, when, on turning round, she saw that I had been caught between some cabs and a smart carriage with very spirited horses, while behind me was a brewer's dray full of beer-casks, drawn by four huge animals whose breath seemed already to stifle and blind me. I felt myself lost, when Catherine dashed into the crowd, in spite of the efforts of the policeman who tried to stop

her, and rescued me at the very moment when escape seemed impossible

"During the twenty-five years she has spent with me, I have never known this generous soul with a single thought for her own interests or her own personal convenience. In spite of our restricted means, she found ways of helping poor mothers of families through her extraordinary love of order and economy, and very often, by giving up her own food. She had the fullest authority from me to do all she could in this way, knowing, with the honest straightforwardness and uprightness of her character, that her first duty was to her mistress. But to carry out the immense amount of good she did, double trouble and double fatigue were needed, which the love of her neighbour could alone have given her the courage to undertake. One day in London we had to go out in the midst of a blinding snowstorm and an east wind which seemed to cut one in two. There was not a cab in sight. Turning into a small street we met a poor woman with a baby, who asked an alms. She was nursing her child, and wore little but a miserable cotton skirt, which only went down to a little below her knees, while her body and arms were covered with an old shawl which also sheltered the baby. While I hunted in my poor purse for something to give her, Catherine dashed into the portico of a large building and in one moment dragged off her own warm clothes and pulled off a woollen vest, which she hastened to put on the shivering mother. Owing to the bad weather, there was literally no one in the street, and we went on our way, Catherine thinking that this act of charity was the simplest thing in the world.

"In the town of Nantes, where I have lived since 1883, Catherine has won the love of all the poor workmen and their families. She cannot go two steps without being surrounded by little children, all claiming a little word or a caress at her hands. The sick, the convalescent, the old and infirm, all have recourse to her, who always finds some little thing to give them. It is not the beggars in the street whom she helps, but respectable families whom an illness, an unexpected misfortune or an accident has placed in a momentary difficulty, and who bear their privations without letting them be known. It is such as those that Catherine finds out and helps with her ready sympathy and charity, while I am only too glad to allow her to consecrate her time and her industry to their service.

"The year that we arrived at Nantes, having gone one evening to do a little commission, Catherine heard some one groaning in a deserted street. She went to see what was the matter and found a poor woman lying in the dust under a wall and uttering plaintive cries. Raising her very gently, she questioned her as to her ailing, and found out that, suffering from hernia, her bandage had given way, so that she could not move. She would have died on the spot had not immediate help been at hand. With extraordinary energy and a physical force which only a determined will could give her, Catherine bore her to her house, which was fortunately near, and placing her on her bed contrived to perform a very dangerous surgical operation which her old experience in the hospital had taught her. She remained with the poor woman till her husband returned from his work.

"In 1879 news came that her blind old mother was near the end of her laborious life. I instantly sent Catherine to her, who had the happiness of finding her still alive though dying and in the fullest possession of her senses. For eight days the mother and daughter had the happiness of being together, and when the supreme moment of earthly separation came, Catherine found herself consoled by her mother's most fervent blessing, and the consciousness of having fulfilled to the utmost her loving duty to both parents.

"When the last sad rites were over, Catherine felt she had one more sacrifice to make; and with the energy and unselfishness peculiar to herself, she sold her maternal heritage and the furniture endeared to her by a thousand tender recollections, every article of which was associated in her mind with happy memories of the past, and (saving some little presents reserved for old friends who had tended her mother in her illness) stripped herself of everything and came back to England to rejoin me, whom business still retained in that country. She arrived in her deep mourning, threw herself at my feet sobbing, and then, depositing on my knees the four thousand francs which remained after the sale of her goods and the payment of the mortuary dues, exclaimed: 'I am now alone in the world; I give myself to you without reserve, I feel that you will care for me in sickness as in health. I give you all that I possess. Let there never be any question of money between us! I am yours, madame! Dispose of me as you will. *In life as in death I shall belong to you.*'

"I could only take this faithful soul in my arms and

accept what she had so generously offered. Ever since that day, 23rd of October, 1879, Catherine Marre has served me without wages, never having chosen to listen to any proposal made to her to take back the sum she had placed in my hands and which was her sole property. Seventeen years have elapsed since then, during which time she has laboured for me day and night without any retribution whatever; and if any present be made to her, she spends it either in the needs of the house or in giving me some little unexpected pleasure or surprise. I feel towards her as to a sister or to my dearest friend, and our mutual affection has no parallel on this earth. Of course, I always hoped and intended to provide for her after my death. But repeated misfortunes have fallen upon me. I live on a pension which expires with me, and I am terribly afraid that when I die Catherine will inherit nothing but some furniture and old clothes She is sixty-six years of age, and her health has broken down from overwork, besides being threatened with her mother's blindness. Her devotedness has been my stay and support in all my trials, and to ensure her happiness is the one great aim of my life."

My readers will be glad to hear that owing to this lady's representations, Catherine Marre received from the members of the French Academy what is called the "Prix Montyon," given in very exceptional cases as a reward for distinguished virtue. May her example of unselfish devotedness be followed by others in our own country!

ST. BERNARDINE OF SIENA

By Father Stanislaus, O.S.F.C.

Many years ago the devotion to the Holy Name of Jesus struck deep roots in the hearts of the faithful. Nowadays it is one of the most popular of Catholic devotions; and its popularity is due in great measure, if not altogether, to the burning zeal and eloquence of Saint Bernardine of Siena, a son of Saint Francis, and one of the most prominent missionaries of the fifteenth century. No doubt, this devotion, like all solid devotions, can boast a still more remote antiquity: was it not in the Name of Jesus that Peter bade the man "who was lame from his mother's womb" and "who lay at the gate of the temple," arise and walk? When the Apostles preached, or baptized, or wrought miracles, they did all this in the Name of Jesus: around that Holy Name crowded a throng of memories linked to the personality of Him who bade them go forth and preach to all nations the Gospel of the Kingdom of God. A little later, one of the earliest Christian poets connects every title of the Incarnate God with the Name of Jesus. Later still, Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, whose *Jesu dulcis memoria* breathes such refreshing piety, made the precincts of the cloister ring with the praises of the Holy Name.

It was left, however, to Saint Bernardine of Siena, in the opening half of the fifteenth century, to be the apostle, the popular exponent, of this genuine Catholic devotion: it was he who brought it home to the hearts of the people. Through his powerful influence the name of Jesus became the rallying cry of the soldiers of the Cross, the holy

standard under which they fought and conquered the enemies of Christ's Kingdom, and their own salvation.

It was on the 8th of September, in the year 1380, a few months after the decease of that faithful spouse of Christ, Saint Catherine of Siena, that Bernardino—or Bernardine, as we call him—Albizeschi was ushered into this world. Tollo, his father, belonged to the ancient and noble family of the Albizeschi. Before his marriage, his prudence, humanity, and uprightness had won for him the affection and esteem of the Sienese, and the latter showed their appreciation of his sterling qualities of mind and heart by appointing him, in the year 1377, to the governorship of Massa, a little town dependent on the commune of Siena, and about thirty miles distant from that city. It was in this town of Massa that Bernardine was born. Nera, the Saint's mother, was the daughter of Bindus Raynorius, and through the influence of her father she became the wife of Tollo Albizeschi. She died in the year 1383, at the early age of twenty-two, and three years later Tollo followed her into eternity. Bernardine was thus left an orphan when he had barely reached his seventh year.

Diana, the saint's maternal aunt, took charge of her sister's child, and, during the five years he remained under her fostering care and tuition, instilled into his heart a spirit of fervour and piety, for which she herself was remarkable. Even at this tender age Bernardine was conspicuous for his love of Our Blessed Lady, his love of holy purity, and his assiduous attendance at church; he listened with particular delight to the sermons, and on his return home would in his own boyish fashion repeat whatever fragments he remembered, and imitate, whilst delivering them, the gestures and attitude of the preachers.

When Bernardine had reached his eleventh year, two of his father's brothers, Christopher and Angelo, recalled him to Siena to begin his education. He was thus brought

under the influence of John of Spoleto, a master celebrated at that time for learning and piety.

The old chroniclers have left us but scanty details of this period of Bernardine's life; but from expressions scattered here and there in these ancient documents, we gather that Bernardine proved himself a willing and docile scholar. He was beloved by everybody who came in contact with him. His cheerful and open countenance, his bright eyes, sparkling with intelligence, attracted the attention of everyone; whilst his aptitude for knowlege and manly disposition of character earned for him golden opinions from his master. He was kind and considerate, and though affable and yielding, he could, if need were, assume in the presence of his companions an unbending and dignified attitude. He hated vulgarity in any shape or form, and his schoolfellows were well aware of it; sometimes they would forget themselves so far as to indulge in coarseness and levity, but at the approach of Bernardine all this would suddenly cease. All these natural qualities of mind and heart were enhanced a hundred-fold by grace: for virtue took a strong hold of this generous and noble soul. Holy purity shed its lustre around his youth, and marked him with its own indelible stamp. He could not bear the slightest impropriety; his features coloured with shame if he happened to hear an immodest word. One day, as he was playing with his companions on the piazza, a man ventured to use some improper language: quick as lightning, Bernardine struck at him with all his might, and hit the offender just below the chin. In after years Bernardine was preaching on this same piazza, when a man was observed to be listening intently to the words of the preacher, and sobbing bitterly; this was the man whom Bernardine had as a boy so unequivocally rebuked for his intemperate and loose language.

From his infancy Bernardine showed a tender devotion for Mary, the Immaculate Mother of God. He loved her with all the enthusiasm and devotion of his noble and

chivalrous heart. She was the depositary of all his thoughts, the guardian of all his affections; her name was ever on his lips; to please her was his sole delight. The incident we are about to relate will serve to illustrate his love for the Queen of Angels, as well as to give us another trait of his character.

After the death of Diana, his maternal aunt, his cousin Tobia watched over him. One day Bernardine informed his cousin that he was in love. This information alarmed the good lady, who trembled at the thought that her cousin might endanger his innocence at an age when youth feels for the first time the warning thrills of awakening passions. Bernardine noticed no doubt the anxiety that preyed upon his cousin's mind; so the next day he volunteered some further information. He was, he said, not only in love; but the thought of her whom he loved never left him night or day; moreover, he continued, he went to see her twice a day just outside the Camollia gate, on the way leading to Florence. This went on for a few days; the lad had some revelation to make each day about her whom he called his sweetheart, without ever saying who she might be, or where precisely she dwelt. Tobia, whose anxious curiosity grew apace with every fresh revelation, could bear it no longer; she determined to follow her cousin, and watch his movements. The next day therefore that Bernardine went in the direction of the Camollia gate, she hastened after him, and from a coign of vantage, where she could see without being seen, was agreeably surprised to discover her cousin kneeling before a statue of the Madonna—his hands joined in fervent prayer, and his eyes fixed on the image of his Queen; shortly afterwards he arose, and returned home beaming with joy and gladness. Tobia had thus discovered the secret of Bernardine's love; so the next day, when her unsuspecting cousin came to tell her in his own playful way about the lady of his thoughts, she smiled, but held her peace.

Meanwhile Bernardine had made rapid strides in the way

of knowledge, and had gradually made himself proficient in philosophy, civil and canon law, but above all in the study of Holy Scripture. The Word of God caused him intense satisfaction. He delighted to probe into and discover the hidden manna which the inspired writings contain, and he thus, perhaps unconsciously, prepared himself for that grand work of the apostolate which was to make his name famous throughout the length and breadth of his native land.

In the year 1400 Pope Boniface the Ninth promulgated a jubilee indulgence. Bernardine had just attained his twentieth year, and had already made rapid progress in the science of the Saints. An opportunity was now afforded him of showing of what stuff saints are made. Thousands of pilgrims passed through Siena that year on their way to Rome. Unfortunately the plague broke out among them, and so terrible were its ravages that the accommodation at the hospital of Santa Maria della Scala was taxed to its utmost extent. A number of priests, twenty-two members of the Confraternity della Scala, besides eighteen ladies who had nobly offered their services to tend the sick, were struck down and died victims to their charity. In these circumstances few were willing to face the pestilential atmosphere of the hospital.

At the call of Christian charity the generous-hearted Bernardine never hesitated. Turning his back on the brilliant career that was opened to him in the world, he came forward and offered his services to the hospital. His noble example influenced twelve other young men, who all betook themselves to the bedsides of their suffering brethren, and remained at this post of honour as long as the terrible calamity lasted. The scourge raged for four months, and during that short period claimed two thousand victims.

When Bernardine's services could be dispensed with, he returned home—his constitution shattered by the incessant toil and hardships he had so nobly borne. For several

weeks he lay in a precarious condition, and after a slow recovery he rose from his bed of sickness a changed man. During those weary hours of pain and suffering, he had heard in the inmost recesses of his soul the gentle whisper of God's voice, and, obedient to the call of the Holy Spirit, he resolved to retire from the world, and devote himself entirely to the service of his Divine Master. For two years he withdrew from the busy turmoil of life and its surroundings, and, after mature deliberation, sought admission into the Order of Saint Francis in the year 1403. He received the holy habit on the 8th of September, and twelve months later made his profession. Another year elapsed whilst he prepared himself for Holy Orders, and on the 8th of September, 1404, he sang his first Mass and preached his first sermon on our Blessed Lady in a little chapel not far distant from Columbaria, where he spent the first years of his religious ife.

As a Religious, Bernardine strove to acquire those virtues which shone so conspicuously in the Blessed Francis. The poverty, humility, disinterestedness, and charity of the Seraphic Patriarch seemed to live once more in his ardent and enthusiastic disciple. Bidding adieu with a light heart to all the world holds dear, he sold his extensive patrimony, and distributed the proceeds in alms to the poor; he thus embraced that lifelong martyrdom his soul yearned after—the martyrdom of voluntary poverty.[1] So profound was his humility that he shrank from the dignity of the priesthood, and it was only at the earnest entreaty of his Superiors, and in obedience to their will, that he consented at all to be ordained. Later on in the same spirit he refused successively the Bishoprics of Siena, Ferrara, and Urbino, hiding his humility under the playful remark that "he preferred to be bishop of the whole of Italy rather than bishop of one small city."

Bernardine loved all those who came in contact with him,

[1] St. Bernardine in after years defined voluntary poverty as a kind of martyrdom: *voluntaria paupertas quoddam genus martyrii est.*

and was beloved by them in return. The annals of the Franciscan Order testify to the deep spiritual affection that existed between him and "his very dear companion and most faithful disciple"[1] John Capistran. Moreover, he never lost his affection for those who had watched over him in his infancy, and had lavished every care on him when he was left alone in the world at the early age of six. One day he was preaching at Milan, when he suddenly stopped, and left the pulpit—a prey to some strong and visible emotion; his eyes filled with tears, and he seemed heart-broken. The audience thronged around him, and sought the cause of his sorrow. "I have just lost," he replied, sobbing, "her who was the guardian angel of my infancy, and a second mother to me." He referred to his cousin Tobia, whose death God had just revealed to him in a miraculous way.

His charity, like that of his Divine Master, embraced even his enemies. Some of the brethren reported in his hearing some of the violent accusations launched against the Saint by those whom they called his enemies. "Enemies?" replied Bernardine. "I have no enemies! Do not call those my enemies who afford me occasions of greater merit and means of sanctification!"

His religious brethren were not slow to appreciate the sterling qualities of this true son of Saint Francis. In due course they acknowledged the talent and virtue of their brother by appointing him successively Lector of Theology, Guardian, and Novice-Master. The onerous duties entailed by these various offices were rendered more onerous still by the circumstances that surrounded Bernardine during his tenure of them. Though a detailed account of these circumstances would be out of place in a short sketch of the Saint's life, we cannot overlook them altogether, as they will enable the reader to understand the influence St. Bernardine exerted over his brethren—an influence

[1] Acta Sanctorum, vol. v., Mensis Maii. St. John Capistran is said by some to have written a life of St. Bernardine.

that had for its ultimate goal a wider propagation by the Franciscans of the devotion to the Holy Name.

It is a matter of history that, shortly after the death of St. Francis, a certain number of the Friars begged and obtained from different Popes the permission to observe the Rule of the Seraphic Patriarch in a mitigated form: others there were who petitioned to adhere to the Rule in all its pristine severity; this request was also acceded to by Rome. During the three centuries that elapsed between the death of the Holy Founder and the final separation in the beginning of the sixteenth century of the Conventuals and the Observants (as they came afterwards to be called) the balance of power and authority seems to have rested with the former. As a result of this there was always a tendency amongst the strict observers of the Rule towards relaxation, and this tendency was all the more accentuated by the fact that the Observants as a body had no independent existence of their own: they were thus brought into constant relations with the Conventuals, and were, at one period at least, allowed to pass over to that body, when they grew tired of regular observance. As often as these signs of weakness appeared amongst the Friars, God raised up men to recall them to their primitive fervour, and renew in them the spirit of their holy vocation. Hence the history of the Franciscan Order is divided into four great epochs, each marked with its own distinctive feature of reform, each pregnant with great and holy men. In the year 1368 Br. Paulet of Foligno, influenced by the example of Fathers John of Vallis and Gentilis of Spoleto, started the reform of the Observants. St. Bernardine played a very prominent part in the great movement initiated by Br. Paulet of Foligno. Through his powerful control and example the Reform extended throughout Italy—and he himself was appointed, by Fr. William Casali, the first Vicar-General of the Cisalpine provinces in the year 1438.[1] It

[1] I find it stated in Dr. Pastor's History (English Translation, ii., 79) that St. Bernardine was "the founder of a Religious Order." This is a

was during the Saint's tenure of the Chair of Theology that John Capistran, James of the Marches, and many holy and learned men came under his immediate influence; and readers of Franciscan history know full well how fertile in excellent results, both for the Order and the world at large, that influence proved to be. Later on, when Bernardine, as we shall see, was temporarily under a cloud at Rome, the disciples of former years were staunch in their allegiance and attachment to him, and helped not a little by their preaching to carry on the great work of his life and apostolate—the devotion to the Holy Name of Jesus.

Bernardine had scarcely received the sacred unction of the Priesthood, when, at the command of his Superiors, he went forth to preach the word of God. His first sermon, we are told, charmed the whole audience, and gave an early promise of the apostolic triumphs that awaited him in his future career. Meanwhile, however, his voice grew so hoarse and weak that it proved a serious impediment to his effective preaching, and some there were who whispered that the young Religious would soon have to retire from this field of the Apostolate. Perplexed, but in no way discouraged, the Saint had recourse to our Blessed Lady, and requested her, if it were the will of God, to obtain for him a complete cure. His prayers were answered; in due course his voice lost all its hoarseness, and henceforth, to use the expression of one of his contemporaries, it "bewitched his hearers" by its harmonious flexibility and power of penetration.

It was not, however, till the year 1418 that Bernardine entered into the foremost rank of the great preachers of the Christian Renaissance. As has been said, he had filled the important positions of Guardian, Lector of Theology, and Novice-Master. This hidden life in the cloister, which duties

mistake; St. Bernardine never founded any Religious Order. The initiative of the Observant Reform was not due to him either, but to Br. Paulet as we stated above.

imposed by Holy Obedience necessarily enforced upon him, did not prevent him from sallying forth now and then to preach the Gospel, and to oppose the growing worldliness and spirit of religious indifference which the votaries of a Pagan Renaissance spread far and wide. Thus we find him at Alexandria in Lombardy about the year 1408, side by side with St. Vincent Ferrer, the great Dominican Apostle of that period. Bernardine went often to listen to the sermons of his saintly brother-in-arms, and these two holy souls communed together on the evils that infested Italy during this epoch. The Franciscan was present one day whilst Vincent was preaching, when the latter suddenly broke off his sermon, and foretold to the astonished audience the future greatness of the humble son of St. Francis: "Know, my brethren," he exclaimed, "that there is amongst you now a Religious of the Order of Saint Francis, who in a few years will be conspicuous throughout Italy. Though he is now only a young man, whilst I am already bent with age, nevertheless, believe me, he will be honoured in the Church of God before I am. I shall retire to France and Spain, and those Italian provinces that I have not yet evangelized I shall leave to him." This prediction was realized to the letter. Ten years later, when the fame of Bernardine began to spread, Vincent retired to France, as he had foretold. The latter part of his prophecy was also fulfilled, for Bernardine was canonized and venerated as a Saint by the Church two years before St. Vincent.

Ten years later this prophecy was vividly brought back to Bernardine's memory by the extraordinary behaviour of one of the junior Religious of the Friary of Fiesole, near Florence, over which the Saint was then presiding. One night this Religious, impelled by some irresistible power, ran up and down the cloister, crying aloud: "Brother Bernardine, hide no longer the talents God has given thee! Go and preach to the people of Lombardy!" For two consecutive nights the same incident took place,

and Bernardine, who happened to be away at the time, was duly informed on his return of the strange occurrence. Coupling this event with the prophetic words he had heard ten years before from the lips of St. Vincent Ferrer, the holy Guardian had immediate recourse to prayer, and caused others to pray too, with the result that he became convinced that this was a direct call from God, which it was his duty to obey without delay.

Bernardine's vocation thenceforth was set in a clearer light, and the work God intended him to do assumed a definite character and shape. He resolved to devote himself entirely to the ministry of preaching, and set about immediately fulfilling the task imposed upon him by Almighty God. He was told to go to Lombardy, and to Lombardy he went; for in the year 1418 we find him preaching a Lenten course at Milan. A cultured Milanese [1] has left us a graphic account of the impression made upon the inhabitants of the city by the holy missionary's words. Crowds gathered around the pulpit eager to catch every sentence of the preacher. They never tired or grew weary, though we have it on record that Bernardine preached sometimes for four or five hours; the ordinary business of the city was suspended. Attracted and subdued by the doctrine of this new apostle, men who were at enmity for years forgot their differences and forgave each other; sinners repented of their vices; worldlings entered into themselves and forsook pleasure; the factions which divided society, and fought against each other, flung aside their shibboleths and battle-cries, and ranged themselves under the banner of Christ with no other device but the holy name of Jesus.

The same triumph awaited Bernardine at Siena, Ferrara, Bologna, Florence, and Venice, and as his fame spread, the whole of Italy, from Lombardy in the north to the King-

[1] In this account he refers with pardonable pride to the fact that Milan was the first of the cities of Italy to appreciate at their full value the eloquent powers of Saint Bernardine.

dom of Naples in the south, was eager to listen to him. To all he delivered the same message; for all he had the same exhortation to extinguish the spirit of faction and hatred that tore asunder the petty republics of the peninsula, to imbue themselves with the spirit of the Gospel, to gather together under the standard of their King and Master, Jesus Christ.

For Bernardine had in all his sermons but one object in view—the spreading of the knowledge and love of Christ. His own soul, nurtured in the school of poverty and detachment, trained and disciplined by humility, obedience, and self-renunciation, was all aglow with fire of divine charity. Indeed, this passionate affection and tender devotion for his Master contained the whole secret of Bernardine's success as a preacher and missioner. A celebrated preacher of those days was once asked the reason why the sermons of the Franciscan Friar bore so much more fruit than his own: "Brother Bernardine," answered he, in a spirit of genuine humility, "is a furnace of Divine Love, and how can that which is only warm kindle a fire in the souls of others?"

This spirit of charity betrayed itself in every sermon of the Friar, and made a deep and lasting impression on his audience. It inspired him with the loftiest themes for his discourses, and furnished him with that burning eloquence which withdrew his hearers from the world and its vain amusements and pleasures, and threw them at the feet of Jesus Christ. Æneas Piccolomini, who in later years became Pope and assumed the name of Pius II., has recorded his impressions of the preaching of Bernardine, and he tells us that the inexhaustible fountain of the Saint's eloquence, together with his profound and orthodox teaching, attracted the admiration of all, and caused him to be venerated, like another St. Paul, as a vessel of divine election.

Another cause of the Saint's popularity as a preacher can be traced to the fact that he realized early in his career the necessity of going to the people and preaching to them in their own plain and simple language. Two centuries

previously the Seraphic Patriarch of Assisi had re-introduced into the world the long-forgotten style of eloquence in which St. Peter spoke to the assembled people outside the Temple. "I admonish and exhort preachers," says St. Francis in his Rule, "that when they preach, their language be well considered and simple, for the benefit and edification of the people, discoursing to them of vices and virtues, punishment and glory." No one understood the spirit of this salutary exhortation better that those great apostles of Italy—Bernardine, John Capistran, and James of the Marches; and never was there an age in which the primitive kind of Christian eloquence was more needed than that in which these three holy men flourished. The Renaissance movement, as we shall have occasion to mention later on, was playing havoc with the grand ideals of clergy and laity alike. The pulpit itself was not free from the latent poison of Humanism. Sermons were interlarded with quotations from, and references to, the literary productions of the Augustan era: while the so-called barbarisms and solecisms of the Gospel writers shocked the classic refinement of the purists, and were therefore carefully tabooed. Every sentence was modelled upon the inflated and turgid periods of Cicero, or pointed with some witty extract from Horace; and so it gradually came to pass that the heralds of Christianity became more concerned about the form and literary merit of their sermons than about the subject-matter they contained.

Bernardine emancipated himself from these unchristian methods, and discarded the fetters that fashion and conventionality threw around the preacher. Whenever he preached to the people, he spoke to them in the vernacular so as to be understood by all, treated his subject from their point of view, and was thus enabled to gather abundant fruit in his Master's vineyard. So great indeed was the concourse of people that thronged around the holy missioner that he was frequently obliged to preach to them from an improvised pulpit in the open square or on the market-place.

Indeed, he was not particular, as the following incident shows, where he preached to the people.

It was Shrove Tuesday, and the whole population of a little town, where the Saint happened to be staying for the time being, had abandoned itself to the usual orgies of the Carnival, and crowded the theatre in the evening. Bernardine proposed to his Guardian, Fr. James of the Marches, a visit to the theatre. The Superior was bewildered beyond measure by this strange proposal, but feeling assured that the holy missionary, who was then in the zenith of his career, was inspired by God to make it, he readily assented. Accompanied by a lay-brother, the Saint set out, and managed somehow to penetrate behind the scenes. Ensconced in some remote corner, he listened to the plaudits of the frenzied populace as they greeted some favourite comedian. At last the first act was concluded. Seizing this opportunity, Bernardine rushed on to the stage and began forthwith to preach to the audience. His features were pale, his voice trembled with emotion, his whole bearing was full of majestic dignity, whilst in impassioned language he inveighed against the vanities and pleasures of the world. "Do you know," he exclaimed in solemn accents, "where you are? You are standing on the edge of the precipice of hell," and there and then he advanced the proofs of his statement; for almost immediately there appeared before the eyes of the frightened audience the vision of a lost soul. "Why art thou damned?" demanded the Saint, as he turned towards the weird apparition, "I am damned," answered the latter, "because I came hither to enjoy myself, and thus spent my life in forgetfulness of my God." It then went on to describe in detail some of the sins it had committed during life, and dwelt in particular on those usually occasioned by plays and entertainments such as the one they were listening to that evening. "You have heard!" exclaimed the Saint, when the apparition had finished. "Do penance now," he continued, "or you will all perish like this cursed soul!" The apparition

then vanished, and Bernardine returned to his monastery, only to find on his return the little church crowded with penitents eager to make their peace with God.

Such are in brief some of the characteristic features of Bernardine's preaching. His eloquence was that of a man who realized and felt the evil conditions which surrounded society in those days; it was the eloquence of an enthusiast in the cause of Jesus Christ—a cause he had deeply at heart, and which he strove to forward by every means in his power. The chroniclers of his age have left us the details of the prodigious success he attained in spite of the many obstacles that barred his progress.

To understand the magnitude of Bernardine's task, and view aright the astounding results he achieved, it is well to recall the difficulties that were strewn across his path—difficulties that sprang from the evils peculiar to the age in which he lived. The old order of things was rapidly passing away; the ideals that captivated men during the Middle Ages were losing their hold on the conscience of Christendom. Scholars grew tired of what they deemed the dry bones of scholastic philosophy, and sought, in the literature of Greece and Rome, a remedy against the formalism that threatened to fetter the minds of men. This reaction, occurring as it did at a period of almost universal corruption, carried society to the worst excesses. The leisured classes were the first to feel its dire effects; but little by little these evils permeated the lowest strata of society. Christians failed to grasp the fundamental principles of religion; its rites were to them mere formalities; its mysteries, hair-splitting abstractions. The authority of the Pope was weakened by the great Western Schism; worldliness had crept into the ranks of the clergy, disorder reigned supreme in political and civil life. Pagan thoughts and maxims were welcomed and belauded by the great majority of these weak-kneed Christians under the guidance and influence of the Humanists. The gospel of

pleasure was hailed by the fanatical followers of the pagan revival as a convenient and less exacting substitute for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Obscene epigrams and irreligious essays laughed virginity and Christian virtue to scorn, poured derision and obloquy on the Religious Orders, and, generally speaking, on all those who clung to the old-fashioned ideals. The emancipation of the flesh from the thraldom of the spirit became the sole object of human endeavour; indeed some of the thinkers of the day made it their boast, in the scurrilous works they gave to the world, that their end and aim was "to bring about a radical return to Paganism both in thought and manners."[1]

Such in brief outline was the state of affairs Bernardine had to cope with. Some of the preachers of the day condemned wholesale the classical movement which wrought such havoc among all classes of society. These, however, failed to grasp the important fact, that intellectual development of the highest order is compatible with Faith, and that consequently the revival in classical literature that marked this epoch could be harmonized with Christianity, and made to work with it for the extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth. What these too zealous champions were unable to understand did not escape the notice of St. Bernardine. His education had rendered him one of the most cultured men of his time. Though fully conscious of the evils that surrounded him, with that deep insight of human development and progress characteristic of every saintly soul, he appreciated at its true value the movement that was already asserting itself so strongly. He determined therefore to meet the Humanists on their own ground, and save the Renaissance from itself. To do this, men must be taught to look up to Him who is the Splendour of the Father, and the Brightness of Eternal Light. The pagan ideal had been shattered and ruined by Christianity; all attempts to reconstruct it must therefore prove abortive—

[1] *Cf.* Dr. Pastor's Introduction to his *History of the Popes*.

if only men could be persuaded to look up to Him who is our Way, our Truth, and our Life, and be penetrated with His spirit.

This then was the task that Bernardine undertook: to make Jesus Christ live once more in the thoughts and affections of men, cultured and uncultured, noble and plebeian. With this aim before him he preached in the vernacular to the multitudes that thronged around him about the power and greatness of Jesus Christ. He impressed upon them the fact that the exemplar of a Christian's life was not to be found in the unbridled excesses of pagan gods and goddesses, but in the chastity, patience, meekness and humility, of the lowliest of the sons of men. He often repeated to himself, and made his audience repeat, the Holy Name of Jesus; for that Name summed up all the prerogatives of the Son of God made man. He had always beside him, when he preached, the sacred monogram as a silent reminder to all that it was Jesus he preached, that it was Jesus he wished to impress upon their hearts, that it was to the life of Jesus he wished them to adapt their own lives. The Name of Jesus was to be their watchword against the insidious foes that used the veil of culture to hide their heathen tendencies. They might be cultured scholars if they willed, but they were to be above all things Christians in thought and manners. Such then was the burden of Saint Bernardine's message to the generation of men who surrounded him; and to bring that message home to the people he used every artifice his native eloquence suggested. Every vice was ruthlessly exposed by him, virtue was exalted, the judgments of God proclaimed in language that brooked no contradiction.

The limits imposed upon us in this short sketch deter us from following the Saint on his apostolical expeditions, and recording the numerous miracles that bestrew his path wherever he went, and lent support to his preaching. For well-nigh thirty years he was engaged in this work of the

sacred ministry, and wherever he passed he was greeted as a popular and beloved herald of his Divine Master. The effects of his preaching were most marked; he preached Jesus Christ, and the people, at his bidding, turned to Jesus; the name of Jesus, ever on his own lips, was hymned and praised by the multitudes that crowded around him; and the sweet and glorious memories that thronged around it impressed themselves deeply upon the consciences of men. Long-standing feuds were brought to a satisfactory issue; peace and harmony entered where, before the advent of the Franciscan, there was nought but disorder and hateful revenge; hardened sinners were converted to God, and the spirit of luxury, that poisoned the spiritual and religious life of clergy and laity alike, gave way to sentiments of unworldliness and self-sacrifice.

The following incident will serve to illustrate the stupendous power exerted by Bernardine over his audience. The Saint came to Rome to preach in the year 1424. As a result of his labours, "In June of that year," writes the Secretary of State, Infessura,[1] "a great funeral pile of playing cards, lottery tickets, musical instruments, false hair, and feminine adornments, was erected on the Capitol, and all these things were burned." A similar scene was enacted at Bologna, and on this occasion the vendors of dice came to the Saint to complain that since he had begun to preach in their midst their occupation was gone, and their trade ruined. Bernardine took compassion on them; he showed them how to manufacture in wax the monogram of the Holy Name, and so great was the demand for these sacred symbols that the erstwhile ruined tradesmen retrieved their fortune, and became much richer than they were before.[2] To show, more-

[1] *See* Dr. Pastor's *History of the Popes*, vol. i., p. 232.

[2] It may here be fitting to notice that the characters I.H.S. do not stand for *Jesus Hominum Salvator;* still less do they mean, *I have saved*, or *I have suffered*. The monogram is simply a contracted form of the Holy Name, written in Greek capitals.

over, how successful the Saint had been in his endeavours to propagate the devotion of the Holy Name under this new form, it will suffice to mention that as early as the year 1427 a number of priests had placed the monogram over the principal altar in their churches; others had it inscribed on the walls; others preserved the banner on which Bernardine had painted it surrounded with rays, and which accompanied him on all his apostolical wanderings; many of the cities of Italy, like Siena, where it is to be seen to this day, caused the sacred monogram to be placed in large characters outside the Town-hall.

The novel form in which this old devotion was enshrined was, of course, objected to. The practice, it was freely said by some, savoured of superstition, and led to idolatry. The people, it was feared, might look upon the tablet as a kind of talisman, and might adore the symbol itself instead of Him whose Name was inscribed upon it. These thoughts and fears were noised abroad by Andrew Biglio, an Augustinian Friar, and by the partisans of Manfred, a Dominican.[1] Bernardine defended the form of the devotion, and gave a clear exposition of doctrine on the subject. In spite of this, however, his enemies triumphed for the nonce, and the Saint was cited to Rome, where Martin the Fifth, the then reigning Pope, gave him a cool reception. His enemies spread abroad the report that Bernardine was accused and found guilty of heresy, and wherever he went the finger of scorn was pointed at him.

Meanwhile the humble son of St. Francis took no notice of his slanderers and their accusations, but calmly awaited the decision of the Commission of inquiry appointed by the Pope—resolved to submit to and obey that decision, whatever it might be. In these circumstances, St. John Capistran, the friend and disciple of Bernardine, came to the assistance of his confrère. He had already

[1] There seems to have been a personal element in the objections of these latter; for Bernardine had severely handled and condemned their doctrines concerning Antichrist.

acquired a fame for his sanctity and preaching, so when he boldly entered Rome, holding aloft the banner of the Holy Name, the people hailed his advent with delight; and the Pope, witnessing the universal satisfaction his presence caused, gave him permission to defend Bernardine. On the day appointed for the session of the Commission, so clearly did those two champions of the Holy Name answer all the objections brought forward against the new devotion, that the whole inquiry resulted in the triumphant justification of Bernardine. Martin the Fifth, with all his clergy, joined in a solemn procession in honour of the Holy Name; he moreover ordered Bernardine to preach at St. Peter's, and in the other churches of the Capitol. For eighty-two days the Saint was thus engaged, and Æneas Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II., has chronicled these Apostolical labours. "All Rome," he writes, "flocked to his discourses. He frequently had Cardinals, and sometimes even the Pope himself amongst his audience, and all with one voice bore witness to his marvellous power and success."

This striking triumph encouraged Saint Bernardine in his undertaking; he was helped, moreover, in his great task by such men as St. John Capistran and St. James of the Marches, and in general by the whole body of the Franciscans. It served also to perpetuate the devotion in the Church of God. A few years later, for instance, we find St. John Capistran leading the heroic army of John Humgades under the protection of the Holy Name. Joan of Arc, an illustrious and saintly member of the Third Order, inscribed the sacred monogram on her standard, and died with the name of Jesus on her lips. Confraternities of the Holy Name were established everywhere; St. Bernardine himself founded one in Rome, the centre of which was at the, since famous, Church of the Gesù. St. Ignatius of Loyola [1] chose the

[1] St. Ignatius was a member of the Roman Confraternity of the Holy Name.

monogram for the arms of the glorious Institute he founded. In 1530 Clement VII. approved a special office of the Holy Name, and allowed the Franciscans to celebrate a feast in its honour on the 14th of January, the anniversary of Bernardine's signal triumph at Rome.[1] Finally in the year 1772 Clement XIII. extended this Feast to the whole Christian world, and fixed for its celebration the second Sunday after Epiphany.

Bernardine had by his preaching and strenuous efforts prepared the way for all these glorious results; he had the distinction of having been chosen by God to bring this devotion home to the people. It was in his hands a powerful instrument to undo the mischief caused by the literary dilettanti, who strove their utmost to haul down the standard of Jesus Christ, and set up in its stead the impure ideals of pagan irreligion and immorality. Through it he renewed and transformed to a great extent the social and political life of the cities of his beloved Italy—and for his fearless defence of, and staunch adherence to, this sacred cause, even if for nought else, his memory shall be held in benediction by a grateful Christian posterity.

The events narrated in the two last paragraphs offer the most salient features of St. Bernardine's career. Whilst his progress through the Italian peninsula was marked by one long series of apostolic triumphs, God was pleased to sanction the authority and doctrine of this servant by the gift of miracles. Indeed the path of the humble Franciscan was strewn with wonders. The sick were brought to him, and a sign of the cross on their forehead restored them to

[1] In the Mass which the Friars of every branch of the Franciscan Order say on the Feast of the Holy Name, there is a beautiful sequence —"*Lauda Sion, Salvatoris*"—a translation of it is to be found in "Hymns Ancient and Modern." We may here call attention to the very beautiful devotion of the "Jesus Psalter." This psalter was composed by a monk of Syon House on the very eve of the Reformation, and was in great esteem with our Catholic forefathers during the penal days.

health. The tablets on which Bernardine inscribed the Holy Name were made use of by the Saint to work some wonderful cures. Even the Friar's enemies were the objects of his attention and solicitude. A man who had heaped scorn and derision on him fell from a roof one day and was well-nigh killed. Bernardine, hearing of the occurrence ran to the spot, gave his blessing to the unfortunate wretch, and with his blessing gave him back the use of his limbs. On another occasion the holy missionary was journeying to Mantua, and found his way blocked by a deep stream; he begged the ferryman to row him over, but this the latter refused to do because the Saint had no money to pay his fare. Nothing daunted, Bernardine calmly spread his mantle on the running waters, and on this miraculous raft crossed over in safety.

Another day, as he was preaching on the text of the Apocalypse, "A great sign appeared in the heavens," a star of wonderful brightness suddenly in broad daylight appeared over his head, and was seen by the surrounding crowd. All these wonderful prodigies, and many more, too numerous to relate, served to enhance Bernardine's reputation for sanctity in the minds of the people; and long before his death he was venerated as a Saint by the multitudes who thronged to listen to his preaching.

In the midst of all these external occupations the work of personal sanctity was advancing steadily in the soul of Bernardine; he was a living exemplar of those virtues he wished his hearers to practise. He was a model of regular observance to all his brethern, and his energy in the great work of the Observantine Reform never slackened. Towards the end of his career he associated John Capistran in his apostolate, and these two saintly souls vied with each other in the practice of humility and obedience. In turn they commanded one another, and never undertook any great work without consulting each other. They fought together under the same banner of the Holy Name of Jesus, and

participated in each other's triumphs, just as they shared each other's humiliations.

In the year 1438 Bernardine was appointed, as we have already stated elsewhere, Vicar-General of the Cisalpine Provinces of the Observant Reform; thus a serious responsibility devolved upon him. In the government of the Order he was ably assisted by St. John Capistran, and St. James of the Marches, another of his disciples. Nevertheless, the duties that crowded themselves into his daily life, combined with the incessant labours of the apostolate, which he never relaxed, taxed his gradually waning energies to their utmost extent, until at last he broke down under the strain.

In the year 1444 we find him preaching at Aquila in the kingdom of Naples. Here death was awaiting him. As soon as he felt the touch of its icy hand, he asked for, and received the last consolations of Holy Church, then, following the example of his Seraphic Father, he caused himself to be laid on the ground, and in this humble attitude passed away to his eternal reward. He was sixty-four years old when he died. The Friars were chanting vespers, and the last words the Saint heard upon earth summed up his whole life, and were emblematic of his apostolic career: "Father, I have manifested thy Name to the men whom thou hast given me out of the world. . . . I pray for them: I pray not for the world . . . and now I come to Thee."[1]

When the news of Bernardine's death spread abroad there was universal regret. "The Star of Italy" it was said, had set; the Saint was dead. Saint James of the Marches was miraculously informed about the sad event. He was preaching on the market square of Todi, at the very hour when Bernardine was breathing his last, when suddenly the

[1] These words from the Gospel of Saint John form the Antiphon of the Magnificat for the first Vespers of the Feast of the Ascension, on the eve of which St. Bernardine died.

preacher stopped, remained silent for a short while, and then exclaimed: "Dear people, let us weep and lament: at this hour a great column of Holy Church has been broken by death; the most brilliant star of Italy has disappeared."

Numbers flocked to the Saint's tomb, and many were the miracles wrought there. St. John Capistran, faithful to his life-long attachment to, and veneration for, his saintly brother, longed to see his name enrolled amongst the canonized Saints of the Church, and worked with untiring energy to further the cause of his friend's glorification. Eugenius the Fourth, uged by the incessant request of St. John, appointed a Commission of Cardinals and Bishops to make the necessary inquiry into the virtues and sanctity of the humble son of St. Francis, but he died before the Commission had finished its labours, and so for a time the canonization had to be put off.

On the accession of Nicholas the Fifth, however, St. John renewed his efforts, and a new Commission was appointed. The report was favourable, and on the 27th of February, 1450, six years after the holy missionary's death, he was formally canonized by Nicholas the Fifth, to the intense joy of the whole of Italy. Thus were the efforts of St. John Capistran crowned with success, and both he and St. James of the Marches had the consoling satisfaction of being able to venerate and honour as a Saint of God him to whom they were bound by the closest ties of friendship and love while on earth.

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IS THERE SALVATION OUTSIDE THE CHURCH?

BY THE RIGHT REV. MGR. CANON JOHN VAUGHAN.

Among the many doctrines taught by the Catholic Church there is hardly one which has given, and which continues to give, such offence to non-Catholics as the doctrine of what has been termed "exclusive salvation." When our separated brethren examine our formularies, when, for instance, they read in the Athanasian Creed, "Nisi quisque fideliter firmiterque crederit fidem catholicam, salvus esse non poterit"—"Unless one faithfully and firmly believes the Catholic faith he cannot be saved"—or when they consider the formal and authoritative declaration, "Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus"—*i.e.*, "Out of the Church there is no salvation"—they are annoyed and indignant. To reserve salvation exclusively to members of the Catholic Church, and to say that none shall enter heaven except such as acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Pope, they take to be a most arrogant and unwarrantable assumption. In fact they do not hesitate to describe such a doctrine as harsh, cruel, and unjust. A Church that can teach it, they argue, must indeed be bigoted and intolerant, as well as narrow and exclusive. As for themselves, they profess much broader views. Indeed they boast, with seeming charity—but a charity which outrages sound reason, and makes truth a veritable fool—that

"all religions are good," and that "men may be saved as readily in one sect as in another," and that the various divergent forms of Christianity are to be considered as various routes, not perhaps all equally secure or direct, but still all leading to one and the same supernatural end, appointed by God: that, in fine, "Romanists," Anglicans, Methodists, and Salvationists, and others, may each travel to heaven, very comfortably in their own way.

They grow indignant when they hear the Catholic Church stoutly denying that any persons can by any possibility be on the right and divinely appointed path, but such as follow her guidance, and listen to her voice; and they have no hesitation in describing such a doctrine as revoltingly harsh and uncharitable.

Now, without altogether denying the impeachment, it may here be remarked, in parentheses, that because a statement *appears hard to us*, it does not necessarily and at once follow that it is untrue. Truth *is* sometimes hard. When, for example, wandering along the border of a precipice, it is hard, yes, very hard, to be hurled to the bottom, and dashed to pieces on the rocks below, merely for taking just one little step, quite inadvertently, over the edge! Yet, that such an agonizing death may be the penalty of one incautious step, is none the less true for all that. So, again, it is "hard" that a whole train full of passengers should be pounded to a jelly, just because the pointsman is sleepy and tired, and forgets to change the points, when the express is rushing by; but however "hard" this may be, nevertheless, its "hardness" in no way affects its truth.

The question we have to inquire into is not whether a doctrine, in our judgement, is hard or unkind or unfair, but simply whether it is true; whether, that is to say, it is a doctrine actually propounded by Jesus Christ or no.

For bear this well in mind. The Catholic Church on earth is but the agent of God. However great and indisputable her authority, she has no authority apart from Him. She teaches nothing of herself. She does not and cannot initiate any doctrine. She does but bear witness to

the truths already enunciated by Christ. Her office is to explain His utterances, to interpret His words, to unravel their hidden sense, and to develop and unfold more and more explicitly, as centuries wear on, the sublime and momentous truths which they contain. It does not lie within her competence to relax, or modify, or alter at will, or in any way to tamper with or to interfere with the laws and regulations and dogmas laid down by God. She is but the living and infallible witness to the truth; its divinely appointed guardian, custodian, and defender—a witness which can never fail, and which all the powers of hell combined can never corrupt or bribe or silence or destroy. "The gates of hell shall not prevail against her." For the rest she is wholly dependent upon Him, and her voice is nothing and can be nothing but the echo of His. "Who heareth you, heareth Me" (Luke x. 16).

Hence it follows: If she teaches that out of the Church of God there is no salvation, it is simply and solely because such is the clear and most explicit declaration of the Infinite God Himself. That this is indeed His teaching is at once made manifest by a reference to the Bible. Thus, when Our Lord despatched His apostles over the earth, He made use of these remarkable words: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel." Observe, He did not say "any" Gospel; nor "a" Gospel; nor "your own" Gospel; but "*the*" Gospel (*τὸ εὐαγγελιον*): that is to say, *the* Gospel that I have delivered to you; the particular and specific body of truths that I have committed to your keeping: just that and no other. Yes, Go, and announce these dogmas to every creature, and "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but *he that believeth not shall be condemned.* Or, according to the Anglican translation of 1611, "he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi. 16).

Weigh well the force of these words: "He that believeth not." What is "to believe"? It is to accept and embrace, on the authority of Christ, the doctrine He reveals. It does not mean to construct a creed for ourselves. There is no permission given us here to take the Bible and to pick and

choose a religion to suit our own circumstances or character under the guidance of our own feeble and blundering human reason. No, quite the reverse.

We are distinctly commanded to surrender all personal opinions, to set aside altogether our private judgment, and to be "taught of God." We are ordered to submit to a divinely constituted authority, and to accept as certain those specific truths which Christ taught first, which the apostles taught after Him, and which the Church of God teaches to-day, and will continue to teach to the end of the world, with the same authority as Himself, and to humble ourselves "as little children," in order to enter the Kingdom of God, which is the Church. If all obeyed this command, and embraced this teaching, then all would be united, all would agree, and there would be no divisions, no sects, no Churches—only one Church. If some do *not* agree, it proves that some have not accepted the words of God. Now, not to accept the doctrines, and not to belong to the Church, is precisely one and the same thing. Hence, to say, as the Catholic religion says, viz., "Out of the Church there is no salvation," is exactly the same thing as to say what Christ Himself says, viz., "Who believeth not shall be condemned."

On this point, as upon all others, the Church teaches nothing more and nothing less than what Christ teaches. The only difference between them is that Christ, while expressing identically the same truth, expresses it in a far more emphatic and energetic way. One statement is no harder than the other. Why? Because both are exactly the same, though expressed in different words.

Some persons have endeavoured to evade the difficulty by throwing doubt upon the authenticity of the text; and would excise it from the gospel. But even were this possible, which it is not, nothing would be gained, for the equivalent doctrine is contained in many another passage of Holy Writ. Thus, in the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew, we find Christ insisting upon the authority of the Church, which He clearly declares none may gainsay or deny, or oppose

without peril to his salvation. He tells us that if men quarrel and differ the case is to be referred to the Church. "Tell the Church," is our Lord's express command. And for what purpose? Is it that each may continue to hold his own opinion? No. It is that the Church may pronounce upon and settle the difference; that she may decide the point at issue, once for all, and so heal up the breach. And so soon as she has pronounced her decision the disputants are bound to hear her voice and abide by it. "Bound?" Yes, bound, in the strictest sense of the word, for, "If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican" (Matt. xviii. 17). Not to hear the Church, not to conform to her doctrine, is a mark of reprobation. In fact, Our Lord expresses Himself far more strongly on this point than the Church herself, for He tells us that he who will not hear the Church is not to be considered a Christian at all; he is to be classed among heathens, and publicans, and is therefore, according to Christ's own judgment, outside the pale of salvation. Again, let me ask, what is all this but to express, in another way, that "out of the Church there is no salvation"?

In the tenth chapter of St. Matthew we have the same doctrine set before us again in a somewhat different form. The Evangelist describes how Christ sent the twelve apostles to preach the gospel and to establish His spiritual kingdom. It was not a mere invitation which men might accept or reject as they pleased. No; it was a solemn command, the rejection of which carried with it eternal reprobation. "Whosoever shall not receive you, *nor hear your words*, going forth out of that house or city, shake off the dust from your feet" (Matt. x. 14). And what consequences were to follow? When the messenger of God had shaken off the dust and departed, was each left in peace to exercise his own private judgement? Was each allowed to set up a Church for himself, such as was done later on in the sixteenth century, *e.g.*, an Anglican Establishment in England, a Lutheran Church in Germany, &c.? Was each still free to select his own religion and to turn a

deaf ear to the Divine Teacher? Nothing of the kind. Those who did not take the doctrine *as it was given to them*, and who refused to obey the authority established by Christ, were to be most severely dealt with. They were to be punished and condemned. Were all sects to be regarded as so many different roads, every one of which led to the same kingdom? Far from it. "Amen, I say to you," cried out the Son of God; "it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrha in the day of judgment than for that city" (Matt. x. 15). That is to say, the very worst carnal excesses and moral crimes will not be so severely and so fiercely punished as infidelity, heresy, and schism. Nothing could express more emphatically than this, that "outside the Church there is no salvation." If the Catholic Church be indeed the Church of God, if she teach with the authority of the apostles, then the above words apply to her, and we may truly declare, in the language of Christ, that "it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrha in the day of judgment" than for the city or country or the individual that refuses to receive the Catholic Church and to hear her words.

What we have demonstrated from Scripture may be deduced also from the intrinsic nature of truth: and certainly the most obstinate will admit that Jesus Christ taught neither errors, nor falsehoods, nor fables, but the truth. "For this was I born, and for this am I come into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth" (John xviii. 37).

Now truth is one, so essentially and absolutely one, that it is a metaphysical impossibility that there should be two *true* Churches teaching opposite or contradictory doctrines. This principle is of universal application, and is as true in the natural order as in the supernatural order. Take some simple and obvious illustration. Thus: if it be really true that "twice two are equal to four," then any person, however exalted and respectable and wise, who teaches me that twice two are equal to three or to five, or to three and a half, or to anything else whatsoever but just exactly four,

must necessarily, and from the very nature of the case, be teaching what is false and erroneous. And what holds good of a single truth holds good equally of a series of truths. Hence it follows that if a series of doctrines taught by the Catholic Church be true, then it is wholly impossible to have or even to conceive, either in England or anywhere else, a second true Church teaching other doctrines irreconcilable with the first. They must be mutually exclusive. And if even two true yet opposite Churches is an impossibility, of course ten or fifteen or a hundred such Churches must be a yet greater impossibility. Hence, out of the two or three hundred Churches or forms of religion actually existing in this land, all except one must be propounding false doctrine and propagating lies. So soon as we admit that the Catholic Church is dispensing the truth revealed by God we are bound and constrained not only by faith, but by reason also—yes, by the very rigour of logic—to declare that every single one of the hundreds of Churches differing from her is dispensing what is false and pernicious and contrary to truth and that each of such Churches is *more or less in error*, according as it is *more opposed to her, or less opposed.*

People cry "Bigotry!" But, pardon me, there is no bigotry in this. It is very sad, but we cannot help it. We cannot alter facts! It could not be otherwise. It is a logical necessity, rooted in the very nature of things. If twice two make four no power on earth can ever cause them to make anything else. They will make four in spite of us. They will make four in Europe and out of Europe, in this world and the next. And precisely the same necessity extends equally to spiritual things. The Holy Spirit, speaking through the lips of St. Paul, announces—"One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."

Why does he say "*one* Faith"? Because he is talking of *true* faith; and it is no more possible to conceive *two true* faiths or *two true* Churches than it is to conceive two true Gods. Two true irreconcilable Churches are just as repugnant as two true Gods.

There may be many false Churches and many false faiths as there may be and have been many false gods, but to suppose more than one *true* Church is quite as absurd as to suppose more than one *true* God.

This may seem a truism. Nevertheless, in this country of mushroom sects, in this land where every variety of religion unfurls its flag and flourishes, it seems of importance to insist again and again upon the great central fact that ought to be patent to the meanest capacity, viz., there is and can be but one only true Church of God.

"Harsh!" "Unkind!" "Unfriendly!" are exclamations heard when it is pointed out that the Church refuses absolutely to recognize any one of the many religious persuasions around her; but, really, some of our friends seem to forget the plain fact that one cannot make contradictory doctrines nor contradictory Churches true by merely wishing it. Talk of kindness! Talk of goodwill! Why, all the kindness, all the goodwill in the world can never make black white or darkness light. We are compelled to recognize things as they are. Truth is one. Consequently the Church, which is the very "pillar and ground of truth," must also be one, and no second Church can be acknowledged as sharing in her prerogative.

But people complain that "the Church of Rome is so exclusive and so narrow, rigid, and unyielding." Quite so; but then so is the multiplication table. What, exclusive? OF COURSE she is exclusive. Indeed, it stands to reason that if she be indeed true she *must* be exclusive. Exclusiveness is a note and characteristic of truth. There is nothing in the whole universe of being so exclusive. This is unavoidable and necessary. Truth is truth, and what deflects from it or differs from it, even though it be but by a hair's-breadth, is simply not true, but false. Hence there is no denying the fact that any one who wilfully and deliberately and with his eyes open rejects the message that God sends to him by the mouth of His one and only Church, resists God and refuses to surrender his reason to God, is consequently guilty of a great crime, and so stands

condemned: "Who believeth not, shall be condemned." This is the declaration not of man, but of God; we do but paraphrase it when we affirm "Out of the Church there is no salvation."

Then are we going to affirm that every man who is not in visible communion with the Catholic and Roman Church is to be eternally and irrevocably lost? No. Far from it. We should never dream of making such a statement. And why? Because there is just one, though only one, circumstance that may excuse a man from submitting to her authority. That one circumstance is a sincere and honest conviction that her authority is but a usurpation; in other words, a genuine inability to recognize the Church's claims.

In order to explain this more clearly, we may here remark that there is no more common, and no more prolific source of mistake and confusion, than the habit of fixing one's attention upon one special statement of Holy Scripture, to the exclusion of every other. To isolate one particular passage of the Bible, or one particular doctrine of the Church, and to consider it in itself alone; instead of confronting and balancing it with other passages and other doctrines, emanating from the same authority, is a fruitful cause of error. To avoid committing such a blunder, we will compare this doctrine of exclusive salvation with another doctrine, which will greatly help to soften its apparent asperity, and to reconcile us to its truth.

Thus, if our religion infallibly declares that, "Out of the Church there is no salvation," she also declares, *just as infallibly*, that "No one can possibly be lost, *except through his own fault.*" Both these statements are absolutely true, and equally true. They both rest upon one and the same authority, and possess an equal value. Consequently it is absolutely requisite so to interpret the first statement, that it may not, in any way, conflict or contradict or be out of harmony with the second statement.

"Out of the Catholic Church there is no salvation." True. But are we, then, to conclude that every one who, through no fault of his own, is not visibly a member of the Catholic Church, is hopelessly reprobate? No. This cannot be, for the simple reason that "no one can be lost except by his own fault." If, therefore, it is *not* through his own fault that he is outside the visible pale of *Catholic unity*, he is not held responsible. Hence the only meaning we can attach to the above doctrines, when taken together, is that any person who is outside the visible Body of the Church, and who remains out through his own fault, will be lost: this supposes that he recognises the Church to be indeed the true Church of God, and the mystical Body of Christ, and her authority to be the authority of God Himself. If, however, a non-Catholic, through no personal fault, fails to recognize her claims; if he quite honestly and conscientiously persuades himself that she is a sink of iniquity, and the "Scarlet Lady," and so forth—then this ignorance may excuse him. This is no imaginary case; nor is it even a rare case. Indeed, there are no doubt a great many who are thus blinded. Of them, our Lord will say at the last day, what He said of the Jews who crucified Him, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" (Luke xxiii. 34).

Inability to recognize the truth can alone excuse them: and this really will excuse them, provided they are sincere and act according to their consciences, even though their consciences may be erroneous. In order, however, that this excuse may avail, it is requisite that they be so disposed, that did they know the Catholic Church to be the Infallible Church, founded by Christ, they would enter its fold, however much it might cost them. Persons in these dispositions in sober truth already belong to the soul of the Church. No one in such dispositions will be condemned *for want of faith*. If such a person be condemned, it will be for other sins, and not for being outside the visible unity of the Catholic Church. This doctrine is very clearly pointed out by Pope Pius IX., of blessed

memory, in his Encyclical, "Quanto Conficiamur," wherein he teaches that:—

"Those who are in invincible ignorance of our most holy religion, and who, carefully observing the natural law and its precepts which have been engraved by God on the hearts of all men, and who, being ready to obey God, actually lead a good and upright life, can, by the help of divine light and grace, attain life eternal."

This is the teaching of all theologians, and it is consonant not only with our sense of justice, but with the ordinary doctrine concerning sin in general, of which, after all, heresy is but a particular variety.

Before the guilt of sin is imputed to anybody, three conditions must be realized. The first has to do with the person's intellect, the second has to do with his will, and the third has to do with the act itself. With regard to his intellect, there must be sufficient knowledge. With regard to his will, there must be freedom and full consent; and with regard to the act itself there must be a serious and grave violation of God's law.

We will illustrate these principles by an example, and then apply them to the case of a conscientious non-Catholic. Thus, let us suppose a sportsman is shooting tigers in the jungle. He is moving carefully along, when all at once he hears a crackling of the branches, and detects something stirring in the underwood. At once he aims and shoots at what he takes to be a wild beast; when lo! to his horror he finds he has killed a man! He has shot dead a native. Now observe; he has most undeniably broken the letter of the law, for he has killed an innocent man. He has been guilty of material murder. Yet he is not held guilty by the judge and before the law. And why? Because he *did not know* it to be a man. He acted in ignorance. Observe; he aimed and shot quite deliberately. Nay, more. He not only caused, but he fully *intended* to cause death. True. Then what frees him from blame? Ignorance. He thought he was slaying a beast, and all the while he

was slaying a fellow-creature. His want of knowledge is his only defence, but it is enough. That alone will suffice to save him from capital punishment.

If instead of the crime of murder we substitute what is, *in itself*, a far worse crime, viz., the crime of heresy, we may apply the same principle.

The Catholic Church is the infallible messenger of Christ; she has been established by divine authority, to teach all men. God has ordered every human being to obey her voice, and to accept her doctrine, under pain of eternal death. Nothing can excuse a man who refuses to obey God; but he who rejects her teaching, does refuse to obey God, for it is God who commands him to hear His Church, as Himself. Nothing can excuse him, but ignorance of her claims; just as nothing can excuse his shooting an innocent man, except ignorance of the fact that it is an innocent man. But if a person simply cannot get himself to believe that the Catholic Church is the Church of God at all; if he cannot persuade himself that she is "the pillar of truth"; if, on the contrary, he honestly fancies her to have nothing but a usurped authority, then, though he abuses and disobeys and opposes her, and rejects her teaching, his ignorance may still excuse him, even in the eyes of the Sovereign Judge Himself.

Nor is the above supposition by any means an impossible one. Take the case of a child born of non-Catholic parents, brought up from its earliest infancy (as tens of thousands of children are), to believe that the "Church of Rome" is the "Beast of Revelations", "drunk with the blood of the martyrs", and a veritable sink of iniquity. Suppose it is carefully trained to connect Catholicity with every species of crime, and perfidy, and horror and abomination, and grows up fully believing that Catholics worship images, and purchase permission to commit sin, and that they exalt the Blessed Virgin above God, and would (if only they had the power) imprison, torture, and burn all those who differ from them, and so forth. May not such a child, even when

he has grown to man's estate, be excused if he hates the Church which he ought to love, and which he probably would indeed love were he better acquainted with her? Is not such a person, in regard to the Catholic Church, very much in the position of the hunter of whom we have spoken, in regard to the unfortunate man whom he shoots under the impression that he is shooting a wild beast? A typical Protestant, or other non-Catholic, brought up in the traditions of his own sect, is not really acquainted with the *true* Catholic Church. He *thinks* he is, but such is by no means the case. We must be careful here to distinguish between two totally different things. The *one* is the divinely established Church, the Bride of Christ, the Pillar and ground of Truth, and the *other* is the grotesque, ill-formed, false, and most repulsive caricature of the Church, drawn by her bitterest enemies.

Now, what is it that nine out of ten of our separated brethren abuse, denunciate, and condemn? It is not the Church at all; no, it is but the distorted and hideous caricature of her—the creation of malice, of suspicion, and of hate. The opposition of men such as these is directed, not against the true Church, with which indeed they are not even distantly acquainted, but against that false and libellous misrepresentation of the Church, which they, through the force of misrepresentation and tradition, take to be the Church.

The mind of youth is most impressionable; it is "as wax to receive, and as marble to retain." It would indeed be hard to exaggerate the influence of early education, so strongly directed against the Catholic Church. Add to this strong prejudice, deliberate misinterpretation, the hostile tradition of over three hundred years, and we shall easily understand how even some of our bitterest enemies may be in good faith; and may honestly come to persuade themselves that the Catholic Church has no claims upon them. Thus, while remaining outside the true fold, they may be acting up to their consciences, and therefore be held excused by the Just Judge. Even clever and talented men

may be under the influence of the delusion for years. Consider such intellectual giants as Cardinals Newman and Manning—men whom we all know ; men whose sincerity, moral integrity, and honesty are above suspicion—and then recall to mind the number of years that were needed for even such as these to struggle against their prejudices, and to grope their way through all the obscurities and misrepresentations erected by a hostile world between them and the true Church. Their early training and Anglican education, and their Protestant friends, relations, and surroundings had left deep impressions upon their minds not to be worn away and obliterated save by many a long year of toil and trouble, and prayer, and effort, and anxiety. If, then, men so truthful and honest and so highly endowed intellectually needed forty years to find their way into the Church of God, may we not reasonably conclude that there must be a very considerable number indeed with less abilities who never find their way into the Church at all, yet who are equally honest and sincere, and who may yet be saved, by reason of their good faith and upright intentions ?

We will sum up the whole teaching of the Church in the following four propositions.

Firstly. It is strictly true to say that there is no greater misfortune than to be living outside the pale of the Catholic and Roman Church—whether it be through a man's own personal fault or not.

Secondly. A man who deliberately remains outside the pale of the said Catholic Church through his own fault (such as through pride or wilful ignorance, or through fear of loss of goods or of friends, or gross neglect or indifference), will most certainly be lost should he continue in this state to the end.

Thirdly. He who is out of visible unity with the Catholic Church, through *invincible* ignorance, and from no fault of his own, will be excused from the formal guilt of heresy ; so that, though he may be condemned for other offences, *that* sin, at all events, will not be laid to his charge.

Fourthly. Though we assert, without any doubt, that Protestants may be saved, and though we are quite ready to allow even that a great many actually are saved, owing to their excusable inability to recognize the truth, yet there is one thing of which we are still more certain, and that is that, though a Protestant may be saved, it will not be by means of his Protestantism, but in spite of it ; in fact, in the very teeth of it. Protestantism, *as such*, has no saving power. Though it may, perhaps, seem a strange thing to say, it is nevertheless undoubtedly true that *a Protestant who is saved, is saved, not in so far as he is a Protestant, but simply in so far as he is a Catholic.*

Suffer me to explain. The Catholic Church existed for fifteen hundred years before Protestantism. At the period of the so-called Reformation many left the Catholic Church to become Anglicans, Lutherans, Calvinists, &c. But in leaving, they carried away with them a considerable number of important Catholic doctrines. Now, it is precisely these doctrines that will save them : just these, and no others.

For instance. A Protestant believes in the existence of God. He believes in His goodness, His justice, and His mercy ; he believes in the Incarnation, and acknowledges Christ to be his God and his Saviour ; he also trusts in the merits of Christ, and in the use of earnest prayer, and in the advantages of a humble and contrite heart, and of sorrow for sin. Where did he get these doctrines from? From the Catholic and Roman Church. Every single one of these doctrines is essentially Catholic. All of them had been taught, for hundreds of years in every Catholic school in Christendom, before Protestantism arose to work confusion in our ranks. In fact they are purely Catholic doctrines, and, as such, they may be the means of supernatural grace and eternal glory to those who yield to their influence.

But the genuine and distinctly Protestant doctrines can save nobody. On the contrary, they can but hinder and impede salvation. What do I mean by "genuine Protestant doctrines"? Well, I mean not the doctrines which

Protestants have received from us, and which because they come from us are Catholic, but I mean the doctrines that are *exclusively* Protestant—the doctrines, in fact, which differentiate the Protestant from the Catholic. For instance: the doctrine that the Mass is a blasphemous fable; that the Successor of St. Peter is not the head of Christ's Church; that the Pope has no prerogative of infallibility: that there are not seven Sacraments, but only two; that Christ is not substantially present in the Blessed Sacrament; and that confession is not necessary; and Our Lady not immaculate. All these, and a great many more, are distinctively and genuinely Protestant tenets. None of these doctrines can save anybody, since they are not merely without efficacy but utterly false and pernicious. Hence, as I have already remarked, Protestants who are saved, are saved in so far as they are Catholics. The good, honest, sincere, God-fearing Protestants, of whom there are no doubt many, will obtain eternal life; but this will be not in the least degree on account of their Protestantism, but in spite of it, and solely in virtue of the Catholic doctrines which (fortunately for themselves) they have retained, when they went out from the only true and infallible Church of God, whose centre is at Rome but whose circumference is the world.

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